A ROMANCE OF TWO CENTURIES

KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE

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"I threw up my hands and resigned myself to the current, which burned my eyes and caused purple glow through which smiled, at me Rose, Lilac, Orchid and Dr. Poheiver. . . ."

A ROMANCE

Of Two Centuries

A Tale of the Year 2025

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

THE PLATONIST PRESS

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A ROMANCE OF TWO CENTURIES

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A ROMANCE OF TWO CENTURIES

CHAPTER I

MY MISFORTUNE

Although I could have demonstrated practically no results in an educational examination, I had during my youthful European migrations gathered an enormous amount of miscellaneous information; and as soon as I went to a country college where scope was given to my pent-up energies, I forged ahead at an extraordinary rate. I worked night and day, winter and summer, until I was ordered deacon at twenty-one years of age, and priest at twenty-four. This was an eventful occasion, for it was also the birth-day of my little son, one year after that of a little girl, for I had married the daughter of a judge, the warden of the church where I was assistant.

When the war broke out, I volunteered as chaplain. After some preliminary training, I sailed on a ship from Hoboken. Before enlisting, I had enjoyed keen individualistic sensations, which are the curse of most young clergymen; but I soon learned the meaning of the "communion of saints," the inspiration of being one of a great number, all vowed to the same cause. This crowd-enthusiasm is the mother of illusions; and after the singing of large choruses, and the wild hurrahs of thousands, it did not seem possible that we should fail of an immediate march on Berlin.

In spite of many submarine scares, we were all landed "somewhere in France," and directed to a training camp in a picturesque village. Not till then did our individualities emerge; and overworked though we were, we began to appreciate our "chums" and "pals." Then unexpectedly we were entrained for the front, cramped in cattle cars, for forty-eight hours, undergoing enough discouragement to dull our minds to the object of our journey. I then realized that a man's value is not so much what he can do under ideal conditions, but under stress. We were dumped out in the rain, twenty miles from our destination. We swallowed some hot coffee, and what was meant for bread, and started on our way, keeping to the right, while a train of wounded heroes, prisoners, and relieved regiments were streaming by on the other side. At a small village we were halted and sent off in another direction. No sooner had we started than a shell fell among us, and I was wounded in my arm. I was directed back to the camp hospital, much against my will. What a fate that was, to take that long trip, merely to be returned to inactivity! Though ready enough to dispense the consolations of religion to others, I had not had much experience in applying them to myself.

My nurse was a Mrs. Parker, whom we understood to be a widow. To me she was very kind; indeed, so particularly, that I asked the reason. She informed me that I resembled one of her sons who had but lately passed on, while bravely "carrying on" for his country, and the world's liberty. That was why she too, now being alone in the world, had enlisted in the Red Cross. She had remained young by keeping in touch with her boys, and their interests. She was chummy with all of us, though her middle age lent her a trace of motherliness. Only they who have spent interminable nights in hospitals can imagine the wild thoughts that visit the brains of sufferers; and so at times I wondered how

I could keep up the acquaintance after I should be cured, and sent back to the firing line, if not invalided home. Such were my anxieties, though they proved very unnecessary; for fate had a very definite arrangement in view.

This began by her going on leave to Paris on business. That very night, hell broke loose. Without any warning artillery preparation, the Germans made a sudden raid in force, which indeed was soon repulsed; but only after they had wreaked their diabolical will. The Red Cross flags and signs which would have protected us from any civilized beings, were a special invitation to the apostles of Kultur, whose object was not merely to kill off as many human beings as possible, but to embarrass the living afterward. When we divined what was on foot, those who were well enough attempted some resistance. Those were immediately slaughtered. The head nurse implored the brusque "hauptmann" to spare the patients, but he laughed satanically, and barked sharp, guttural commands. Some of their staff orderlies then systematically injected the patients with cultures from flasks they had brought. The nurses, themselves brave while being outraged, grew pale on observing the proceedings. When the patients were all inoculated, the officer made a wide, sweeping, mocking bow, assuring us that we would all soon be cured, and left, guffawing uproariously. I then remembered that injecting diseases had been a Teutonic specialty ever since Napoleon's son was destroyed by tuberculosis.

Despair was the portion of the patients, who did not know what grim, incurable torture was invisibly hovering over their pillows. As to me, my fate was a merciful one, for I merely fell asleep, in the sweetest stupor I had ever enjoyed, — it was, as I later discovered, the African sleeping sickness.

When the nurses who had been to Paris on furlough

returned, they of course did their utmost to save the infected men; mostly in vain, however. The Huns had not used the common camp infections that would have been neutralized by the generally accessible combined anti-serums, but hopeless maladies, such as cancer, beri-beri, elephantiasis and leprosy. Killed the patients could have been; but after all that would have relieved the Allies from further anxieties about them; dead men eat no food. The Germans, themselves hindered by no scruples, capitalized their opponents' virtues. That is indeed why the Germans started the war. They knew that even in the event of their own failure the stupidly philanthropic English would never hurt them; they had all to gain, and nothing to lose. So, although Cardinal Hartmann of Cologne, through the mediation of the Pope, successfully claimed a respite from aerial bombardment for his own local Corpus Christi procession, the Hun long-distance Big Berthas in 1918 began their bombardments of Paris on Good Friday, and Corpus Christi, first hitting the churches.

The event proved they were right; for the Allied military authorities, instead of considering their own material advantage in ridding themselves of us by some euthanasia, caused our removal to distant camps and colonies where we would be assured of peace in which to drag out our destinies of torture with such anæsthetic alleviation as could be spared.

When my own case was finally certified as one of the African sleeping sickness, my nurse, Mrs. Parker, decided to adopt me. She was revealed as the widow of the millionaire Nevada senator, and had me removed to her palatial Reno home, in whose quiet rooms I lay for many months hovering on the confines of slumberland. What medical attention was there available, was lavished on me; but my spells of somnolence lengthened progressively, while my shortened vision of Mrs. Parker's kindly countenance became more and more

distorted by my soul's travels into the ghastly caverns of disordered fancy. I remember that in my healthy and vigorous youth I had often made light of hell and its horrors as a bugaboo profitable to preachers; but if any scoffer was ever paid back in his own coin it was I! While most opium or hashish slaves' vagabondage in limbo-land is limited to temporary sprees, from which natural recovery mercifully recalls them to the sanities of terrestrial existence, my excursions were progressive. Each time my soul slipped back into Tartarus it swished outwards with a more parabolic sweep into nonentity, and with less and less expectation or desire of ever returning.

CHAPTER II

A PLATONIC UNION

While my soul was agitated by such nightmares, my body, it seems, was quietly sleeping in an alcove at Reno. Around it, however, a whole drama was developing. In spite of the best medical advice, my intervals of lucidity became shorter and more vapid, and finally entirely elusive. The servants in the house took it for granted I would never wake up; and none but Mrs. Parker's most intimate friends dared mention me to her. With time the public created the legend that I was one of her sons, which would account for her determination to save me so long as the least breath of life lingered in my body.

In truth, however, apart from her maternal instinct, her feelings were little more praiseworthy than a certain amount of obstinacy. Rich people often resent interference and publicity; and when the latter died down somewhat, the former arose on the part of her scapegrace nephew, who, having because of youth just escaped the draft in the world-war for liberty, had not undertaken to make his living in a serious manner, as he depended on his expectations of succession to the Parker estate. Several times he had gotten into scrapes from which his aunt's lawyers had been instructed to extricate him. He then came to look on these evasions of the results of his actions as his right; and when she

finally flatly refused to release him from a most dishonorable gambling "debt of honor," he considered himself very much ill-used. Compelled to drink to the dregs the cup of his disgrace, he grew resentful, determining on reprisals by arousing public condemnation of her solicitude for the sleeper, and compelling her to support him,—which would have involved abandonment of my corporeal relict. Although no one had any reason to anticipate the eventual disposition of her wealth, this nephew must have intuitionally divined it, for he blocked it as effectually as lay in his power.

When remonstrances became not merely useless, but even impossible, he appealed to the law, causing the appointment of a lunacy commission to deprive her of the management of her estate. Rival insanity experts were engaged, and victory remained with Mrs. Parker, because the nephew's slender resources were exhausted in his experts' fees, and therefore these eminent practitioners executed a sudden acrobatic volte-face to the side of the greatest number of millions. From that time on, the aunt became adamant. She would no longer even converse with him; and having no other surviving relative, she decided on what he had done every possible and even impossible thing to avoid: namely, to devote all of her substance to my eventual recovery.

However, this legal controversy was not without a momentous effect, for it made public property the most intimate secret to which I owe my eventual preservation. While my body was sleeping, it was gradually aging. On enlisting, I was barely twenty-four years of age. I had lain three years in this semi-comatose condition when in the course of one of these consultations of medical experts Mrs. Parker faced the problem of my growing older. A three years' growth of beard had changed my facial expression, and she realized that these changes must continue, and increase; that possibly, when I should wake, the best years of my life

would have fled, and that she might have preserved me only for the miseries of the decrepitude of old age. Moreover any change in me would have effaced the likeness to her son, for whose sake she had adopted me. Besides, I would have ceased to be he whom her benevolence had decided to save. Could she arrest in me the ravages of age? As my body was exposed to no exhaustion by fatigue, it would only be necessary to paralyze the functions of change. Could this be accomplished by the intravenous injection of the blood of a youthful person?

An offer of financial reward availed to induce a suitably vigorous individual to arrest my body's aging by a transfusion of blood, on two succeeding birthdays. But after the legal publicity of the strange state of affairs, this became entirely impracticable, for the public considered my survival due to some diabolism.

To avoid the wrecking of all her plans by my aging unnecessarily, she herself, once a year on my birth-day, furnished the reinvigorating vital tide.

From that time on there was, for her, no turning back. Abandoned by all social intercourse, with the spooky reputation of being the uncanny bride of a living corpse, she might as well complete the sacrifice she had undertaken. After her own friends of youth had passed away, the younger generation stood aloof from her. Acquitted by the insanity experts through her influence and wealth, there remained for her no future but the success of the vicariousness to which she had immolated herself.

But she had one grief: that she herself yearly grew older, and showed the signs of age. She feared that if I did wake up, I would no longer recognize her; and, with touching solicitude, for some years she tried by artificial arts to retain her matronly bloom.

But when this ultimately failed, — as she realized on the occasion of a chance meeting with a friend of her

youth who most innocently failed to recognize her, — she faced a still more poignant anxiety: what was to become of me, if she should die before I awakened? As she grew older the blood by which she yearly in me delayed the changes of age would be less and less effectual; and might perhaps her stupendous sacrifice have been in vain? She turned to prayer, and on a lonely Christmas day made her final renunciation. If it was to be in vain, she at least had done her utmost; the rest she must leave to Providence.

There was still one provision she alone could make; she must save me from the fate which at her demise her unnatural heirs would no doubt bring on me; besides, after their treatment of her, she had rather have destroyed all her wealth than allow it to fall into the clutches of her persecutors. So she took all possible legal precautions to have my body preserved in a private room in the San Francisco city museum, to which she assigned all the income of her estate until I should wake and claim the whole inheritance for myself.

For this the museum authorities were perfectly willing. First, there was the scientific curiosity of a man who was still alive, and even youthful, though sleeping for decades. Visitors would come from the extremities of the globe to study this unique continuation of life. Second, the directors would in the meanwhile enjoy a yearly income of several million dollars, which, on being well-invested, would create a foundation for the advancement of research and collections such as the world had never seen, nor might ever again witness. Third, it increased the power of the trustees to such an extent that they figured among the most prominent financiers, and, without any wrong-doing, nay, in the course of their duty, were put in the way of amassing amazing private fortunes. As to my body, all it demanded was a few breaths of air and a little rectal feeding to continue suspended animation.

Shortly after having created this great foundation, my protectress died, on the occasion of one of those transfusions of blood, in which she had persisted, to the very end, on the fourth of March, 1975, at the ripe age of 97 years, having tended me continuously for 58. Though we had not been married we had lived together a life-time.

CHAPTER III

MY REANIMATION

After Mrs. Parker's death, her will was carried into effect, and my body removed to the San Francisco city museum. It had been found necessary to construct a special room, not only to protect me from vandals without interfering with my being on exhibition, but also to allow for the inevitable care of my remains.

After the first public stir over my removal had subsided, and the special board of trustees had attended to all the necessary reinvestments of the immense capital, it gradually dawned on them that it would be to their financial and social advantage to postpone my awakening as long as possible. Indeed, had I awakened naturally, they would in all probability have prevented the revival from becoming more than temporary. In some easy and unobtrusive form of euthanasia they might even have facilitated my permanent transition to that realm from where I could not have interfered with the management or disposal of the only great aggregation of capital remaining in private hands in the whole world.

No doubt they would have carried out such a plan had it not been equally as evident to the descendants of Mrs. Parker's scapegrace nephew, Jalcy Parker. With all the irony of fate, the latter had died in 1970,

five years before the aunt from whom he expected to inherit. But he had bequeathed his secret claims as a legacy to his son, Cornelius Parker, who, at about 45 years of age, himself had died in 2000. In turn he also had bequeathed his claims to his son, named Policiver, who, in 2023, was a likely youth of about twenty-five years of age.

Ever since his childhood he had been taught great expectations from this inheritance, whose acquirement would make of him the most powerful man in the world. Alone it had not been nationalized for the double reason that I had not yet died, and because it was in the care of public authorities. If through any legal sophistry he could lay hold on it, he might sway the fates of even nations. In any case, his family had by this claim become so hypnotized that he could find no rest until he had made a fight for it; it was the family destiny.

Ever since his childhood, he had been taken to visit my recumbent form, and if human glances could have galvanized me into life, my enfeebled wandering consciousness would have been restored to direction of its unused tenement. However, in a dim manner, I was aware of those malevolent influences which to me were symbolized as fire-spewing dragons, bat-like vultures that attempted to feed upon my vitals, and gigantic boa constrictors winding slimy noisomeness around my helplessly charmed form. It was only later that I understood what these monstrosities signified, for at the time I merely underwent their tortures unreflectingly.

There was one compensation, however; for in those cavernous abysses of unreality I was not unconscious of Mrs Parker's Beatrice-like soul still attempting to protect me from those noxious fumes of malice. I was just as far from her as before her transition; for while she had exchanged the real external for the real internal spheres of existence, my glimmering spirit was eddying on the dim borderland between the two worlds. It

must have been a case of divided jurisdiction, for on the occasional visits of more potent spirits there seemed to be a conflicting hesitation which discouraged me greatly, in spite of my protectress's smile and friendly salutation, which appeared to presage my eventual release. This was brought about as follows.

Dr. Policiver understood clearly enough that so long as I remained in my present condition the museum committee would continue to absorb his grand-aunt's estate; and should I die before waking, they would probably keep it; for the actual transition, under these peculiar circumstances might give rise to as pretty and inconclusive a medical *fracas* as had been the historic lunacy trial of Mrs. Parker. That they would do nothing to hasten my awakening was sure; in that direction lay no gain for them. His only chance, on the contrary, lay in my waking and claiming the money, in which event he could hope to induce me to share it with him out of gratitude, or even make him my legatee as I might not be expected to survive my awakening very long. There was still a further possibility: he might find some favorable clause in the Parker will, which was by them carefully kept under lock and key, but which they might be compelled to produce in court if I made any public claim.

While things remained unchanged, therefore, there were for him no prospects whatever; so that his only hope lay in discovering some means of reawakening me. To achieve this, he took a medical course; and to whatever lecture he happened to be listening, his mind would be seeking to solve the problem of my comatose condition from that particular new angle. Every fresh medical text he conned was with miserliness sifted as with a tooth-comb. His final decision was to discover an anti-serum to the African sleeping-sickness, to counteract the malady that prostrated me; then he planned to shock me into consciousness by an intravenous trans-

fusion of blood which, if necessary, he himself would furnish. In this matter, however, he counted on the gullibility of human nature to find some substitute.

After graduating in medicine, he went to practice in Liberia, and from there he made excursions to the chief local seats of the disease he was trying to combat. In all this he was most careful not to reveal his secret, for my inert body was so celebrated that any public discovery of a curative serum would have been immediately applied to my case by the agency of newspapers, if by none others. After several years of unremitting toil he succeeded in his effort.

At once returning to the Golden Gate, he faced the problem of gaining confidential access to the museum. No very suitable position was open; for in modern days every department of life was highly specialized, and a physician had slim chance of admission to the museum staff. Besides, the higher his position, the more likely would his secret purpose have been guessed. It was therefore under a porter's mask that he succeeded in effecting entrance into that Californian Troy.

He felt the need of an accomplice. He found one in a position where she could assist him most effectually, the office of the museum directorate. Her name was Orchid, and her ability to carry out suggestions in a practical manner fitted her ideally for his purposes, while her personal charms were not deficient. Therefore he ascertained in which matrimonial school she was enrolled, and found that she was already in the selection class. He had himself transferred to the same, and effected a trial engagement. Frankly, he hoped to effect his purpose without actually embarrassing himself with her for life, which would make of her a partner in the enjoyment of the fortune. He attempted to enlist her help in reviving me during the trial engagement; but though he found her overflowing with solicitude for my plight, she was very wisely adamant in

refusing to attempt any very risky manœuver which might have jeopardized her position, until the marriage had been duly celebrated. They therefore went together through the "Modernized Mysteries," and were ultimately publicly married; and to please her, also married in a church. Then with the utmost charm she abandoned herself to his plans. This practical wisdom on her part depended on the fact that from inside information in the museum office, she understood the real situation; only both of them had hidden their anxiety for the financial aspect of the transaction. Each thought the other was being overreached. When they discovered this double duplicity they were divided between mutual admiration and distrust. Then it was that the elemental woman met the cave-man, and stooping to tears, she conquered her mate by the bait of beauty. From now on she led him by his passion, his jealousy and secret. Both therefore entered on the scheme for my reanimation determined to win.

So it came about that, on a hot July night when the director and his staff were away on a vacation, the medical porter and his secretarial partner spent the best part of the night working over me. They had convinced themselves that no immediate result was to be anticipated, and desisted, hoping that the serum would take effect a little later. This indeed occurred; and it was about dawn, on August 30, 2023, that my eyelids fluttered open on that strange scene, — the classic hall of the museum, myself half out of a glass case, with the blood-stained implements of transfusion still working through which I was receiving the vital tide from the arm of a charming young woman under the direction of a butcher-like doctor, who was communicating with her in unintelligible whispers by flash-light.

Then I relapsed into sweet slumber.

CHAPTER IV

GARMENTS OF THE PERIOD

Although I had again fallen into sleep, this was only of the healthy temporary kind. I dimly realized I was being carried down stairways, after which the swinging motion of a car, lasting for some time, lulled me once more into a confused dream. I was, however, momentarily aroused while being put into a comfortable bed, refreshed with liquid food, my pillow tenderly smoothed, the blinds drawn, and a little night-lamp lit.

Only gradually did I familiarize myself with my surroundings. I was in a dainty room of western exposure, with a door leading to a balcony, and two windows. When the blinds were drawn, I could see the snow-capped chain of the Sierras, on which I could gaze when transfigured by the glories of dawn and sunset. The moon and the stars added a mystic touch of haunting grace to my convalescent moods.

My nurse was the same young woman whose life-blood had in me reawakened the spark of life; and whatever ideals of romantic chivalry echoed in my memories were aroused by her well-bred friendliness. She wore a costume that I at first supposed was a peculiar nurse-uniform; but when later I saw it worn by all other women, I realized it was a standardized dress of the times to which my lingering spark of life had preserved me.

Later I discovered that this universal uniform was fundamentally the same for men and women, though

differentiated to accommodate the special sex-variations, that of the women always retaining the more pronounced charm and fancy, in difference of textures and colors, suitable to the social needs. Each garment was allowed one single design of embroidery, no more. In my day I had heard that the countess of Antrim had characterized fancy-work as an invention of the Evil One, to keep women's minds from wisdom. At any rate, with the growing sphere of their practical interests women themselves had come to disapprove of unnecessarily elaborate needle-work; and it was universally recognized that a single design was quite as effective, if not far more so, than a great profusion. Ingenious simplicity proclaimed the sex in an appeal far more subtle than the ancient flounces and furbelows, namely that of the inspiring comradeship. Women prided themselves less on external attractiveness than on their spiritual charms. Their education having become the same as that of men, they resented the now needless waste of time entailed in preening and dazzling. In my day women would change their garb three or four times a day, on board ship, or at summer resorts; and this was now looked upon with as much disgust as we used to look on the Romans who sat at banquet all day long, thanks to frequent relief in the *vomarium*.

When I recovered sufficiently to be given male garments I discovered that except for such outer wraps as overcoats, the one-piece garment had displaced all the separate pieces of my day. How glad I was of the disappearance of the ugly and hampering suspenders, the uncomfortable and unphysiological belts, and the unhygienic and unadjustable middle junction. The loose trousers were buttoned on to a vest, to which were also buttoned soft collars and cuffs, and the artists' cravat. The outer coat was double-breasted, each flap being buttoned under the opposite arm, combining ease of arrangement with complete protection to neck and

chest, which is the most vulnerable part of the body, and in my foolish days the least protected.

In the garb of both men and women starch had disappeared, as both ruinous to materials, and wasteful of human labor. Pressing, also, was tabooed, as were pleats, ruffles and flounces. They were looked on as relics of barbarous ages of slavery, when it was still possible to hire people to make and keep them up.

As to shoes, the individual made-to-order variety had disappeared, except for rare deformities. At school children were from the start educated to feel as much pride in having normal feet as in my day people took in having feet of unusual form, which pride was fostered for sordid profit by mercenary shoe-making brigands. In my days it was a real joke that Americans professed to look on Chinese foot-binding with utmost condemnation, while thanks to "elegant styles" of foot-wear American feet were in a condition so bad as to have developed and supported a whole profession of pedicurists. As soon as the trade was nationalized it was found just as cheap to produce ready-made shoes with oblique toe-lines and arch-supports as the old deformed and deforming patterns. Deformities, of course, were treated individually and scientifically.

Gloves were worn by both sexes, both for protection and social exquisiteness. With the disappearance of "servants" every one had to do his own work, and as all hands became a little rougher, they all had to be better cared for. Extremely fine or very rough hands had become the exception. Here also Americans were inconsistent; while they condemned the long nails worn by rich Chinamen as proof that they belonged to a class that did not need to work, they still were proud of hand so fine as to prove they did not work. These, in modern times, would have been considered lazy or dishonest.

As to hats, there was more diversity. To begin with,

they were no longer used for formality, show, or vanity, even in church. A hat was considered a necessary evil as a protection against dust, heat, or cold; otherwise all usually went bare-headed, with a great decrease of baldness. The tall black silk hat survived only in ethnological museums to illustrate the abysmal possibilities of human folly. Hard felt hats had given place to soft ones, that were water-proofed, and furnished with visors to shade the eyes. Tam-o-shanters were favorites in winter, and in summer the Belgian double-pointed aviator's cap, which would fold in two and be put in the pocket, when not in use. The hats of women were distinguished only by some single flower or design. Feathers were considered barbarous, and filigree gewgaws bizarre. The hair was cut fairly short among both sexes, but natural flowers were much worn in it.

On the whole, as already in my day gormandize as a mortal sin had disappeared for lack of opportnity to exercise it, — the more expensive a restaurant was, the smaller were the portions of food, — so in modern times vanity had faded out of the human heart before the sanifying influence of the uniform.

Was it monotonous? At least it was less individualistically insane than the "originalities" of my day. We used to think we were democratic, but the richer sported crests, which for the most part were invented for ready cash. These uniforms had won their way in spite of the monotony because they were inevitable, logically and rationally. Peculiarities are really abnormalities, insanities.

CHAPTER V

HOUSEHOLD REFORM

My convalescence was slow; not because of any actual disease, but that after my now almost century-long quiescence I had to learn again to use my muscles and to balance myself in walking. Orchid, my friendly companion, rather than nurse, would sit with me, discussing modern conditions. The mountains, and nature, were unchanged; humanity seemed perhaps a little perfected from what I had known it in my day; but the greatest change had of course taken place in the manner of life.

After clothing, the most interesting of my observations naturally referred to my room. There were ventilator-gratings at top and bottom. The water-faucet and sink were in a small cavity within the wall, except for the handle. Even the bed on which I lay could be folded into the wall. The corners of the room, the junction of walls, floors and ceilings were all rounded, so as to give no lodging to dust. The floor itself was covered with a rubber-cement composition, and the walls were painted, so as to be readily washable.

I was greatly shocked at seeing my gracious friend performing any menial task, although nurses have to do everything for their patients; yet they used to be considerably more finicky when going out to private patients. With a frank smile my kindly helper told me that I had better accept what I got; for when I should be well I would be expected to do as much for myself; "and," added she, "should I ever become sick, I shall gratefully accept a like service from you."

Most of what I saw did not, in principle, surprise me; but here everything was systematized and standardized beyond what I could ever have imagined. Folding-beds, for instance, were old enough in idea; but I had never dreamed of seeing them built into the wall, as I later found was the universal rule. Separate bed-steads were considered prehistoric, wasteful of space, and awkward. The socialization and standardization of the building and furniture trades had resulted in supplying every room with a wall-folding bed or couch, table, and seats, book-shelves, closets, drawers, pigeon-holes and letter-files, thus doing away with over one-half of the furniture of the early days, although standardized movable furniture was still used for assembly-rooms, and reception, dining and amusement purposes. All walls had picture-moldings, from which hung standardized paper and isinglass frames, doing away with heavy glass and ornate gilt or black plaster, always ready to crumble and chip.

The recreation room held the telephone exchange with municipalized concert and lecture connections, with a standardized piano and organ built into the wall. In every room there was a small folding console to this central instrument, with an arrangement by which its sound could be heard exclusively in any room. This standardization ended that absurd waste of individual instruments which in my day turned furniture storage warehouses into a Saragasso Sea of stranded pianos, that were eating their heads off in storage by companies, regiments and divisions.

Storage warehouses, as such, had disappeared before the municipal furniture exchange, which had also done away with the pawnshop, auction-room and newspaper furniture column, with its many traps for the unwary or ignorant. On furniture itself this had a somewhat depressing effect, because each municipality selected certain kinds, those in most demand. The elaborate

period-furniture was relegated to history-books and museums, now that show in the home was as useless as it was deprecated. What the furniture lost in peculiarity, it gained in solidity. When one person had finished using a certain article, it could be returned to the municipal exchange at a standard price, so that nothing was ever lost until destroyed; and the knowledge that an article had at all times a cash redeemage value tended to promote carefulness. As with the nationalization of tobacco in France of my day, the result was fewer "brands;" but as these most often consisted of the same kind of tobacco done up in different kinds of packages, there was really no loss except in deceitful tricks. The chief result was that people no longer took excessive pride in the absurdity and supposed rarity of often faked antiques. They reserved their pride for achievements in science, art, character, and social intercourse.

Orchid, (not Miss Orchid, — for she laughed at my attempts to use so antiquated a mode of address, savoring of medieval nobiliary privileges) would spend hours of merriment over the ridiculous waste and discomforts of the individualism of my early days. Over and over she would ask me if my early contemporaries had not seen the significance of the nationalization of currency and postage; whether they were really willing to perpetuate all the incredible economic waste of competitive railroads, telegraphs and telephones; and where not jealous competition, then oppressive monopoly. Was it individual selfishness, or lack of self-consciousness in democracy; or, worst of all, stupidity born and preserved by conceit?

As a woman, she was of course more interested in household matters than in these general political relations. The degradation of individual domestic service, the individual lighting and heating of even my early years never ceased to entertain her; not to mention the foolish individualism of matches, with the electric cur-

rent ever available. Gas had disappeared before the exhaustion of coal mines, wrecked by spendthrift generations before democracy achieved self-consciousness.

It was only later that I was permitted to visit the kitchen; and I found it as comfortable and ornamental as the reception-room; indeed, by far cleaner, being rigidly aseptic, and consisting chiefly of food-storage and heating. The elaborate dishes of earlier days had disappeared, and were mentioned as survivals of Roman luxury, possible only in the times of professional, or rather unprofessional domestics, the last survivals of slavery. No more than one cooked meal a day was considered necessary; and this reduced the number of dishes used on the table to a minimum; and they, being made of fibre, instead of being washed, were discarded. Handsome dinner-sets would not have been given house-room, and were not even preserved in museums.

On the contrary, domestic science had become an obligatory part of everybody's education. Single persons, who were rare exceptions, did their own cooking. In families, father and mother aided each other, or took turns, until the children arrived at an age to help. While schools taught cooking most rigorously, graduation was dependent on a certain number of years of experience; which, unless taken at home, had to be acquired at the home of others, or in institutions; so that it was directly to the young person's interest to acquire it in the home circle; and children, instead of trying to avoid kitchen experience, would almost fight for the privilege. This also settled the problem of pocket-money, all of which had to be earned. It was considered immoral to give anything as a present, except on special holiday occasions.

As mentioned above, elaborate dishes had passed out of fancy and usage. The delicatessen stores had been municipalized, so that kitchen work consisted mostly of heating and serving, eliminating the drudgery of

shelling peas, stringing beans, washing spinach, and accumulating much garbage. The cook had become more of a dietician, and prevented many diseases which in the past were due to a wrong selection of foods. Needless to say, fruits were widely eaten, and many preparations of vegetables and meats were bought in inexpensive sanitary containers, fibre having entirely replaced the wasteful and dangerous tin cans.

Many new fruits and vegetables had been produced by scientific creative gardening, of which in my day Burbank had been one of the pioneers. Most fruits had become stoneless, especially peaches, grapes and cherries. The raspberry was less liable to decay than in my time. The potato had been given a flavor, all beans were stringless, and pea-shells had become edible. Onions had been freed of their familiar suffocating smell.

Much of this I discovered only piecemeal, and as it were by accident; for the whole subject of eating was in conversation considered vulgar.

CHAPTER VI

A ROMANCE OF TWO CONTINENTS

Attracted as I was by the fascinating novelties surrounding me, I would never have indulged in retrospects except that in the balmy autumn evenings, fragrant with jasmine and oleander, memories of my far off childhood in other lands, like mystic legends, would intoxicate me, and blur the scene with involuntary tears. When a catch in my throat would betray this, the gentle hand of my companion took a nurse's liberty with her patient, and a responsive grasp would testify to my unuttered gratitude.

"Tell me all about it," she whispered, more in pity than in real curiosity, I believe. That evening was one of the last times that I was really distressed by the rheumatic twinges out of which I finally exercised myself; and she was no doubt only trying to distract my attention by making me speak of myself. I smiled ruefully, as I explained that I would gladly do so, but that there would be so much to tell that I would not know where to begin.

With gleaming eyes she persisted, "Merely utter your thoughts, and later on branch out in whatever direction you feel led."

"That would indeed give me the most relief," responded I, "for I believe in confession as the only real consolation."

Anglo-Saxon formality, primness, and prudery had never been part of my really French nature; and if I hesitated a moment, it was because of the unescapable realization that these poignant, palpitating experiences might appear but idle tales to so much of a stranger. But a gentle pressure drew my glance to her fearless, friendly eyes, — radiating the universal language of virtue, aspiration, intelligence, and sincere kindness. I blushed at my unworthy scruples, and began to think less of myself and more of her. My old-world pettiness seemed contemptible before a being of more spacious times. It was a touch of genuine humility that tinged my hesitation.

"I shall not attempt any connected history of my antecedents; I shall merely invite you to a stroll through the Elysian fields of memory, and whatever ghosts shall meet us, I shall try to describe.

In the first place, for three generations our family repeated the drama of immigration. Grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, and we three children also were born in Europe, came to the United States and were naturalized there, though later child-memories drew them back to their storied birthlands.

In the second place, our family was inspired with an incurable reforming passion. The first reformer was Frances Wright of Dundee, who in 1802 came to the United States as an advocate, lecturer and writer on the Woman's Rights movement. She gravitated to the New Harmony community of Robert Dale and Richard Owen — Robert was the initiator of the New Lanark mills social experiment, and author of the "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." At New Harmony she met and married Guillaume Casimir Phiquepal d'Arusmont, a Rousseau-inspired Provençal physician and teacher of Agen, who had emigrated to the New World with nine boys, who later became wealthy in their new home. He had invented the tonic sol-fa

system of musical notation, with many developments to express all music, and a keyboard of twelve even half-notes; all of which was exploited by profiteers. My grand-mother then decided to make a practical experiment in the education and liberation in Hayti of negro slaves at Nashobah, near Memphis, Tennessee, leaving there her sister Camilla, who married Mr. Whitby, a neighbor, and soon died.

The second reformer was their only daughter, Frances Sylva, who to her dying day tried to perpetuate that mission, but was hampered by her romance in marrying and rearing her family, distracted by law-suits instigated by sordid jackals who could not understand any higher motives, and took advantage of her distraction between her brood in Europe, and the southern plantation. What wonder she failed in both? Bitterest of all, no doubt, in her last dying days in Memphis, was that the result of her generous endeavors was to have squandered all her resources on mercenary strangers, while her own children, who would have gladly perpetuated and completed her mission, were turned out into the world to educate themselves as best they might, and naturally came to look on her wilfulness with resentment.

After death both father and mother must have been anxious for me, mother perhaps even seeking my forgiveness. Three times did each of them make me conscious that they were trying to assist me.

My father first visited me in Philadelphia. While on my twenty-first birthday I was agonizing for divine help, his intensely pitiful face appeared among purple clouds. Then while traveling through the bottoms of Louisiana, trying to decide to go to Harvard, he walked by my side, encouraging me. Last, while my young wife was busy in the kitchen she felt a presence and saw a countenance which she later identified as his by a photograph.

My mother I had come to consider as my bitterest enemy; so that if I became conscious of any helpful ministrations on her part, this was very certainly not the work of my imagination. First, I was very providentially led to find a suitable lodging, for which I had long sought in vain, as my needs were very peculiar; and after I had moved I was definitely impressed that this had come about through her assistance; something that was the very farthest from my thoughts. Second, when I had travelled to Europe, in the summer of the beginning of the world-war, I was three times in one night urged to return immediately; which I did, and came back on the last boat that was not delayed, just in time to save a mortgage from being foreclosed through the negligence of a friend. Last, she appeared to me in a vivid dream, with half her face eaten away by worms, trying to get me married, so that I should not continue to eat out my heart in loneliness; and two years later, in the height of my distress, her wish was gratified.

The third victim of the pursuit of truth was myself. I had always possessed the strange faculty of drawing the logical conclusion of whatever I saw. I was always half a century before my time, and yet I always saw others reap the benefits of my ideas, and day-dreams. When I first proposed roof-gardens, I was, by my best friends, treated as a lunatic; nor was I given the least recognition when they were later introduced everywhere. When I proposed putting hot chocolate on ice-cream, I was treated with personal contumely; but my friends never remembered my priority when in two years it became a society fad. Among the inventions I had anticipated were the automobile, the hydro-air plane, and through electric traction.

When twelve years old, in our large library in Wiesbaden I would prostrate myself in agonized prayer for three achievements, to live and teach the example of

Galahad, to discover the true history of New Testament times, and to learn to know the mystery-rites. These three great passions that agitated my breast were destined to be fulfilled, but only much later; and then only as by accident. I had even forgotten these early yearnings until they had been realized. So are we predestined by our aspirations, and make our own fate.

"Were you not fortunate?" asked my interlocutor. "Few achieve what they set out to do."

"Fortunate perhaps, but it was a heavy price that I paid; that of living the sacrificial role of a victim."

"To whom?" pressed my sympathetic friend.

"To my mother, to the world, and to my brother."

"Tell me how!" urged she.

"On a walk on the hills near Kreuznach, the Rev. Mr. Seeley of Macclesfield, who was in charge of the local English church, seeing how badly things were going in our family, called me aside, and assigned me the role of peacemaker, or victim. 'Be the drop of oil in the rusty hinge!' he bade me. 'You will suffer, but after all it is not for long; and see how much good you will be able to do!' To this divine call I was not disobedient.

"First I served my mother as son, daughter, and ladies' maid, for a dozen years. Busied with her visionary schemes, throwing her money away to strangers, she would compel me to wait for hours on street-corners; and finally she twice dumped me, untrained, among strangers. If I ever got an education, it was in spite of her.

"Then to the world. To achieve these life-missions I had so young undertaken, I was compelled to earn my living in an occupation the local conditions of which were exquisite torture, and to hold which I had to live for years on the edge of a volcano; appearing, and being treated as a failure by 'practical' men of limited

vision, some of whom daily inflicted on me the most scornful contempt. But I could conquer only by grovelling, having voluntarily sacrificed position and social connections, in the pursuit of conscientiousness so quixotic that the world looked on my renunciations as confessions of guilt.

Third, to my brother, who had always been indulged in every fancy on the strength of irresponsible accesses of fury; so that whenever I was wronged, mother would say, 'Well, let him have his way; you know he is beside himself!' So it went all life long. He got all the education, all the family books, the family clocks, all grandmother's papers, which he lavished on strangers, but ever refused to me, who was the only one interested in the family. However, he had the excuse that he had inherited this unnatural trait from his mother.

"Then when for years I had retired from the world to study the missions to which I had devoted my life, he would pester me for the results of my studies, which he used in making a reputation as a lecturer. In private he fondled me, in public he kicked me, while my studies were so unremitting I had neither time to exploit them for my own benefit, nor to defend myself. Repeatedly he tried to get me to commit 'hari-kari' by stranding myself penniless in California, Texas, Tennessee, — any place where I could not hope ever to capitalize my own research.

"Revengeful I never was; I only wished to be let alone to writhe on my cross. But that was the one thing he would not do; either because his conscience troubled him, or because he was afraid to lose the results of my studies. Wherever I went, he pursued me. He insisted I was jealous of him; and this I did not resent, for I saw that this belief was necessary to his conceit. Would jealousy be likely in me, who had repeatedly sacrificed my worldly advantages for ideal causes? Yet I prayed for him daily, to the end fulfilling

the sacrificial role to which, even as a child, Providence had called me.

"Thus I felt I was in an *impasse,* from which there was no exit except by dropping all the entangled researches of my life, and devoting myself on the battlefield to the cause of humanity's democracy. However small, I would be rendering some definite service in a recognized manner."

"But this really meant abandonment and failure in these earlier efforts?" sympathized Orchid.

"Yes," whispered I, as if it were a secret from myself.

"But possibly the failure may not be so great as you think," reflected she. "Perhaps your preservation to our modern times was a deferred answer to your prayers for knowledge of the truth, only in a way you did not anticipate!"

"Perhaps," mused I, tears dimming my vision.

"At least you can use these experiences in this manner."

"I can," said I, feeling as if I was taking a crusader's vow, "and I will!"

"And I will help you!" cried she with sympathetic enthusiasm. "I can be thy friend."

So she took my hand, and kissed it, and offered me hers. For a minute I stood aghast. I remembered that in French, Italian, Spanish and German there had even in my day existed that difference between the formal "you" and the intimate "thou," preserved in English by the Quakers, which was begun when social relations became personal. My momentary hesitation, due to failure to understand that such was also the modern manner of celebrating a compact of friendship, might have angered a maiden of the nineteenth century; but in the twenty-first there were no such petty feelings. Besides, Orchid had mothered me so long that she understood the real cause of my apparent failure to

appreciate her advances, and with an infinitely tender glance she assured me it was perfectly proper.

When I did so, I was almost made sorry; for in my unregenerate old-world notions I of course from ancient habits unintentionally drew near to her. But she gently withdrew, shaking her head comically, and threatening me with her index finger.

"Till to-morrow evening!" she laughed, as she fluttered away.

CHAPTER VII

STANDARD OIL METHODS

As in the old times, the waking up in the matter-of-fact sunlight, with the memory of a romance begun in the moonlight, caused a readjustment in my world-relations. Was it not a dream?

Then I was overwhelmed by its inevitable significance for my earlier romance with my wife and children — but all that was of the long-distant past; and I mourned their loss.

Again I was consoled by the reflection of how fortunate it was for me, a stray waif in entirely different surroundings, to have found even a single hand of friendship extended. Henceforward I was no more merely a museum curiosity, but a citizen of the new age. Like all other really good things, it had come by the free gift of divine grace, not by any arrogant merit of mine; and I thanked Providence that this tender bond was not with a Potiphar's wife, but with so charming a maiden as Orchid. She, with her slender grace, her regular features, her distinction, became to me a representative of modern times and lent to my admiration a semi-religious note of personal worship.

You may therefore imagine how eagerly in the morning I awaited her usual appearance; and how disappointed and even anxious I grew when she came in only very late, with an unmistakable air of agitation,

not without an unaccustomed note of resolve, and with a tinge of the embarrassment that I had imagined had disappeared from the heart of humanity during the century of my sleep.

This alarmed me, for I feared that our new relation of friendship would be repudiated. My hesitation must have been betrayed by my features, for she said at once, "No, friend, there is no cause for anxiety about our compact, on my side. Indeed, it is dearer to me than ever," — and I interrupted her, taking her willing hands in mine, though she released herself, blushing. "No, you do not understand why. The things that have happened since we pledged friendship, might have prevented it. I am glad of it, for it will help me to face the new situation more fruitfully. But they will probably interrupt the restful course of events that have been transpiring here."

I pressed for an explanation of what had developed; but her evident unwillingness bade me desist. She was anxious to avoid a lengthy recital of events, lest this arouse in me feelings whose physical effect might prevent the moonlight interview we had planned for that night.

"To-night you must communicate to me all the details of your former existence, so that if possible we may discover any descendants of yours. Before last night, I would have said, in order to get into a living touch with those far-off times; but since then, . . ."

"Go on!" I gently urged, as she hesitated.

"I wish to know all about the circumstances of my friend!" completed she, with blushful dignity.

"I thank thee!" murmured I, responsively; "I also wish my friend to be conversant with my dear family. That is the most delicate compliment thou couldst have paid me, to love my dear ones; and I too shall be made happier thereby."

She smiled sadly. "There are also other reasons why

to-night's talk may become momentous to thy, — no, to our destinies. It may prove our last unhampered meeting" — and the steely glint returned into her eyes, — "for the present, at least; and the future is uncertain. During this day, therefore, I wish you to prepare yourself for it by reviving every incident, date and address in your memory clarifying every detail, that the information may be as practical as possible, and that we waste none of the limited time at our disposal." —

The anticipation of this event therefore assumed the solemnity of a eucharistic celebration, which is a memorial of deeds of olden times, to inspire future improvement. At the fated hour I was awaiting her on the balcony, whiling away the time in contemplation of the rainbow sunset drama. A light touch on the shoulder apprised me of her arrival, and to my eagerly extended hand responded hers. Then she sat down beside me, took out index cards (in the new age all sheets of paper were of standardized form and size) and indelible pencil (that writes and erases as easily as the old lead variety, and yet never smears or blurs), and noted minutely all the details I could give of my own family, my girl-wife, my two-years old "Bunny," and the eight months old "Dicky." Then I had to give all the details about my brother's family, and his two grown daughters.

When I had finished, I was very melancholy; and on being asked the reason, I analyzed my feelings. I decided that it was because of the meanness of those now distant times.

"What signifies 'meanness'?" objected Orchid. "Was yours not a great age? Did they not build immense buildings? Railroads, gigantic and rapid, even twice as heavy as necessary? Telegraphs, telephones, automobiles, steamers, and so forth?"

"Surely," responded I, "and of paper too." Then I spoke of the golden age of the world, the silver age,

and the iron age; and added that we used to call ours the paper age, because of the meanness and underhand practices of our times, that had devised soulless corporations to avoid the problems of conscience. Law had become a means of enjoying the fruits of others' labors; and diplomacy and "tact" were the most important traits that earned success. For instance, Jay Gould had wrecked the Erie railroad by suborning justices in every county from New York to Chicago, it had been said; and the inevitable aggregation of the oil-business was accomplished only by the most dishonorable methods, which at one time were exposed by Ida Tarbell. The finance of our times was obviously frenzied, in which the bonds of a railroad were frequently the only real money put in, and the stock was mostly water; then fares had to be raised to keep the corporation from whining bankruptcy! An inventor usually starved, while the success went to the promoter.

"But none of that was in private life, surely!" comforted Orchid.

"That was the very place where that meanness was the most successful. I shall give you just three anecdotes of personal experiences of a friend of mine to characterize the kind of people who were successful in my day. His elder brother was successful, as the world counts; and he earned it in the following ways. To understand the humor of the situation you must know that he was the rector of an old church with a heavy endowment, from which, together with outside lecture sources, he derived over ten thousand dollars a year. My friend, on the contrary, spent his chief time studying, earned but a pittance at the most painful occupation possible, and did what religious work was open to him without pay, for the love of God.

"Well, when my friend married, he sent an invitation to his rich brother, — who had been in the city a few days before, and about three days later came in to a

funeral. But to the wedding he did not come; and when told his absence had been regretted, he countered, "Why did you not have it some day when I would be in town?" Of course, he did not send any wedding-gift; but a year and a half later he said to my friend and his wife, 'Really, I have recently become very anxious about you people down there. Something ought to be done for you. Now I have a plan. Last year, at the mission, the ladies gathered coupons, and as one of the men connected with them worked in a piano factory, he was, by these coupons, enabled to get a piano gratuitously for the mission. Now, next year, *if* the ladies continue to gather coupons and *if* that man remains in his position, perhaps I can get for nothing another piano, and you could have it as a wedding present.' Could Dickens have invented better?

"Again. He used to hold a Sunday four o'clock afternoon service, at which the advertising feature was a contribution from non-Christian sources, — for which, by the bye, he, who himself had made no first-hand studies, had gotten the inspiration and many materials from the younger brother, who had remained unknown because of the many years spent patiently in libraries and universities. Now about once a year he would suddenly be called away on some important engagement, and would insist on the younger brother coming to take the service, because, said he, 'You are the only one who can do that work;' which reason, by the way, was slightly humorous, and not very complimentary. Now whenever he got anyone to take his morning service, he paid him no less than twenty-five dollars; and at the four o'clock lecture, he used to pay eighteen. The younger brother did not expect any pay, on account of the fraternal relation; but it seemed rather unworthy to be treated anonymously. On writing that he asked no money, nor any other courtesy beyond what would be given to any other visitor, he was

answered that it was not the habit of the parish to announce the name of any visiting clergyman (which of course did not happen to be true); and that my friend had made a mistake. He had not been asked to take the service. The rector only said that *if* he had nothing better to do that afternoon, and *if* he chanced to be in the neighborhood, or *if* it gave him any pleasure, he was welcome to come in and take the service!"

"Once, the younger brother told his elder that he was content not to avenge himself, leaving his wrongs to be righted by divine judgment. 'Judgment,' laughed the elder, 'is an obsolete Semitic delusion. The only way to get along is to do what you want. Half the world are fools, and will forget; the other half are Christians, and are bound to forgive. So why worry? To begin with, I never make any mistakes; but if anything unpleasant happens, I put it out of my mind, and do something more pleasant next time; and so I succeed.' Strangely, or rather significantly, he had gone through a period of admiration of Nietzsche."

Then I summarized to Orchid. "I should say that the first incident represented a lack of honor; the second, a lack of justice; and the third, a lack of conscience. Now what I want to know is this, would such 'Standard Oil' methods be still possible in these modern times?"

"I am at a loss to answer," frankly smiled my companion; "for the question involves both social conditions, and human nature. In one respect, of course, human nature has not changed. Men are born with types of character as well defined as ever. But they have been altered by a heredity improved through the social betterments of several generations; and in new social conditions, better suited to human nature, human character does not become deformed as it used to be. The reason of this is that not even to-day is human

nature strong enough to act up to its possibilities in sinecures, or without any checks. Even to-day it is necessary to preach the cross, as the power and wisdom of God. Responsibility acts as the fly-wheel on an engine, making it run smooth and continuously. You see, virtues are the results of good habits; and habits result from exactness of repetition; so that without control character is impossible. That is why divineness of soul will never outgrow the cross, or self-control; although we may anticipate that gradually strengthening character may succeed with less and less discipline. On the whole, however, apart from this steady improvement, the element of human nature has changed but little.

"The greater part of change, therefore, if any, must be dependent on improvement of social conditions. People of your times were proud of having made an end of slavery; but you left man wallowing in the bog of the heartless individualism in which the devil took the hind-most. This resulted in monstrous character-growths comparable only to the misshapen growths of ocean-depths, where no sunlight ever penetrated. Men even became proud of these deformities, and spoke of them as individualities, never suspecting they were merely abnormalities. No one can safely do without the cross; and the higher the position, the more dangerous is it, the greater the need of the sanifying influence of voluntary self-surrender.

"Men after all were not so much to blame, for the social problem was almost insoluble. They had to succeed in a world of competition, where the devil took the hind-most; and yet they had to deceive themselves into thinking they were following the counsels of perfection of the Sermon on the Mount. They had to be as harmless as a dove, and yet as wise as a serpent; which, as Beecher used to say, was the harder proposition. There was one refuge, hypocrisy; of which a good

example was Tolstoi, who could afford to amuse himself at cobbling because his wife and son administered the estate with sufficient prudence to keep him from starving. Those who were not hypocrites had a hard time of it, and many failed to preserve the golden mean. Diplomacy such as that of which you have given me the examples were only miserable makeshifts, pitiable in the extreme.

"Since the establishment of equal opportunities and efficiency classification, together with social responsibility, men neither can, nor desire to oppress each other. Such lacks of honor, justice and conscience as you have instanced, have become so unnecessary, as well as so unprofitable, that they would not be likely to occur except as result of wilful depravity, which would be sternly repressed by promotion to the reformatory."

CHAPTER VIII

AN UNEXPECTED FAREWELL

"But," continued she, "pray excuse me from such side issues, where your own fate hangs in the balance!"

This implication of personal interest was to me as sweet as a mistress's avowal of love. A touch of her dear hand repressed the words that came to my lips. "Listen," urged she, the time is very short. Even so I cannot tell you all; and should you ever," and here she gazed at me with the pathos of a fawn pleading for its life,—"feel that in any way I have not treated you fairly," — I protested, but with tears she compelled my silence—"think of me the best you can; remember that you yourself have made much that I would have wished to do impossible; although" — and here her comparatively plain face beamed with a glow that shines in human faces but once or twice in a life-time, when destiny beckons through the windows of the eyes,—"you too have revealed to me possibilities till now unknown . . ." and a catch in her throat compelled her to pause, as at the theophany in a temple, after the benediction occurs a silence to render audible the music of the spheres.

"It does not matter what happens, I shall believe in you!" cried I.

"Don't, — yes, do!" responded she, looking around furtively, then she broke into tears. But soon she

gathered herself together. "I shall not say anything more," added she. "You will have to take your chances. I must be going in a few minutes; he must not find me here, — not in this condition at least," stammered she, agitated and trembling; the heaving of her breast testifying to her sincerity.

"Who is he?" demanded I.

"Why, my . . . brother, Dr. Policiver."

Then for the first time I realized how selfish I had been. Patient though I was, it was my nurse who most needed a defender. "Why fear your brother?" She blanched. I continued, "Why, I thought that in these modern times such false situations could not exist?"

"We are not perfect yet, by any means!" mumbled she low. She seemed to be evading me with verbiage. "We think we have solved many problems; but one of our clearest achievements is that we have defined our ignorance, much of which may perhaps never find entire illumination in this worldly existence . . ."

It was my turn now to urge haste. I pressed her hand, and stopped her. "Leave all this to some other time. Tell me clearly why you are afraid. Perhaps I can help. Are we not allies?"

Ruefully she smiled, shook her head, and compressed her lips.

"Well, if you will not talk, will you answer a few questions?"

"The best I can!" answered she.

"To begin with, who are you? How did you come to be connected with me? Who is he?"

"One question at a time. It is to the skill of Dr. Policiver that you owe your resuscitation. He invented the serum that cured the sleeping sickness with which the Germans had infected you. He came here to watch over you," she looked over her shoulder as if apprehensive of being overheard, — "and to insure your recovery."

"In that case he is my benefactor; yet, judging from his expression, I should not consider him my friend. He glowers at me with a gesture of ownership, like a hawk; of malevolence, like a vampire."

Orchid clapped her hand over my mouth, and spoke as if on purpose to be overheard, "It is a wise man who knows his friends; you owe him your consciousness; never forget that debt," — then in a hurried whisper, "but guard yourself from him."

It dawned on me that probably we were not alone; I remembered having heard of detectophones, and I also scanned my surroundings. "No, I will not," I answered guardedly; "but neither will I forget that it was you who willingly offered your life-blood to effect my renewed lease on life!"

Orchid blushed, and pressed my hand. "I shall be glad if you will employ that gratitude in allowing me to guide you in any emergency that may arise" — in the same uncanny whisper, — "but never forget to judge for yourself!"

"That too I can promise," retorted I without mental reservations.

"If you are sincere," she said evenly enough, though her mild gleaming eyes assumed a hunted look, "then let me prepare you for your ordeal to-morrow.

"The physicians who are to examine you will come in the interests of the museum in which you slept so long; its directors fear to lose the management of your capital. As we have restored you to health, their only hope can lie in making you sign it over to them; failing which, they would find it to their advantage to have you declared mentally incompetent. You may easily imagine that they are not likely to leave you in the charge of us who, almost in spite of them, revived you, and here have restored you."

"Do you mean that we are to be permanently separated?" faltered I.

"I cannot tell," drawled she slowly. "We will if they can have their way. They have us in this position: until they have declared you competent, you would be unable to execute any legal deed."

"Do you think they will do this?"

"Not if they succeed in keeping your money."

"Will they succeed in this?"

"They will likely hold on to the most of it."

"But what about you?"

"That is the very point at issue," returned she meditatively. "We do not know whether you are to be returned to our care, or are to be released, to act on your own initiative."

"Then I would return at once!" I flashed back loyally.

My companion smiled indulgently. "But we might not be here!" Then, after a pause, slowly, as if weighing her words, "And even if we were, circumstances over which, as you may well think, I have no control, might make your return impossible."

"What do you advise me to do?"

"The best would be to get all you can, at once, as spending money. Draw out the discussion as long as possible, and in the meanwhile hide away as much of it as you can capture."

"But with my inexperience . . ."

"Well if you think you can trust me, I will try and hide it for you. We will meet as necessary, and . . ."

"That will be splendid!" cried I, enthusiastically.

"But it will not be easy."

"We will manage; tell me how!"

Orchid smiled at my childish delight. "That is the point. Let me think!"

With the stupidity that rushes in where angels fear to tread, I suggested we meet at church.

She laughed good-naturedly. "Why, friend, that is the most carefully registered attendance in our whole modern lives!"

I suggested the country; but she told me that too would be inadvisable, because I might be followed by spies from the museum crowd. She continued, "I think the wisest plan would be to leave that to circumstances, and to the ingenuity of us both. Your doings will probably be in the public eye, and the museum people may be compelled to call in Dr. Policiver to a consultation. In the meanwhile, we must separate, or you will not be ready for the trying ordeal before you; and remember that its issue will depend on your not giving them the least loophole for an adverse decision. You had better retire, and be as fresh as possible in the morning."

"I shall pray for divine guidance," assented I; "but I shall also not leave before thou renewest thy pledge of friendship." I took her hand, kissed it, and trustfully offered her mine for a reciprocatory salutation.

Then happened two unexpected things. First, she did not at once do her part. She paled, flushed, and turned away. She burst into tears. As I insisted, she complied;—and at that very moment into the balcony, furiously burst Dr. Policiver, who without any courtesy of address barked:

"I have some matters to discuss with you, if you will permit me to replace your more agreeable companion. Orchid, you better retire."

Orchid retired; hesitatingly at first; then she shot at me a friendly glance and was gone; and I despised myself for not rising and doing my best to administer a thrashing to the brute, for his insolence to her; but his cold seriousness swayed us both.

"To-morrow morning you are to be visited by officials of the museum in which you slept so long; and it is to their interest to declare you mentally incompetent. They will no doubt try to confuse you, a good opportunity for which will probably be afforded by your strangeness among our modern conditions. Orchid

has no doubt done her best to initiate you therein, but if you have any further problem on which you desire light, I am at your service."

I could think of no questions I would be willing to ask him; but I thought it would be good policy to "pump" him. "Have you any general directions to guide me?"

"Yes," said he. "Speak little, and that slowly. Make as little as you can of your earlier experiences. Remember that to them the civilization of your age seems medieval savagery. Express a desire to learn their views, and make yourself useful. Do not let them even suspect we have told you of the conditions of the Parker bequest. Express anxiety as to how to earn your living, and it is possible they may prefer your co-operation, if they think they have won your confidence."

"If they ask about Orchid . . . ." miserably pleaded I.

"Say your nurse did her duty; nothing more. You will not see her again, for she leaves to-night."

Involuntarily I trembled; and though my interlocutor never abandoned his strictly business attitude, I detected in his voice a note of relief, or satisfaction. "The less you seem to know about her, the better. As to me, you should feel gratitude for my reanimating you; and though my guardianship ends with your removal to the city, and though they may try to get along without my professional services" — here he chuckled almost inaudibly, — "it is not impossible they may be compelled to call on them. However" — in a nasty tone of proprietorship, — "you need not fear that I will lose sight of you; and when you have received their endorsement as to mental competence, I will then, on your behalf, start formal legal proceedings for the possession of the small legacy Mrs. Parker made you to care for any need of yours on reawaken-

ing. To be able to do this for you, I shall need a power of attorney, which I have ready for your signature."

He pushed the document, with an indelible pencil, right under my nose, and in a manner so natural that resistance, even though possible, was out of the question. After all, he was much more anxious about it, than I was; I little cared about wealth, so long as I had life; and besides it was undeniable that I owed him an almost unrequitable debt; so I signed the document, and he returned it to his pocket.

After a few further general recommendations, he bade me good-night, giving me an appointment for the next morning, when he was to come to me. On the tip of my tongue, of course, was the question, when I might hope once more to meet my gentle friend; but his tone was so dry and unsympathetic there was absolutely no opening for it. So he left me, and I felt defeated, lonely, and in danger.

Till then, I had not realized how very much our sanity depends on our social surroundings. If I could have gone backwards five thousand years, and have witnessed the troglodytic period, I would not have felt so very strange, conscious as I would have been of my superior civilization. Among brutes I would have felt like a god. But to be considered a savage, was a very different situation! Nor was it merely a matter of feelings; it was a serious question of survival, of having to "make good" . . . for the sake of my "friend."

Indeed, I might have not cared enough about the matter even to try to make good, had this not very probably involved the possibility of ever again seeing Orchid; of reassuring her as to my grateful loyalty, and resuming settled relations with her . . . more than that a savage of an earlier era might perhaps not dare to expect.

The doctor was evidently in a mood to prevent any farewell; and she was clearly so much in his power that

she would make no attempt to defy him, but no doubt she would use her female ingenuity.

As I was helpless, I had to leave everything to her; so I stayed on the balcony, hoping the impossible.

Not long after, indeed, I heard steps at the door. Two figures stepped into a motor tricycle, and silently disappeared; but not before one of them, which must have been Orchid, turned around, and waved farewell.

CHAPTER IX

MEDICINE AND OUTFITS

The next morning after my toilet I went down into the garden to work at the flower-beds. This exercise created a need for breakfast, which was then enjoyed. In my days this meal was consumed before any need of it, so that especially in America, where the heavy meat breakfast was in vogue, people made of themselves animated lunch-bags. Was it any wonder that millions were amassed by makers of mandrake pills and candy cathartics?

After breakfast I was called in to my examination. I had expected to find physicians of my medieval times, arrayed in frock coats, with stethoscopes, glasses, silk hats, and gold fobs. On the contrary I met a man and woman garbed in the universal khaki uniform, whose examination perhaps might be all the more dangerous for not putting me on my guard. They were pleasant-spoken, sensible, and business-like.

Apparently medicine, hygiene, physiology and curative psychology had also been systematized and standardized, for the chief work of these medicos consisted in filling out minute official symptom-lists, test questions, and the like, so that the diagnosis made itself, without individual equation. No more happy-go-lucky bluff, fads and fancies! The state had efficiently adopted the ancient Chinese method of paying physicians on the basis of their efficiency in maintaining their patients'

health, rather than because of their misfortunes. To begin with, this brought into alignment the interest of both parties, which is the logical situation. This freed the physician from the embarrassing situation of victimizing the unfortunate, and the patient from feeling resentment and suspicion against the practitioner. Imaginary maladies had disappeared, and yet incipient disorders were corrected before they could become established, both because the patient felt free at any time to consult a physician, and the physician found it to his interest to reach the cause, not merely palliate the effects. The physician's record was charged with every condition he allowed to become chronic; and to disculpate himself he had to prove that this was due to the patient's wilfulness, or to physical malformation. Nowadays the physicians were as averse to procuring temporary relief through coal-tar anodynes as they used to be prone to administer them, for they were responsible for the ultimate results. Of course, the patients also could better be controlled, for in the ancient days patients rarely returned to a physician who treated the cause; their insistence on immediate relief could now be safely refused. While in my day the physician's material interest lay in masking symptoms while encouraging the disease, now it was the opposite. General enlightenment had persuaded patients to welcome radical treatment; and this was accepted with confidence, for the nationalization of the service had eliminated fear, resentment, suspicion and overweening individualism. The profession itself had been purged of all unworthy practices; physicians had no reason to get themselves "called out" in theatre or church, to live in palaces they could not afford or waste time in swell clubs, not to mention fraternal organizations, or politics. The foolish duplication inevitable with competition, which in my day, during the war, had begun to be eliminated from railroad offices and deliv-

ery services, had also been applied to the localization of churches, and the districtization of physicians, as well as of nurses.

A great change had come about in public opinion. On the one hand, professional invalids and society affectation of delicate health had disappeared before the general realization that sickness, where not disgusting or dangerous to others, was disreputable, because it gave at least a suggestion of incompetency. Further, people were generally ashamed of having been so unwise or unlucky as to contract any distressing condition. On the other hand the physicians were publicly disgraced at the development of aggravated or chronic conditions. On conviction of a certain number of cases of negligence or lack of judgment, their pay was reduced, or they were suspended or disbarred, besides, their mental condition, and freedom from drug-addiction, was carefully observed. In my days, individualistic practice of medicine was irresponsible, for the reason that physicians' mistakes were promptly buried. I remember having read that at the beginning of the German world-war out of a batch of medical volunteers to the army service, many had been rejected as mentally irresponsible; and unless they had undergone this scrutiny, they would have continued to practice on the lives of their fellow-human beings; and, as a matter of fact, most of those army-rejects returned to "private practice."

In my day it was a popular joke that nobody could escape the tax-gatherer or the undertaker; this now applied to the medical treatment of each case. At each inquest the medical practitioner was on the defensive, and on him lay the burden of proof that he had done his duty. Efficiency had invaded the profession, which in my day was really yet in its swaddling-clothes, laboring under three chief obstacles: professional "courtesy," the disagreement as to remedies, together with

prejudice against new "schools" of thought, and the hap-hazard, unsystematized state of personal hygienic rules of living, which in my day the Boards of Health had only started to organize for the derelicts of the ghettos only.

Such a reorganization on the lines of efficiency of their profession was of course at first considered a degradation; but this was only an inevitable stage in the march of progress. For instance, historic chivalry also resented being ended or mended, but in reality its so honorable — or rather dishonorable — knights were no more than glorified highway-men, thugs, cut-throats and brigands. Another instance was the teaching profession of my days, in which the teachers were compelled to undergo successive examinations and approvals, which regulated the grade of salary. While the teachers resented it as slavery, it raised the average standard of the profession. Again, in the various Protestant sects efficiency resulted in a heartless crowding out of incompetents; but the soundness of the principle was proven by the phenomenal growth of those sects.

Of course, such a principle of efficiency demands an organization to protect and dispose of the inefficient. In my days, the latter merely starved; but in modern times this was impossible, so that it is no longer necessary to continue in office the incompetent, out of compassion for them. The rejected were now educated for other spheres of activity, and carefully placed; or, if superannuated, pensioned. Nor was this fate any longer feared, but rather envied.

The ordeal through which I was put was nothing accidental; it consisted of what might have been called naturalization proceedings, just as in the Germany of my early days, every human being was carefully card-indexed. This ordeal was naturally divided into three parts, physical, mental, and spiritual, if this word may

be used to indicate all the finer ideal elements of life.

The physical part was much more intelligent than it used to be. Useless external data were minimized, but there were Bertillon system measurements, thumb-prints, photographs, and the like. They were far more exhaustive in notation of mental reaction-time, blood-reactions, voice-records, impressions of the lines in the palms of the hands, and of the soles of the feet, and many other details which in my happy-go-lucky days were either neglected or ridiculed.

The mental part included many laboratory tests, for accuracy and color-vision. These universal data for the first time formed a nucleus of facts whose inclusiveness gave solidity to conclusions which in my day were only dependent on chance selection. The "original nature" of the human being had in this way been ascertained, by checking off the whole probable list for each individual. The science of character-study also was put on a scientific basis. From historical researches twelve great characteristic-complexes or trait-groups had been deduced, and those had been fully checked off, not only positively but negatively, for every individual, with the result that statistics had validated what before was only theory.

The spiritual part included not only poetry, philosophy, sociology, but also religion, especially the religion of democracy. No compulsion was laid on anybody, but evidently a vote could not be entrusted to devotees of tyranny, to the insane, to the ignorant, or to the criminal. One manhood vote was given to everybody, so as to avoid anybody's feeling that he was slighted; but additional votes were allowed for qualifications that could be earned; for the highest efficiency rating, for education, travel, art-accomplishments, and the like. This examination acted as a sort of outline of what reading, studying and artistic culture was still possible of doing for the candidate, and was

the greatest possible help to true humility and high ideals. To each qualification was added the name of some great writer who had therein achieved prominence, so as to inspire as well as to instruct.

The examination revealed to me a better balanced idea of manhood, than I had ever before conceived.

At the conclusion of our consultation I was given an identification booklet, which fitted exactly in the coat's inner breast-pocket, and, for protection, was bound in oil-cloth. It was dated at the last equinox, and ran to the next; and by a distinctive color could at a glance differentiate the winter from the summer one. On the other side, the age was also revealed by color. Each color of the rainbow indicated one particular decade, and the color of the printer's ink revealed the year within that decade, so that a person's standing was automatically recorded.

This booklet showed attendance at religious patriotic services, elections, and other state functions compulsory to every loyal citizen. The book contained coupons that would be dropped into a box at the entrance into the hall, while it bore marks to be punched as receipts, to check any possible error.

It also acted as a bank-credit slip, which could be punched for the amount of living wage consumed. This currency was good for state lodgings, restaurants, transportations, theatre entertainments, dances, concerts, clothing, books, and every other physical necessity. The shape of the punch revealed the kind of service to which the cancellation referred.

It was also punched for the amounts earned by work of any kind, any sort of approved day's work being reckoned as an equivalent, subject to the three gradations of efficiency ratings.

The wage was reckoned on the physical, social and intellectual needs of the average individual; and as no credit could be carried over from card to card (except

certain details on the life-card, such as the round-the-world trip, pilgrimage, and other things done only once in one's lifetime), there was no incentive to hoard, and no merit in miserliness. The result was the first real democracy I had ever seen. In appearance, people generally presented a general equality. This was by no means a leveling down, but on the contrary, a leveling up; for while the well-to-do remained the same, those whose living had been precarious now had a firm standing-ground, and soon acquired the self-confidence incident to training and character.

In my booklet, much, including the voting privilege, had been stricken out. On enquiring the reason I was told that my case was so exceptional that they could only approximate to the usual circumstances; and that later when I should reach the city I might attend some citizenship school, where all details would be adjusted. Oh how I longed for my illuminating conferences with Orchid!

I was also given a life-card, which I was to retain permanently, which bore all permanent identification data. My photograph was affixed, and this had been made on the spot, the development process having become almost instantaneous.

After the examination, we had surely earned our lunch; and we sat down in the most friendly and informal manner, beginning with the usual patriotic invocation which Orchid had taught me. While I felt an immense relief, I saw I must still be careful, because of the silent significant glances of my two inquisitors. I realized that this sort of a free, unconscious examination might prove the most dangerous. Yet I could not but feel that the warnings of Dr. Policiver were unjustifiable; and I began speculating what purpose, besides professional interest in the African sleeping-sickness, he might have in my restoration. However, I

had little time for speculation, as I was too busy watching my questions and answers.

I then went up to my room, to make my small preparations for the journey. As I entered the room I felt something I had long forgotten, the need of kneeling down and praying, before I left. Without any instruction from outside I had, since my childhood, on entering a new home, or on leaving an old one, felt as it were a "presence," that compelled me to "lift my heart" to the Unseen. The absence of my protectress Orchid made me all the lonelier so that I did not fail to pray for her. I thanked God for apparently having safely survived the examination ordeal; and I besought His almighty power to protect me on the unknown journey I was about to undertake. Then I sang an old-fashioned hymn, waited for a silent benediction, and stood up.

The actual packing was easy, thanks to its standardization. Its beginnings had already occurred in my day, with wardrobe trunks, dress-suit cases fitted with toilet-articles, and specialized bags for carpenters, physicians, and the like. Gradually the shops prepared complete outfits for man or woman; and the comic papers, jokes about higgledy-piggledy packings changed to disgust and censure, as wilful untidiness. The bags and trunks themselves were convertible into bureaus and closets, each bearing a standard list of its contents, with directions how to fold and place in position. Thus packing standardization gradually led to standardization of quantity and quality of personal belongings.

At the risk of repetition I must emphasize that if anybody should think this standardization of living destructive of individuality and interest, he would have been surprised at the disapproval and contempt of the old-fashioned individualized disorder. This was looked on as rudimentary, illogical, disgraceful, and even undemocratic, insane.

CHAPTER X

DWELLING AND GARDEN

On turning away from the dwelling that had so hospitably sheltered me, I gave one last lingering glance which resumed its entirety in one impression which I here shall try to represent. It was a unity, not merely a garden, a tower, a church, a factory, or a dormitory; but a combination of all, an organized abode. This was in sharp contrast to the building inequalities of past civilizations which in my time we all had accepted so unquestioningly. Yet even then we had had natural adumbrations of the modern organized abode in ant-hills, bee-hives, prehistoric American pueblos, or the Pavia di Certosa.

Of course in my day, building standardization had already begun. Houses were often built wholesale, in rows. Then they were combined into tenements, and apartment houses. Roof-gardens had begun to appear on theatres, large hotels, or institutions. Sky-scrapers had imitated castles or towers. Churches were institutionalized, like the New York Broadway Tabernacle, and adapted to complete vision and hearing, which had first been introduced into theatres. Gardens had become municipalized into parks, although only in green-houses had they been laid out rationally. But these were only isolated, unrelated, and unutilized attempts. Nowadays the unit was the abode, which united them all, even if only in miniature.

Let me begin by the garden, which in my days usually fronted the house. Nowadays it constituted the court-yard, around which the buildings themselves formed a living wall. People no longer lived for ostentation, but had the garden where they could best use it. The gardens themselves were benefited thereby. This arrangement dispensed with the expensive and usually inefficient fence, hedge, or boundary-stones. Stray canines and felines whose roaming propensities no socialization could improve, no longer tore up flowers, and acidified the soil.

The irrigation problem also was solved. Many centuries ago even nature's irregularity of rainfall had compelled artificial watering methods, by those who desired results; and as to-day, more than ever, waste or inefficiency was the chief crime, so irrigation was considered most indispensable. In the court-yard there was the central fountain which moistened the atmosphere. The water gathered in the basin was not turned into the sewer, but into radiating canals which, by gravity, brought the life-giving tide to each of the petal-shaped beds, the whole garden assuming the shape of an even-petalled flower.

Around the fountain a circular arbor cooled the basin of water, and afforded a delightful place to take dinners, or hold teas. But as sociability without privacy would not be personal enough, there were vine-covered *tête-à-tête* nooks for the cultivation of friendship. These were in the triangle between the extremities of the petal-shaped beds, along the walls of the house, and they were fitted out with furniture and electric lights.

This sheltered position of the garden protected it from low dust-winds, while admitting the higher breezes bearing their living freight of birds, butterflies, insects, seeds and fragrance. In localities where the winter was cold, or the rains were excessive, the garden was glassed over with adjustable screens.

The selection of the garden-plants was standardized by the various state-governments, whose experts advised what would best grow in that locality and season. No garden was allowed to lack either flowers, fruits, berries, vegetables, or an experiment-bed, for new varieties. The similarity of all the gardens allowed comparative gardening, or emulation between neighbors; and in this field, as in all others, the comparative method bore golden results. In my days a few successful amateurs were admired, but the difference of material and method left everything in the realm of miracle. Each year there was made a rotation of the contents of the petal-beds, so as to go around the garden in six years, of course not disturbing the perennials at the apices of the petal-beds. The soil of the different beds also was differentiated; some was sandy, some loamy, some compounded by the horticultural experts, who made yearly, and when necessary even monthly visits, leaving standardized directions for everything.

Who did the work? Everybody; for after the tub in the morning hour, or at the sunset-time, every one was keen for some work in the garden; and the standardized petal-bed arrangement made it a simple matter for each member of the household to be assigned a special responsibility.

In my early days, rich clerks would take their exercise in gymnasiums, either private or public, such as the Y. M. C. A. But that sort of exercise, being unproductive, came under the ban of public opinion. Indeed I was shown in modern medical books on insanity, as specimens of idiocy, pictures of athletes of my day who earned their living by knocking a pigskin around a lot, or men hitting punching-bags, or swinging Indian clubs, when there were garden-plots to dig, fruit-trees to prune, or berries to pick.

College foot-ball games and other sports had of course disappeared. What surplus energy remained

after study-hours was worked off in the furrows of surrounding college farms. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, dog and cat shows had all merged into annual expositions of breeders and biological experts. The element of personal rivalry was discouraged, and even ridiculed. I remember, in my youth, reading of a visit of a Shah of Persia to Edward VI, then Prince of Wales, who, as a compliment, took him out to witness a horse-race. The Shah, however, stated he was not interested, because, said he, he had from childhood known that one horse could run faster than another. What emulation was permitted, however, was limited to such useful pursuits as the discovery and development of new varieties of vegetables, fruits and flowers.

The dwelling itself surrounded the garden in a square, hexagon, circle, or combination of square corners with bulging rounded sides. The curved entrance was the highest part of the house, — a tower used as belvidere, for flags, for wireless antennæ, as water-tower, and as astronomical observatory.

In my days, this star-gazing was considered as a somewhat strange and useless pastime. But since then much had changed. Every corner of the globe, including both poles, had been charted. All subterranean water-courses had been plotted as accurately as the rivers above ground; in my day, France was the only country in which that had been achieved; and the discovery of the subterranean water-courses of the rest of the world had kept adventurous spirits busy for half a century. With all this achieved, the human instinct for geographic adventure survived; and the only field open remained interplanetary communication. Every house-tower was fitted with one small telescope powerful enough to catch any signals from Mars or Venus, or the Moon; and this star watch was kept in shifts as carefully as the Zoroastrians used to guard their sacred fire. Nor was the time wasted

when no message was detected, for in those silent times men "invited their souls," and were in a more suitable frame of mind to receive divine impressions than while strenuously working. In other words, it was a good time to hear one's conscience.

Also in this field the comparative method had achieved wonders. So long as this observation was hap-hazard, the results were both under, and over significant. With an uninterrupted observation by million watchers, genuine results were soon distinguished from errors. Moreover, the ingenuity of many different thinkers uncovered very unexpected results, and gradually an interplanetary alphabet was being arranged.

The central dwelling-tower contained also the general offices, reception-room, and outer clothing-closets; most important of all, a meeting-hall, for use in cold or rainy weather, adapted to the size of the house, and usually found in the basement, so it could be excavated to any desired size without marring the house-plan. In good weather, of course, meetings were held in the garden, and as the latter sloped down on all sides from the fountain, it was admirably suited for an assembly. When the water was turned off from the fountain it formed an admirable pulpit. Sermons or addresses listened to among the flowers and vines, and beneath the moon and sun light possessed a charm unknown to any hall-lecture.

In my days, the houses themselves were already partially standardized. American conditions had produced ready-made portable houses; and Edison had proposed sectional cement houses. This does not mean that all houses were alike, but that their component parts all fitted in; and so, as with children's building-blocks, it became possible to create the most surprisingly varied results with stock parts, which could be rather easily adjusted.

The walls were mostly made of strong but light paper beams, which securely held sections of glass, and admitted all the light available, while the interior could be screened by curtains on rods. In my days factories and schools had already begun to be built on that principle; but architects still drew individual plans, and builders worked on separate houses. Every room had its balcony opening on the courtyard within, as well as on the outside, while all roofs were comparatively flat and usable as roof-gardens.

So far as kitchens were necessary, they were centralized in the back wing. Fireless cookers were in use everywhere; and burners were used only to generate the initial heat. The government had adopted standard kitchen-plans devised to save the housewife's steps. Now that there was no longer any servant-class, and as everybody had to do his own work, all possible ingenuity was used to reduce unnecessary labor, and to make the kitchen the pleasantest and most attractive room in the house by tasteful arrangement, pictures, and flowers.

The interior room-fittings, which have already been described, were to be found in every room. They were so standardized as to be easily interchangeable with other partition units. Their employment therefore offered no particular building difficulties. Among them also was a transparent block to be inserted in walls between rooms. This contained an incandescent bulb which simultaneously furnished two, or even three rooms with light. Doors turning on hinges had long since been rejected, in favor of sliding doors and windows. The rooms all opened on the courtyard balcony, so as to allow of privacy, combined with mutual accessibility.

The children's quarters, nurseries and play-rooms were situated over the kitchen, for the convenience of their food and laundry. These quarters were now a

very important part of every house; for so far as she was physically able every woman became a mother. No longer was a woman penalized for serving the state, but rather honored. On it depended her vote, salary, recognition, and opportunities.

So far as supply, heating was centralized. No more was coal used, as being dirty, difficult of transportation, and unhygienic for the miners. From the mountain-tops, wind-mills and waterfalls electricity was led to each house, and each room possessed its electric heater. Those of my day had been very expensive and inefficient. At present, the electric current was transformed down onto sheets and logs of a substance better than asbestos, so that the full electric potency was utilized.

Among partition-units were glass trunk wire sections, so that without any expensive wiring every room had equal access to the source of light and heat. These bore flat conical light-bulbs, with outlet-connections, for heater-wires, telephone, sewing-machine power, laundry, and light cooking apparatus. Some of the upright beams contained water and drain-pipe risers from one single water-main and sewer surrounding the courtyard, so that all plumbing needs were subserved without the formidable, expensive individualistic plumbing which in my days had created and supported a whole class of social pirates.

The same standardization had produced a scientific street sewer, gas, electric and telephonic conduit-system, the beginnings of which, in America, dated from the construction of the New York subways.

CHAPTER XI

PUBLIC ROADS

Here at last I was on a modern road In roads a rudimentary standardization had begun even in my day. I had grown familiar with comparatively symmetrical streets, avenues, boulevards, state roads and national highways. A Lincoln transcontinental high-way had even been begun. But later a highway from Alaska to Patagonia had been completed, as well as one from Alaska to Nova Scotia, and from Rio de Janeiro across the Andes to the Pacific. A similar transcontinental system had transformed and unified Africa, Asia and Australia; not to mention Europe, which, however, was the last section to be continentalized, because of the most bitter racial animosities. Yet a highway had been made from Baltic to Adriatic, giving access to sea to the smaller land-locked states, such as Czechoslowakia. It was now looked upon as the most benighted region in the world, the least progressive, the most hopeless, — if there was anything hopeless in an age of universal progress. Witness the generation-long reluctance of the English to tunnel the Channel, which even in my day seemed ridiculous, though only in modern times was it recognized as a survival of aboriginism. Not even now had modern England realized that communication as such was progress.

These long-distance objectives did not imply that roads defied the laws of gravity, of sound engineering practice, or of landscape beauty. On the contrary, as grace and attractiveness had become more and more important elements of life, so had scenic interest become a more weighty consideration with those who laid out roads. The ruler-like high-ways of France and of imperial Russia were considered as much curiosities as the aimless wanderings of roads formerly built around privately owned estates, or for political influence.

The modern considerations that governed the establishment of communication of national, provincial and local interests, not forgetting historical and scenic attractions, or the needs and convenience of the travellers. Each of these interests was subserved by a different kind of traction. Transcontinental needs were best subserved by high-speed electric lines, following straight lines, under mountains and on viaducts over valleys or watercourses, or preferably under them. For provincial interests there were monorail roads that were adapted to the geographical features, and local feeders, along the highways.

This railroad problem, however, was not worked out independently of the general trend of events.

To begin with, the climate was studied and heeded. Merely because the Pilgrim Fathers had landed near Cape Cod there was no reason why generations of progressive workers should endure that rigorous climate; so Boston lost what Newport News gained. In Europe, Savoy became depopulated, in favor of Lombardy and French valleys.

Another evil condition that had disappeared was technical possession of rights of way by competing lines, which gave rise to long detours, useless bridges, and tunnels, whose expense had to be extorted from succeeding generations.

The river banks were now freed from railroad lines, which had been moved sufficiently back not to deface the public parks on the shore.

Each provincial system was grouped around a radiating centre of traffic, such as in my day used to be London and Paris. However, the ancient arrangement had great evils; for it was then often quicker and cheaper to travel thrice the distance to or from the capital than to go direct across country. The modern cross-connections consisted of a series of enlarging concentric circles (like the Paris boulevards), which thus developed intermediary sections.

As a province now generally coincided with a river-shed, the capital was usually half-way between mountains and the terminal port. It thus formed a natural centre for the province's electric power, which came from the mountains on all three sides. The climate was also the most temperate, and afforded an equalized access to tide-water beaches, mountain resorts, and farming country. The capitals of the different provinces were connected by through high-ways and high-speed trains, which passed from one watershed to another, therefore, over comparatively low passes, where however a tunnel was sometimes necessary.

These changes had of course been both cause and effect of another change, that of the population. In my days the movement from the country to the city seemed so continuous that some New England districts became depopulated. In my days the very rich were able to return; later the middle classes, when improved trolley communication restored the balance.

Another influence that appeared later was the disappearance of political districting. Of these, the first stage of course had been tribal settlements. Then came feudal states, such as in the United States were founded by the Dutch patroons, or William Penn's "proprietorship" of Pennsylvania. Later arose myth-

ical surveyors' states with fancy names. The next logical step was the French districting by rivers, which later, under the influence of internationalism, spread all over the globe.

Even in my days, indeed, had arisen districts, entirely apart from politics or history, marked out by the climatic limits of production, such as the cotton-raising country, the grazing prairies, the grain belt, the lumber districts, and so forth. These had of course in the main survived; but they had lost much of their precision and significance, because the agricultural experts had spread practically everywhere the most productive plants, while following the indications of nature only where necessary. Thus a great deal of transportation had been avoided, as almost every district raised its own preferred necessaries of life.

Each district had its food-tables arranged both permanently and annually — because of the yearly variations of climate — by the local central agricultural college. Proprietary preparations having become nationalized, were produced in every district laboratory, to the extent that over-insistence on special brands was considered a sign of ignorance, a sort of childish commercial fetichism. On the other hand, the authorities watched over the purity of the foods sold in the municipal groceries, so that all individual advertising of brands became unnecessary.

These district-roads differed according to their prevailing traffic. For instance, a road in districts where there was much heavy hauling would be constructed differently from one in a district where there was less of it; but nevertheless, being intended for individual personal use, there was a double row of trees on each side, allowing for a pedestrian path in either direction.

No longer did people walk great distances, but used small motor roller-skates, which were cheap enough to be at the command of everybody. With very little

physical fatigue it was thus possible to travel independently to the neighboring local centre, and so much faster than on horse-back or in buggies, that horses had practically disappeared from the roads. There were small motor standing boards, tricycle motor chairs and other practical motor apparatus, that lengthened the radius of local traffic.

In this connection may I observe that outside dirt was never tracked into the house; which indeed, as in ancient Japan, would have been considered the most untutored boorishness though in my days of spittoons and mats it often occurred, giving rise to the really humorous signs "Wipe your *Feet.*" In the vestibule-racks stood always a choice selection of slippers hospitably arrayed for visitors.

There was a net-work of small narrow-guage lines connecting every field on a scientific plan, suggested by the government experts. They were constructed of easily interchangeable sections, which, after the harvest, would be removed. They were made of fibre, so as to be very light, and easily interlocked. Frequently they were left permanently to connect dairy-houses or barns with the local road, or wherever the hauling was regular enough. Many wagons, built on the endless chain principle, laid their own track as they needed it. The free use of motor roller skates had induced the introduction of similar smooth paths, composed of standardized light fibre-composition plates, which interlocked, and were easily removable.

There were national transportation boards which yearly reconsidered the transportation facilities and needs of every locality. If the traffic had increased, they added to the facilities; if they had decreased, they withdrew them. They did this according to certain traffic standards, which being generally known aroused no heart-burnings; and communities that desired additional facilities devoted their energies to qualifying for

them, instead of trying to invoke political influence. In my day the post-office had already been thus taken out of politics. Thus the transportation facilities were constantly kept in touch with the traffic.

It was along such roads that in a light private motor with seats for four the two physicians drove me smoothly and rapidly to my destination. At first I had expected that a chauffeur would manipulate the vehicle; but I observed that in this age where machinery had eliminated personal service that mercenary tribe must have passed away except in the case of children, invalids, or persons as suspected as I.

Being on my mettle to prove mental competence, I restricted my observations to admiration of natural beauties, a bond unificative of all ages and races. Here I reflected that while in my time all scientific achievements had, by the unreflecting, been considered uncanny and unnatural, these more efficient methods on the contrary really more harmonized with nature's ingenious adaptation of means to ends. To take one example, these chemical discoveries were only a closer scrutiny of natural law; and what the untutored considered "unnatural" was merely what to their ignorance was "unfamiliar."

This universal language of nature soon broke down between us the ice of reserve; and my judges began to turn into companions, who pointed out lovely if unobtrusive landscape features, or recent improvements and opportunities for future development. This led me to further reflections. In my days it was a general notion possibly due to the traditional ideals of the New Jerusalem, Platonopolis, the City of the Sun, and other utopias, that the ideal perfection was final, or static. Here, on the contrary, there was more perfectibility, more desire for improvements, more opportunities for development, and I may add, more humility than I had ever before imagined. So some constructive criticisms

of their achievements that I dared to advance were by them welcomed, when I feared they would be resented.

Also the converse proved true. Keeping in mind the advice of my former guardian Policiver, I sought judiciously to flatter them, and praise their achievements. However, I soon found that this course was not advancing me in the estimation of these modern people, as it would have done in that of my contemporaries, infatuated as they were with their own achievements. At first this surprised me; but later I inferred that this same Policiver was not quite in symparty with the spirit of his day's civilization. Being the heir of an old-world tradition of acquisitiveness, he harked back to the era of personalities, and evidently did not belong to the unselfish humanitarian trend of the times.

These abstract reflections of my intellect, however, were no more than the froth eddying around the surface of my deeper emotional anguish at separation from Orchid, and my anxiety for her welfare. I eagerly scanned the countenance of every woman we met, looking not so much for herself, — whom I expected to find in the city, — as for some message from her. So I took an interest in all the women we met.

Was Orchid an exceptionally beautiful or lovable woman, or had all women of modern times gained in poise, self-reliance, serenity and beauty? This latter was my conclusion; but it did not in any way diminish my devotion to her as my first modern woman, my only friend, and my savior; — as to the rest, I dared not think.

While absorbed in such reflections, the sun had approached the horizon; and my unexpressed wish for a halt to enjoy the view of the sunset was betrayed to my companions by my turning involuntarily to the gorgeous spectacle. I caught an approving glance exchanged between my judges; but they said nothing until

their watches, — bearing a black dial with luminous figures and hands,—indeed, numbered up to 24 o'clock, pointed to five minutes to sunset. Then all the bells of the neighboring houses and hamlets chimed in what in ancient times would have been called the Angelus, or the muezzin's call. For five minutes everybody and everything, including the monorail electrics, stopped. All turned towards the sunset, lost in silent contemplation. Some stood, some sat, some raised their hands, some merely uncovered. Then, at a signal, all proceeded on their way; some more suddenly, others more lingeringly. My companions' eyes gleamed with an unworldly serenity as they started their motor, while the monorail car tooted and whizzed.

Then followed the gloaming and the dark; and yet we speeded onwards till we reached our first view of the city. I was most impressed by the luminous halo that brooded over it, instead of the thousands of separate lights that in my day characterized a city at night. I hailed this as a symbol of the modern change of municipalization from ancient individualism. Already in my day some of the boulevards were lighted with fewer but more powerful lamps; and the grounds of Girard College in Philadelphia had been illuminated by half a dozen lamps on tall towers. Here however the whole city was lighted from one central tower on the top of the tallest central building, and an arrangement of mirrors projected the light into the near and dark side of transverse streets. The light of the central lamp or beacon was thrown down by immense reflectors, thus saving it from being wasted upwards. How much more sensible than thousands of lighting fixtures, each liable to get out of order, and implying thousands of miles of underground conduits!

When the motor arrived at the shore where in my days used to run the Oakland ferry, the road gradually sank under water. As the car arrived there, the doctor

threw a lever, which unfolded a collapsible keel, sufficient to support the car; while the wheels, being webbed, drove the improvised boat at a moderate speed across the bay. I was informed that there was a subway, which was used in rough weather; but which, when possible, was avoided, so delightful was the sail.

While crossing, I gained a good bird's eye view of the city. It resembled a huge dome. Around the central light dome on the city hall were circularly grouped the tallest houses. The next circle was composed of houses less high, and so on progressively till the suburbs, which outer ring was composed of the lowest residences. Apparently the city was built on a comprehensive zoning system; not as in the New York of my days where it was introduced only after stupidity or private competition had destroyed the general symmetry, but evidently on a unitary plan. The whole old city must, it seems to me, have been razed to accomplish such perfection. In ancient Paris there were comparatively regular concentric boulevards, but the zones were neither graded, nor regular.

On reaching the opposite shore, the motor was restored to land-use, and swiftly whisked through the wharves to one of the residences of the lowest outer zone, which we entered by the front portal, opened for us in response to a gentle knock. We dismounted in the front building, and the machine was run to the back wing, along the edge of the courtyard garden, which resembled that of the house that had sheltered me in the Sierra foot-hills.

I was conducted to a first-story room facing the courtyard, told to partake of the package dinner awaiting me in the room's wall-refrigerator, and to seek refreshment in welcome repose.

EPISODE SECOND

NORTH AMERICA OF THE FUTURE

CHAPTER XII

THE MODERN CITY

During that night I was visited by confused dreams evidently composed of the various experiences of my journey; but underlying them was a vague uneasiness about my first and only friend Orchid; not merely because I had lost her guidance, but because I realized she herself needed protection, and I myself was in too precarious a position to be of any service to her. I had to take it out in prayer, which gave me the consolation of faith. A fancy visited me that if I should for a short while lie down again, I might meet her again at least in the land of dreams. Then indeed I received the surprise of my life: instead of Orchid's regular features, I was met by another, though no less smiling girl-friend, who extended her hand to greet me; and just as I touched hers, I awoke with a snap. My heart was fluttering, and I was gasping for breath. So I was somewhat discomposed, for I remembered that the last morning dreams are usually the most veridical.

Fortunately there was no room for delay. The sunrise chimes rang, and I knew I had but exactly sufficient time to complete my modest matutinal toilet and to find my way to the gate-tower, if I wished to join in the customary sunrise devotional meeting. In the Sierra home I had been excused therefrom, because of my sickness; but here where my whole career depended on making good as mentally adequate, I could not afford to be even tardy.

Swiftly therefore, and with the assurance derived from universal standardization, even of how to dispose of one's clothes during sleep, I reached for correct wall closets for the lavatory and garments, and put on the universal athletic overalls. Noiselessly I glided to the portal-tower observatory, and unobtrusively subsided into a vacant seat just as the leader — I later discovered that everybody took his or her turn at presiding, as I myself later had to do, — struck the opening chimes. I heard them in all the neighboring houses also, for the sunrise service was being celebrated all over the city simultaneously. There was a patriotic hymn, then a minute of silent contemplation of the miracle unfolding before us. Then one of the children read a selected poem suitable to the occasion, and in turn every member of the family uttered some thought which had impressed itself on his mind. After the family came employes, and last the guest, — myself. I repeated the biblical verse about the "Sun of righteousness arising with healing in his wings to them that look therefor." A young woman who had already spoken in a gentle voice, but whose features I had not noticed, turned around and smiled at me. I had to catch my breath, for it was the friendly countenance that had flashed on me as I waked. I must have flushed, for she glanced at me enquiringly. I turned away in confusion, to avoid any interruption. Then the father of the family uttered a short prayer for guidance and

protection during the day. After rising and joining in a touching reconsecration to democracy all, including myself, indulged in the solemn rite of shaking hands, while uttering a kindly wish. All trouped out, leaving me in uncertainty until a friendly nod from the dream-girl invited me to follow the whole assemblage to the tool house at the back of the garden, where each picked out his favorite implement.

My guide pointed to a hoe, which I cheerfully annexed. She beckoned me to her own garden-plot, while the others were distributing themselves among their several garden-beds.

"Guest," said my friend, "my name is Lilac Prophet-icen Namefranciscur. Will you not also introduce yourself, that we may be friends?"

"With pleasure," responded I; "but before I can answer, I shall have to consult my card; I fear I shall never succeed in memorizing the name that was wished on me yesterday!"

As I reached for my "permanent life card" to decipher "Oleander Parentive Neurodundeeian," the humor of the situation made us both laugh so heartily that we established a sort of comradeship that was as pleasant as useful.

"Then you will work in my flower-bed with me, this morning, comrade?"

"Gladly," assented I. "But you must assign me the task."

"We usually choose our own; but under the circumstances you may be willing to take my advice. If you will do the hoeing between the rows, I will remove the insects from the plants, and so we can go on conversing."

"Good," smiled I. "I want you to help me to understand this appellation of mine, if there is anything to understand about it!"

"That is just the point, Oleander," said she with

charming, respectful familiarity. "Once I supply you with the key you will find the name so easy that it will utter itself without any memnonical effort. Come over to the fountain, on which I will show you the engraved zodiacal calendar. Once seen, never forgotten. Come this way!"

By one of the radial paths we reached the fountain, and facing each of the twelve paths I saw engraved the name of a virtue, or trait of character that had been assigned for the special commemoration of one month. The old Roman names had been apparently wisely discarded; for even in my early days I rebelled at having to commemorate double-faced Janus, Mars the brute, Julius Cæsar the butcher, and other famous or rather infamous eccentricities. So I read around the column Harmony, Determination, Practicality, Parenthood, Love, Art, Vision, Policy, Prophecy, Organization, Sociability, and Intellect.

"So, you see," instructed she, "a person's second name reveals the month of birth." Immediately I remembered Dr. Policiver, and *Orchid Practicapan;* and my comrade's *Propheticen* and my *Parentive*, which denoted that we had respectively been born in November, June, December, and July.

"But what about those queer syllables that act as terminations?"

"They indicate the hour of your birth."

"And what of my first name, *Oleander*?"

"That tells you were born on the twenty-second of the month; just as mine, Lilac, reveals I was born on the nineteenth."

"And what would *Orchid* denote?" asked I loyally.

"Look for yourself, comrade!" said my guide with a true teacher's nasty encouragement of self-help. She pointed at names engraved along the margin of the fountain. The upper row bore the names of 31 alphabetic names of flowers; and below, under the flower-

name, stood a tree-name, grouped under the appropriate numeral. So I read the standardized name-lists, as follows:

FLOWERS: 1, Althea; 2, Calla; 3, Camelia; 4, Canna; 5, Cereus; 6, Cherry; 7, Clematis; 8, Clover; 9, Columbine; 10, Dahlia; 11, Daisy; 12, Edelweiss; 13, Fern; 14, Heliotrope; 15, Iris; 16, Ivy; 17, Jasmine; 18, Lavender; 19, Lilac; 20, Lily; 21, Lotus; 22, Marguerite; 23, Mignonette; 24, Orchid; 25, Pansy; 26, Pink; 27, Rose; 28, Snowdrop; 29, Tulip; 30, Violet; 31, Wistaria.

TREES: 1, Ash; 2, Bamboo; 3, Banyan; 4, Baobab; 5, Catalpa; 6, Cedar; 7, Chestnut; 8, Cypress; 9, Ebony; 10, Elm; 11, Eucalyptus; 12, Fir; 13, Hazel; 14, Holly; 15, Laurel; 16, Locust; 17, Larch; 18, Magnolia; 19, Maple; 20, Myrtle; 21, Oak; 22, Oleander; 23, Palm; 24, Pine; 25, Poplar; 26, Spruce; 27, Sycamore; 28, Teak; 29, Vine; 30, Walnut; 31, Willow.

"Thank you," said I. "When I have memorized the lists I shall know everybody's birth-date!"

"Right!" approved she.

"But what about that last night-mare of mine?"

"Do you mean to say that you have not recognized your birth-place?"

"Partially; but not entirely."

"That too is easy. Out with your card, and let me show you how dull you were!" She smiled to relieve my resentment.

"*Neurodundeean* means: *N*, for north; *euro*, for Europe; *dundee*, for your birth-city; *a*, for the first zone, reckoning from the centre; *n*, for the thirteenth radial section of the city; which is comprised between the thirteenth and fourteenth radial avenues; the first one beginning due north, the second fifteen degrees to the west of the former; so that the thirteenth would lie from due south to fifteen degrees east of it. Is that not sufficiently precise?"

"Too precise, for any of the 'bluffs' my contemporaries sought to throw; it would be rather uncomfortable if there were anything to hide!"

"But you have nothing to hide, have you?" queried my companion only half reassured.

"I better not!" laughed I.

"Lucky for you, comrade!" joked she. "In our civilization people who have anything to hide usually get hidden pretty promptly!"

"Well, I know that I shall get hidden promptly if I do not hide some of those weeds before the bell rings!" cried I.

"And those bugs, which no civilization has yet succeeded in entirely eradicating, will also promptly hide those tomatoes!"

So we returned to our work; and between jokes and digs at each other we passed our time pretty pleasantly till the chimes rang again.

After putting away our tools, on which occasion everybody was very expansive and chummy, as are people who have together done some honest physical labor, we separated to return to our rooms for a shower and dressing, plus a very vigorous appetite, which I can guarantee would not have been satisfied with any tabloid food. I wanted quantity as well as quality, and found both in the refrigerator closet. When finally restored and in my right mind, I was summoned to the parlor, where I found my host, Sycamore Organizival Namefranciscur, who was the director of the museum, and Lilac, my comrade, both dressed to go out for the day. He was very cordial, and expressed himself as pleased that Lilac and I had become friendly. Though he himself was compelled to go to the museum — for in those days the time-clock had to be punched by all from the lowest street-sweeper to the president of the republic, — he committed me to the tender mercies of Lilac for a sight-seeing expedition through the city. It did not take me very long to assent, and Lilac's smile showed she too was willing. So we adjourned to the vestibule to put on our roller skates,

and we waved good-bye to the home folks who came to see us off.

Once outside, Lilac offered to gratify any special desires of mine. I resigned the direction into her hands, and she proposed that we approach the city hall circuitously, so as to see as much as possible. The plan was to follow a transverse street until the next avenue, then up that to the next street. further along that out to the next avenue, and so on to the centre.

The outer zone or suburb consisted of residences, which were not so much evidences of wealth, as of size of families. The next inner zone was composed of larger dwellings, in effect boarding houses or family hotels, where resided the smaller families, the childless couples, the single people, or visiting strangers. They constituted a sort of club, or colony, for people in whom the social instinct was stronger than the private, who wanted to "chum" or "pal" with fellow artists, litterateurs, or students; also people with the same social, philosophical or religious ideas, forming groups, schools or cults.

The next zone was that of the local supply houses, the catalogue department stores, where from catalogues one could select any desired article, very much as did the New York and Chicago department stores that spread their catalogues all over the middle west; only here they were assembled in a government supply house, with carefully numbered samples in glass show cases. Here were the vegetable and fruit stores, the delicatessen establishments, that had been increased by the French *"rôtisserie,"* and in addition, all other eatables, such as puddings, cakes, and the like. Here were all housekeeping conveniences, and above everything, the communal repair and darning stores. In my day it took the world-war to make the wasteful American public rescue the "old clothes" trade from Baxter and Hester streets. "Stoppeurs" had begun to operate,

but the prices they charged were extortionate. There had also arisen dealers who sold guaranteed hosiery, that was replaced within six months, in the event of any holes. These operated on the gamble that most people are careless, and would lose their receipts in the meanwhile. All this was now regularized, and indeed the greater number of garments worn in the streets showed signs of having been neatly repaired. In my days the Americans generally lived in an era of newness, and discarded everything that was not fresh. This too was a delusion, and a wasteful one. In that way they had destroyed most of their antiquities, splitting up for kindling wood two hundred years old pulpits dating from the Revolution, tearing down that jewel of architecture, old St. John's in New York, because a new building line was to have run a couple of feet back of the magnificent façade. They were not vandals, they were deluded. Had they not lived in a prohibition country they would have realized that some things, like wine and friends, grow more precious with age.

In this section my guide did some of the household marketing. For the next day she ordered sufficient boxed breakfasts, lunches and dinners to be delivered to the residence by narrow guage delivery carts. In these boxed meals, the fibre box, when unfolded, formed a plate and other necessary implements. The smaller inside box formed a glass or cup, and another, a saucer. Every thing was wrapped in its own dish; and fibre spoons, knives and forks allowed you to throw away everything uneaten. When you entered into a meal-store, these were all separately heaped up on shelves, ready to send out. So the eating-problem, thanks to the intelligence of co-operation, had become what it should always have been, nothing but a pleasure, even for the housewife.

In my days, of course, housewives would have objected to this solution, as not being nice and individual

enough; but to begin with, no protests should be listened to from an age that permitted the atrocities under the counters of the delicatessen stores. Again, in modern times all this food was prepared by nice people in kitchens that were visited by the elite, who took a very real interest in the food they were to eat. Moreover, in this age, it was considered vulgar to be finicky or over-nice about such things; common-sense indicates that a single consciousness cannot be supremely interested in more than one thing; and therefore the centre of interest, if directed on democracy, can leave but a secondary anxiety for the more material things. Besides, as enlightened hygienists had charge of the whole commissary, people found it to their own advantage to leave out of their lives unnecessary anxieties.

We soon left the housekeeping streets, which presented a busy appearance, for the factory streets, which were less frequented, and looked very symmetrical. Each was carefully differentiated for the special articles to be manufactured. In the olden days factories were strewed about promiscuously without regard to co-operation. But it must be very evident that great economies of time and material could be effected if goods made from similar raw materials, or with the same sort of machinery, were combined. Besides it would pay to have storehouses for the same kind of raw materials near the factories that used them. In our day we thought that business was the most systematized organization then existent; but Judge Brandeis had shown the railroads how to save an incredible amount of their resources; and organization was used to economize for private profiteers, but not for the consumer, the community, or even for general progress. In my days the large corporations pushed their own patents only, and hindered all other developments. For instance in my day the rich Metropolitan Opera House

did nothing but repeat the same repertory for a decade, until Oscar Hammerstein introduced Louise, or the Tales of Hoffman, and Pelleas et Melisande, with new costumes. Like many others I used to want to go to see Parsifal yearly; but I finally stopped, tired of seeing the same grease spots on the palace carpet, the same garden bushes topple over, and the paste-board rocks showing gaping holes and covers. No wonder, for they had a monopoly—that is, a private one, whose interest it was to fleece the public. Since human nature, not even in modern times, had grown to the point where it was safe to allow anybody a sinecure, much less could it have been so in the olden days, where there had not yet been public recognition of the Master Fallacy, that the individual can safely cheat the state; that one can have one's cake, and eat it, too, by "passing the buck" to some one else.

In my days, the beginning of factory laws had been made; but there was not yet the public recognition that a factory was only a differentiated form of a school. Work is degrading only when it is uneducational; and education without work is cramming. Already in my days large department stores and factories had been compelled to open private schools; but that was necessary only as long as the public schools were not fused with every department of life; with factories, business, the civil service, and marriage. When the state unified all activities, much duplication was avoided, and all other departments of life were educationalized; that means rationalized, and socialized.

The kinds of factories were standardized, and in each of the twenty-four radial wards of any city, in the fourth zone for instance, the same kind of factory would be found. Thus all cities were supplied in a standard way reducing transportation to a minimum. As the machinery too was standardized, every need of

even a small new city was attended to in some intelligent way.

When we came to the next radial avenue, I stopped a little while to study it more carefully. The first avenues we saw were too strange for me to understand; but by the time I had compared a sufficient number, I grasped their similarities. They differed, of course, because of the difference of factories of each radial ward; but the plan was the same. In my days, corners were generally pre-empted by drug stores, in the nicer sections; and by saloons, in the poorer. I have already described the rows of trees, the monorails, and the foot-paths; but in connection with the housekeeping and factory zones I might mention that the tracks in the streets were not monopolized by street-cars, but as in the Turin of my earliest days there were wider slab-tracks, on which all vehicles could speed smoothly. Between the double tree rows careered the monorail electrics, underground, so as to avoid grade crossings. All focussed and transferred at city hall, and ran out to the remotest suburb in its particular direction. Cross-town travel was provided for by a circular belt-line in the midst of each zone. Under the trees were benches, which were well patronized because of the inspiring view of the city hall in one direction, — like the "Billy Penn" of my earlier days, — and the sunrise and sunset views in the other. At street intersections there were arrangements for popular meetings, and concerts, with open air stage-balconies on each of the corner ward meeting-houses, reminding one of Salt Lake City, in that respect. These buildings subserved all combined local needs; assembly halls, schools, voting places, lecture rooms, dance halls, restaurant, stationery and drug stores, bank, postal, telegraph and telephone centres, as well as express offices, and theatres. As there was no more cut-throat competition, drug stores neither needed, nor were

allowed to make vulgar displays; likewise the hair-dressing rooms. There were also social meeting rooms, or parlors, for interviews; such helpful advisers as in my day were clergymen, physicians, lawyers, dentists, and vocational advisers; all in the office of the secretary of the ward-meeting held there. Here was a small library which, by rotation with other branches, brought the newest thought to every street-corner; and the librarian gradually became the chief educator of the district.

Proceeding up-town, we entered into the retail trade district. This, however, was much restricted since my earlier days; because of the elimination of competition, and to catalogue arrangements of the house-keeping district. But the latter did not subserve all needs, for there remained the field of invention and novelties, of fancy production and art, of printing, books, newspapers, maps, and the institutions of higher learning, as well as the governmental offices of wholesale and raw material distribution. While the lower schools were united with the factories, so the institutions of higher learning were combined with the specialized and wholesale trades. They could not be situated in country districts, as in my day, because students, outside of the class room, no longer loafed, but prided themselves on useful exercise and productive occupations, which were generally required. Moreover, every clerk was compelled to carry one or more courses of study. The Cincinnati University correlation scheme had indeed pointed the way to this; but the correlation between fields of study had also borne good fruit. All these rudimentary plans had gradually fused into an intimate apprenticeship system that carried the graduate into actual service without any serious jolt, the worst of which had formerly been the entrance on the German universities, after the rigor of the gymnasium.

The zone nearest to the city hall was that of central

institutions, like the main library, the museums, the complete public commercial catalogue exhibit, and patent offices. My Egeria took me into the museum presided over by her father, who also made me visit the special room in which I had lain for so long, and where had occurred the gruesome scene which still obsessed my first modern memory, and around which were still exhibited all the data of my unique experience.

Then I saw that museums, as well as the libraries of my days, had been standardized. The New York Museum of Natural History had probably done the chief pioneer work of this kind; and it had finally eventuated into a standard classification, so that in every museum in the world the same classifications were in the same relative position. This building too was planned radially. In my day this radial plan had been introduced only in penitentiaries, where unification of supervision had been the most pressing problem. The great advantage of this was that any museum was capable of indefinite extension, from the smallest possible beginnings. Moreover the visitors got a coherent notion of how the natural world hung together, and consequently of their own place within it. Of course in the centre there was a miniature object diagram of the solar system, and on the ceiling of the central pavilion flashed the constellations, which were not mistaken, as was their representation plastered on the ceiling of the Grand Central Station in New York!

In this hurried bird's eye inspection of the city there was little opportunity for detailed study, or discussion of anything I saw; which, however, seemed to disappoint my companion. Soon, however, she realized I had become a little dazed, not perhaps so much by actual weariness as by the formation of an entire set of novel associations. Whatever the cause, I felt faint, and soon showed it. My comrade saw me grow pale, and bade me rest till she had summoned a motor, which,

thanks to the radial avenues, enabled us to reach home very promptly. There I found refreshment in repose; after which I joined the family in the common social meal, which I would have been heart-broken to miss, for here was the best opportunity of establishing a clear understanding. It was held in the roof-garden over the kitchen, and timed so that it closed with the benediction of the sunset angelus service.

This evening happened to be the monthly full moon which, as among the ancient Sabeans and Hebrews, was celebrated by a great popular procession by the sea shore; although in inland communities it was held in the most romantic spot, either by lake or on mountain. Being weary I was excused, and after I had very regretfully retired, my hosts all went to take part in this great monthly procession, which was very mystic, for the moonlight in modern times, as well as in the ancient, infused into the human soul fantastic aberrations. No doubt that was the reason why in my childhood there was a current superstition that sleeping in the moonlight induced insanity; the very word "lunatic" testified to this. But poets have given the other side of the picture, and when united with the divine sanction of worship, — which the religion of three thousand years had very unwisely divorced from it, — it was one of the most potent influences of sanctification.

When I retired, my friend Lilac bade me farewell with a solicitous sisterly cordiality which I indeed returned.

After going to my room, I lay down to rest; but the intoxication of the moonlight was too much for me. I went to the roof esplanade, sat in a comfortable chair, and resigned myself to the wild flights of memory and fancy. I need not say that I turned to Orchid; but already she seemed far away, pathetic and melancholy. A sudden impulse to go alone among the

crowds, on the chance of finding her, seized me; but that was vain, for my weary limbs failed me. So once more I had to resign her to our heavenly Father, who loved and knew her better than she loved and knew herself, and was all-powerful, and who would therefore protect her from anything not best for her.

Then I thought of what she and Dr. Policiver had warned me in connection with my present hosts. To begin with, even if what they said was true, I was still too inexperienced and weak to protect myself from them. As to the money, I did not care about it in any case; and evidently Dr. Policiver was much more disturbed about it than I. Then, my comrade Lilac was so simple, natural and kindly that any suspicion of her, and consequently them, was out of the question. I decided that if a controversy was forced on me, I had rather side with my present hosts; and I concluded there would not be any controversy, and that Dr. Policiver must have been as misinformed as he was greedy; I decided to dismiss him from my mind.

Then I fell asleep, and was waked on hearing the friends returning from their moonlight pilgrimage; and to avoid comment I quickly stole to my room, and fell asleep, not to wake from my slumbers till morning chimes.

CHAPTER XIII

REFLECTIONS ON NAMES, BANKS, CHURCHES AND HOLIDAYS

In view of my recent exhaustion, the physicians who examined me each morning suggested that I go rather slower than I had been doing. So I prepared to stay all day on a lounge on the roof, though I understood their solicitude was not disinterested.

Shortly my comrade appeared. She was dressed for an outing, and asked if I would join her in a motor trip to the sea-shore, where we could rest just as well as here on the roof, and besides gain the reinvigoration of the waves, the salt air, and change of scene. To me, any suggestion of hers was law; so I gladly rose, arrayed myself in outing garments, and without question smilingly joined her in the gate-tower's vestibule. There we put on our roller skates, got into the amphibious motor, and were soon delightfully skimming over the city's water front.

The standardizing of ships, begun during the great war of liberty, had of course become, and remained universal. Modern people considered our boasted twentieth century leviathans as prehistoric as we do Columbus' galleons. Air-travel had of course diverted the greater part of medium distance express travel; but the uncertainty of the winds, and the hazards incident to the least stoppage of the motor, — perfect as they had become, made vessels preferable for freight. Besides, trips on the large transcontinental aeroplanes

were very expensive. The standardized ships that I saw in the harbor were of several easily recognizable types; one would best correspond to our cattle and freight steamers; another was a combination passenger and freight boat; and last, a speedy passenger boat. They were mostly of cement, as wood was liable to rot, and iron to rust, besides being heavy and difficult to procure. These boats contained gyroscopes to control the rolling, and compartments with double hulls, to defy accidents rather than collisions.

These indeed still occurred in mist or heavy storms, but otherwise they had ceased. This was due to the efficient specialization of the sea-going profession. In my day I remember how the New York ferry-boats on the clearest and quietest days would crash in their docks with terrific bumps, simply because the pilots had formed so strong a labor union that they could afford to remain the most inefficient officeholders in the country; there was no way even to protest against their conduct. When nationalization invaded their profession, the pier-bumps were carefully recorded, and a certain percentage of salary deducted for each. This reduced them as by magic, to inevitable cases of storms or icebergs, which, however, had to be proven, to save the pilot from loss of salary. Captains no longer drank champagne at the millionaires' table, and consequently accidents like that to the Titanic ceased.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that in modern times trains and street-cars started and stopped without bumps. These were entirely unnecessary, as was proved by their absence on European railroads. There one never knew the train had started till he saw the telegraph poles whizz by, or that he had stopped, till he noticed strangers coming in. They had stopped even the conductor's "all aboard." He merely raised his hand, or extended a fan-shaped signal; necessity of noise is a wicked delusion.

The reason why they had persisted in America was because Americans so liked to be bumped that they would spend small fortunes to make pilgrimages to Coney Island for the express purpose of accumulating scientific contusions. This of course would have been no more than a joke had America not been the only country where a large percentage of babies were born on street-cars, and where American expertry in hernia-operations was chiefly due to this glorious but entirely unnecessary sport, while hanging on to straps. In my days it was one of the defects of democracy that there was no one in authority to protect the public whose manner of earning their livelihood was so uncertain and frenzied, they could not even protest in the press hired by the monopolies.

The small pleasure-boats had all disappeared before the amphibious motor; and as ours skimmed through the Golden Gate we met many others forming, as it were, a swarm of insects gliding over the surface of a pond.

After settling ourselves comfortably with cushions and rugs, we naturally contemplated the scenery, which I observed had of course changed but little. Then my companion asked me to confide to her my personal reaction to modern conditions. I answered that I hardly knew where to begin, but that I would first like to hear how she had enjoyed herself last night.

Her eyes gleamed as she recounted all the pleasures I had missed. The procession had begun at the City Hall, and swung into Golden Gate Park, where there had been music, an inspirational address, followed by songs and dancing. Then the assemblage had dispersed for *tête-à-tête* walks, by old as well as young. Lilac, it seemed, had paired off with a girl-friend of hers, who had recited some of her own verses, composed during the last month. As Lilac had memorized them, she repeated them to me.

VISION

One morning, as I stood before the dawn
Drinking through every sense its living light,
The wandering wind did whisper in mine ear
"Forsake thy toil, and follow me till night."

That day I lay upon the flowering grass
Beneath the rustling oaks and azure sky
Waiting to hear the footsteps of the Lord
Walking on earth when evening cool is nigh.

I dreamed, I yearned, I prayed, I wept, I sobbed
Until the heavens revealed their inmost shrine,
My spirit floating in the depth of space
The while my soul heard harmonies divine.

I heard the elemental tone that sounds
When thoughts divine take shape as flower or tree,
And felt harmonics hidden in myself
Respond to earth and grass and sky and sea.

Since then full oft I've listened to the wind,
But never heard aught else than senseless noise;
Saw naught in forest than the trees and rocks
And earth and sky in perfect equipoise.

After a little silence, which was the best possible tribute to the magic of the lines, I asked Lilac the name of her friend. She said it was "Iris Intellectobab Namerifresnik." I was ill-bred enough to burst out laughing, so great was the contrast between the verses and the wretched "Intellectobab." I stopped at once, for in my comrade's eye I saw a dangerous glint. Most earnestly I begged her pardon, until her irritation softened into a pout.

"Well, if you do not like our modern names, scientific as they are, do show us how we could improve them. If you consider your ancient method in any way superior, I beg you to advance the suggestion in writing to the proper parties, and it will be acted on without delay; for we nurse neither false pride, nor unreasoning conservatism. But what is so ridiculous in them?"

"It seems to me your names are lacking in euphony. Indeed, I am not criticising the first names, derived from flowers or trees, which are natural objects of beauty and inspiration. Our girls were often called Pansy, Violet, or Rose. But I miss the fine idealistic and religious flavor of such Christian names as "John," "Paul," "Francis," "Benedict," and the like.

"But of course these names were restricted to Christians, were they not?"

"Oh, no! They were used generally, without much thought of their significance."

"Then they did not mean much, did they?"

"Well, perhaps not; but they could always be made to mean something to those who cared to study them."

"And they thus kept alive the Christian origins?"

"Not exactly, because many were originally Hebrew; but that was mostly forgotten, and they passed as Christian."

"And so all Christians used them?"

"Oh no! In my time, in America, it had become fashionable to use as surnames even family names."

"And did these have much significance?"

"Hardly ever; but that was of no consequence, for there was a certain family prestige which it preserved."

"That is one thing," chimed in my questioner, "which I do not understand. What can 'family prestige' mean? Did your famous men have sons as famous as they?"

"There you have hit on a mysterious dispensation of Providence. Hardly any descendants of great men continued that greatness. Yet it was better to have even an inefficient family tradition, than none at all!"

"What you call a dispensation of Providence," softly but insistently urged my comrade, "is probably a mistake; and in this case due to a traditional exaggeration of masculine importance. Did not many famous men owe their excellence to the influence of their mothers?"

"Yes, indeed! The mothers of the Gracchi, of the Wesleys, and of St. Augustine, for instance."

"Well, do you not then see that the real line of descent, if there is any, flows through the mother, rather than the father? If your families had handed down their names through the mothers, who, I am given to understand, were chosen rather casually, it is possible that you would have noticed a more persistent continuity of character. Do you not think so?"

I partly agreed, but did not like to acknowledge it. This inner conflict aroused a slightly vicious retort. "Why then do you moderns not at least preserve the maternal tradition? Something is better than nothing."

"We do not preserve it," answered she gently, "because it would not be fair to the father either, would it?"

"That is true," agreed I unwillingly. "But could they not be combined as was sometimes done in France?"

"How did it work?"

"Not very well, I confess. It could be done for one generation only, and then already it was unwieldy. Nor was it used elsewhere."

"Then that combination method is out of the question. What a pity, however, not to be able to perpetuate the memory of some noble ancestor, was it not?" sighed my friend regretfully.

"Comfort yourself, my friend. From what I heard, the family traditions of the greater part of the nobility led back only to some fortunate brigand, or to the disreputable favorite of a dissolute king. So perhaps after all such family traditions were really more of a disgrace, than an honor. But if in this I must yield to you, I still hold I hardly like your way of depriving the child of all ideals, even if only general historical ones, such as Percy, Gladys, Elaine, and the like."

"Did these names always suit the children who bore them, when they grew up?"

I smiled. "Hardly! It was indeed one of the jokes of the comics that 'Percy' was affected by tramps, or 'Lillian' by some monstrously obese female."

"But still these ideals did in some cases help the namesakes?"

"Possibly, unless they were objects of ridicule, like 'Marmaduke.' The best use of names certainly was among the Romanists, who gave every child the name of the saint whose festival fell on that day."

"Splendid; that was a real spiritual help!"

"Sometimes. But that also had its evils. Of many of those saints very little was known, and many of their miracles were incredible; and where this nomenclature was most used, it led to idolatry."

"But was there no better list of great men to be had?"

"Yes. Comte, the positivist philosopher, proposed one, but that was prehistoric in philosophical classification, and too ancient. I did once attempt to modernize the list, but it was useless unless it had been generally adopted. That was the trouble in our democracies; there was no intelligence at the head, and whatever there was lacked power. For instance, for a year before the world-war the French government knew what was threatening in Germany, but it was impossible to get the legislature to do anything; something like five ministries fell in a year in that attempt, for they were not able to make a public statement, which would have broken relations as result of popular clamor, insuring defeat, for lack of preparation. So I, like many other students, laid aside whatever I achieved, until there should arise some exploiter who would therefrom extract a fortune."

"That is the case no longer. You must show me the list, and at the first ward-meeting I shall propose

it in the right quarters. If judged suitable, it would no doubt be adopted. Tell me a little about it."

"Of course, I would have to reproduce it from memory. The chief idea was that it should be modern, all-inclusive, international, and unsectarian. I should probably have to reconstruct it."

"How did you assign the months?"

"More or less by logical development."

"But why not according to the scientific month character trait assignments?"

"That would be better, I agree."

"Very well; when we get back home, we will work it out together. I shall enjoy the co-operation; we shall become real comrades, will we not?"

"Surely."

"Such names as you had, though, were always unchangeable, were they not?"

"I fear that here also I am at fault. It was a standing joke that girls at school changed them to suit themselves. Sarah became Sadye, May turned to Mae, Alice to Alyse, and Mabel to Mabelle. I fear," hesitated I, "that never before did I realize how much our practice differed from our theories. We have little grounds to find fault with names that are scientific; still, your names are neither harmonious nor euphonious."

Humbly, almost, my companion rejoined, "I think we all realize that, to some extent. But their imperfections pale before their advantage that no two inhabitants of the world are named alike. That surely is worth while?"

"Yes, indeed, I know that in many even small classes at my school there were sometimes three children by the same name. The inconvenience of duplication must have increased with the breaking down of provincialism. Really we were in but very little better case than the medieval Hebrews on whom the Austrian state imposed artificial names beautiful or ugly

according to the amount of cash paid. Still I do think that there ought to be some provision for the perpetuation of great achievements."

"We do have that. As a reward for extraordinary service as poet, inventor, or social minister the state allows children to bear a fourth name, derived from the specialized achievement of their parent, male or female. This also gives right to a cenotaph in the national Hall of Fame, and inscription in the yearly dyptichs of every local ward-meeting. So we do not entirely fail to appreciate the memorial value of a patronymic."

"Now that the novelty has worn off, and that I understand their incontestable value, I am more inclined to accept them. After all, chemical nomenclature of my days was not beautiful. Perhaps I too have much to learn; and when habit and time will have hallowed them to me, I may be as enthusiastic about them as you; nevertheless the improved calendar of heroes I suggested might add a touch of romance and tradition."

"I agree with you, indeed. But have you no questions to ask about what you yesterday saw of our city?"

"Yes indeed; but before we leave the subject of names, explain how your names indicate the year and hour of birth."

"With pleasure. For the year, we use the old Baconian code; for the hour, the corresponding letter of the alphabet; and even the minute can be indicated where necessary by the same means. This of course, is used chiefly where in one ward children born the same hour and day have to be differentiated. My name, for instance, is, more exactly, "Lilac Propheticepanalman," of which *p* and *n* indicate I was born in 1992; the *l*, at 13 o'clock; and *m* and *n*, at 32 minutes after the hour."

"But what is the Baconian code?"

"Do you not know that? You who belonged to earlier times? It is easy enough, and helps you to memorize any numbers you meet. 1, s or z; 2, n; 3, m; 4, r; 5, l; 6, j or sh; 7, k or g; 8, f or v; 9, b or p. You had better learn it, for you will find it useful."

"I certainly will."

"While we are talking about figures, is there anything you would like to ask?"

"Yes; I see the arabic numerals that I used to know, but also three others that are unfamiliar to me; they are ↊, ↋, and ↉. What do they mean?"

"Ten, eleven and twelve. You see, we do not use a decimal system, but a duodecimal one, founded on twelve. It has all the convenience of the ancient decimal, but adds to the decimal's simple division by 2, that by 3 and 4. This latter advantage is so great that for its sake the British retained their awkward monetary system for half a century, until it was demonstrated to them that thus they need not lose it, while gaining all the fraction-advantage of the continental system. This had been originally proposed by Wm. Phiquepal d'Arusmont in 1825, but had lain dormant till the period of the world-war."

"I notice also different alphabet letters, and a different alphabetical order. What may that be?"

"The alphabetic order of your day was of the calf-path variety. Not only did it omit many sounds found in other languages, but the consonants followed each other by chance, the vowels were mingled promiscuously, and had to be remembered by rote. Our alphabet can be remembered logically, because the groups follow each other naturally from throat to lip, and within each group they range from softest to harshest, so the whole series is unmistakable. The signs that represent them too, are no longer of the Phœnician hieroglyphic type but each group has its root sign, and it is altered in the same way from softest to harsh-

est, so that the alphabet is reduced to five signs with standard variations. Moreover, we have simplified, or rather standardized all languages to a few main sounds, that are the easiest distinguished, so that differences too minute are eliminated."

"That is very sensible; for even the scientific phonetic script of our days was still based on the old traditional Phœnician letters. But if you will forgive me for changing the subject, I am hungry; how about some lunch?"

About this subject, indeed, there was practically no difference of opinion. When we had done justice to the simple but exquisite viands, we walked around. As I had unguardedly expressed a desire to visit the rocks in the ocean where nested seals, I begged her to dismiss my idle fancy from her mind, as an impossibility.

"But it is not so impossible as you think," smiled she. She went to the motor, and from a box under the seat drew out two pairs of water-shoes, a contrivance which was slipped over the shoes, and expanded into a miniature canoe. We helped each other both in putting them on, and in balancing each other while walking on the water, by holding each other's hand. Of course I was inexpert, yet we managed very easily to cross over the waves, and later to return. However, this was no mean exercise; and when we had returned, I was very glad to be once more settled comfortably in our nook. My comrade then started the conversation by asking me what modern peculiarity in the city we had visited the day before had most struck me.

"You might well say, 'pained' me, for there were two kinds of buildings I missed."

"What were they?" queried she.

"To begin with, banks. In my day, these were gorgeous small classic buildings, sprinkled around business and residential sections; and the stronger a

bank wished to be considered, the more land and money it lavished on its housing."

"But these buildings must have cost a mint of money!"

"Yes indeed!"

"Who paid for them?"

"I suppose the stockholders."

"Did they do it with their own money?"

"I should say not; they took it from the customers of the bank."

"Therefore the more expensive the building of a bank, the worse a business proposition the bank must have been for the public."

"I never looked at it in that light, though I was always suspicious of handsome buildings."

"What was the use of their having any buildings of their own?"

"None at all; if they had added upper stories to their buildings, and rented them out as offices, they would have been far more prosperous. Or, better still, they might simply have rented cheap and inconspicuous offices, and thus saved their depositors' money."

My comrade looked at me slyly, as she asked, "Now do tell me what was the use of the banks?"

"Why, they took money on deposit, sometimes giving interest on it, and sometimes not."

"What did they do with it?"

"They loaned it out on interest to business men and farmers."

"But what was there in that that the state could not do? Did your government have no post-office to take money on deposit, and no land banks or business department to support commerce and agriculture?"

"Surely; but then rich men made money out of those transactions."

"Did people choose to patronize these banks as especially safe?"

"Why no; defalcations of large sums ocurred often. If caught, the absconder was sent to jail for not more than a couple of years, so that it paid to "defalcate" — notice, I am not saying stealing, which meant taking a loaf or two, which was punished by ten years in the penitentiary. If the bank failed, the manager only had to hang up a sign that payments were suspended, and policemen drove the unfortunate depositors out in the street to whistle for their money, till they got tired."

"But that was a scandal! Did the people do nothing about it?"

"They tried to institute government guarantee of deposits; but the bankers did not like that, for it would have meant close supervision; so they insisted that such a policy was 'anarchistic.' The only thing comparable to a banker's fury at the notion that depositors' accounts should be guaranteed was the frothing at the mouth of a politician at the thought of a recount of ballots. Of course, if he had been honest, he would have not only welcomed, but zealously insisted on recounts beyond the possibility of cavil; and such an attitude in a republic was ludicrous if not sinister."

"I now understand why banks were abolished. Were they not an unnecessary evil?"

"Now that you have made me review their nature, I think I must agree with you; but habit had long hypnotized me. Of course their functions are necessary, but they should not be run for private profit, and at the expense of the public; and their buildings were unquestionably wasteful. So I should cease regretting their disappearance."

"And what were the other buildings you missed?"

"Churches."

Roguishly she smiled, "So you think that, being churchless, we must also be godless?"

Chivalrously, though my heart misgave me, I protested, "No, indeed! Yet, of course, if your race took delight in worshipping God in common, you would naturally have churches!"

My companion retorted irritatingly, "So all the cities of your day had what you called 'churches'?"

"Of course! Why, there were cities which had so many that, for instance, like Brooklyn and Philadelphia, many were proud to call themselves the 'city of churches'."

"Splendid!" enthused my companion, — "but what of the cities that had the fewest; — were there any with none?"

"None," boasted I; "wherever there was a human being, there was felt the need of God. Even among the heathen . . ."

"Stop a moment, friend! What do you mean by 'heathen'?" sweetly inquired the splendid creature beside me.

"A pagan," explained I unctuously and condescendingly, "was a member of some uneducated, unenlightened tribe, that had never been converted to Christianity."

"Were there many left in your day, — let me see, that must have been, since its beginning, —"

"About two thousand years," rejoined I. "Yes, there were still millions of them, — indeed, the majority of the inhabitants of the world."

"And where were they located?"

"Mostly in distant lands where the national language differed, — in Africa, Asia, and the more remote districts of America."

"But you said that even among the heathen . . ."

"Yes, even among them there was always some edifice devoted to worship of some kind, however debased its object; some temple, some lodge, some fane, if only a fetish, if only some talisman."

"And did the people of your day expect that such churches would always exist?"

"Of course we did! It is true, however, that the believers of a sect anticipated the disappearance of all others, and that their own would survive; still on the whole, most of the largest thrived . . ."

"And did you think that that would go on forever?"

"Well, why not? Aside from chiefly honorary supervising officers, there was nobody whose business it was to think of the future, — that was left to Providence."

"But did not your sacred writings consider those problems?"

I was about to say "no," when before the candor of those gentle eyes my mind misgave me. So I said that the last pages of the Revelation described the New Jerusalem as lacking a temple, for "the Lord and the Lamb were to be the temple thereof."

"But then you must have known that such variegated houses of worship must have been doomed, and that even by your own revelation?"

"Well, yes, technically," answered I, shrugging my shoulders.

With the tormenting denseness of a child, she persisted, "But what do you mean by 'technically'?"

"Why, I mean that the words, parsed grammatically, do really mean that; but then everybody knows that that was only a poetic effusion, very admirable, suggestive and consoling, of course, — but not to be taken literally."

"Oh, I understand," volunteered she, with a sigh of relief, "you mean he was crazy, insane."

"No, no," cried I heatedly; "no, indeed; but it was a sort of counsel of perfection, which had no application to the then existing state of affairs."

My companion sat up and edged further away from me, as if she had been assailed by some unholy thought, as if she suspected me of duplicity, as if some leprous

moral strain had suddenly manifested on my skin. I read the thought in her horrified eyes, her open mouth, her labored breath, her paling cheek.

"No, no, there is nothing wrong about it," I implored, trying to retain her favor. "Do you not know, friend, that sometimes one must take things with a grain of salt?"

"No, I do not," retorted she. "What do you mean? Either a thing is true, or it is false."

"Of course," I chimed in, impatiently. "We all understand that; there is a realm, like the mathematical, where you call a spade a spade, though even there, you know, there is the square root of seven that you can demonstrate is inexpressible. But in the realm of poetry, you know, . . ."

"But I thought that your sacred writings were not merely poetry, but doctrine, . . ."

"Of course," snapped I. "It was doctrine, especially to such as had no eyes to see any more in it. Besides, were there not commentators of recognized authority on every side of every question? And of the ultra-orthodox who would feel no qualms in reproducing a vision in terms of a theodolitic survey, would you find any two who agreed?"

Carried away with righteous indignation at her impugning my honesty or sanity, I would have continued, but that on her mobile expression I read something more compelling than her former distrust. It was pity, the compassion of a mother-bird for her wounded offspring, the tenderness of a parent for a half-witted child. She seemed anxious to atone for her heartlessness by a charitable explanation. "Oh, I see," hastened she, "in those days the human mind had not yet acquired the ability of thinking through whatever subjects it had undertaken; and then, of course, there was not yet our own thorough-going divorce between religion and financial support. Men

were still compelled to be orthodox to hold on to some position. Of course, in those dark ages even honest men, — I beg your pardon," added she quickly, as she must have seen the outward sign of the inward choke it gave me to have our twentieth century classed with medieval times; and I should have begun a catalogue of the inventions of our age had I not been more anxious to keep the returning good-will of my only protector, even at the price of being commiserated. If indeed I had come to be part of an age where such expediencies were unnecessary it was surely an evangel, and the kingdom of God upon earth. She continued, "You have therefore convinced yourself that we have no churches such as you had in your own day, and you see the fulfilment of the prophecy of your book of Revelation."

"What a pity!" sighed I involuntarily; "oh, you would have thought so, too, had you ever seen Westminster Abbey, or Notre Dame, or the Cologne Cathedral, — or, in our own United States . . ."

"Halt, my friend," kindly interrupted my companion, with the most irritating calm; a tranquil serenity founded on a gentle but undeviating thought. "Some day we shall devote ourselves to the enjoyment of architecture, after we have visited its modern developments; and you will see that there is no reason to return to those medieval times when the stained glass windows were permanent, and where the atmosphere was never changed for centuries since their erection, and where incense was necessary for disinfection. But to-night let us study that extinct kind of a building you used to call a city church. Tell me all about it. What was its use?"

.."Why, to enable men to hold divine service on Sundays."

"But what about the other days of the week?"

"Why, they stood empty, except possibly for their

Wednesday or mid-week prayer-meeting; which, however, was often held elsewhere."

"Did they keep them locked?"

"They did in most cases; so that it was easier to break out of a jail than into one of them, so carefully were they barred. Yet I must acknowledge that later some were held open for worship; but they might mostly have been kept closed, for the little use that was made of them."

"Why, was not that a great waste, using buildings so large for only one-seventh of the time?"

"I never thought of it in that light," said I; "but I suppose you are right."

"And did they not cost a great deal of money that went to persons who least needed it, being best able to care for themselves?"

I smiled sardonically. "I might spend the whole afternoon descanting on the sinful waste on stone and mortar, when precious human souls were perishing in materialism."

"And were they always full, even on Sundays?" pitilessly continued my interlocutor.

"I wish you had not asked that question," whispered I. "Only a hundred out of a thousand were ever really full. On Easter and Christmas, perhaps, there were large congregations; but usually there were more empty than full pews, and even so there were pews for not more than one-quarter of the population."

"And I suppose the ministers were put to all extremities to draw congregations?"

"Alas! Each one had to employ ingenuity greater than that of his nearest rival. Since the majority were of course the most unspiritual, the means chosen to attract them had to be suited to their unconsecrated natures, and services had to admit all kinds of picturesque and vaudeville features, to the detriment of the pure spiritual purpose, which, after all, was the funda-

mental object of the whole endeavor. It used to be a most inexcusable waste of effort."

"And did they ever move the churches?"

I looked up with surprise akin to fear, on so vital a spot had my comrade blundered; — there could not have been any malice in this young girl's curiosity. "Yes, they did; and often there was spent more on the moving of a single building than on the whole missionary budget of a denomination. For instance, in my own days, over two million dollars were spent moving a large New York church not more than five blocks."

"Was that not foolish?"

"No, because the churches that did not move died. For example, in London, the church of St. Ethelburga, near the Bank of England, was in a district where not a single person had for years resided, — except during business hours, — for over a hundred years. Yet the taxes had supported a clergyman there all that time, and he had to attract congregations by all sorts of curiosities of ritual, liturgy, or teachings.

"Another friend of mine had, on the boundary line of Wales, in a village consisting of three cottages, charge of a church whose seating capacity was over twelve hundred; — because over five hundred years ago that hamlet had been a thriving town; and yet that clergyman was supported by the rates of the county. So that churches that did not move, even if they survived through endowment, became absurd."

"In both the church that moved five blocks, and the churches that were stranded, your days' system lacked elasticity, did it not?"

"You are right."

"Besides, during the lapse of so many centuries, must not the structure of these churches have become most inconvenient?"

"Yes, indeed! Some of the denominations were so

wedded to their own traditions that they continued to build edifices entirely unsuited to modern conditions. The Gothic style, for instance, was developed in an age when the object of the services was to allow immense crowds to be spectators of a gorgeous spectacle, and it was entirely unsuitable to the reading of a liturgy that was to be understood by a crowd supposed to be swayed by every word uttered. And yet, even in my days, out of pure habit, they went on building structures in which the human voice would not carry from the altar to the chancel-steps, let alone three times that distance, to the doors. Reformed bodies did indeed build auditoriums of practical acoustical qualities; yet such monstrosities did continue, directed by the most venerable dignitaries."

"To what cause do you attribute such unreasonable conditions?"

"To the inchoateness of democracy. Each person did the best he could; but as he was the competitor of his neighbors, his success mostly depended on exaggeration of his peculiarities; at any rate no one person would have advised another except to his detriment. So inveterate had grown this suspiciousness of sordidness that if, as in the story, you had offered a person "herrings for nothing," they would have been refused. There was no malice, however. Then these bodies were chiefly aristocratic in structure, being directed by the oldest, and richest, and therefore least conscious of the latest needs of the times, and the least disposed to exert themselves to see their intentions properly carried out. I remember a lovely church where some rich friend of the parish caused the erection of a whole aisle so situated that out of a hundred seats there were no more than eight from which you could see even the pulpit, at the chancel steps."

"Was it due to lack of intelligent co-ordination of means to ends?"

"Evidently; but how can you avoid that if you are going to preserve liberty of action?"

"Well," retorted my indignant comrade, "do you hold that liberty necessarily implies, or even condones waste, stupidity, duplication, fossilization, architectural monstrosities, vulgarities, or competitive animosities?"

"I should not; but how can all this be avoided without infringing on personal liberty?"

"True liberty is the result of law; of compulsory education, temperance, and socialization. Ignorance, intemperance and competition are the brood of license, that devil who masquerades as an angel of light. It is the 'temple devil,' who deceives the very elect, and who can be detected only by the innate compass of conscience. That is why your democracy which tried to remain estranged from religion failed; we cannot get along without God."

"I would like to see how these problems can be better solved than among us!" taunted I, bitterly.

"That wish can easily be gratified. I shall take you to visit our next ward-meeting. Then you can judge for yourself, not how far we have succeeded in solving that problem, but how earnestly we have striven to do so. We are conscious that liberty is inseparable from servitude to law; and we have not shrunk from conditions of compulsion which that traitor to real democracy, Herbert Spencer, did not scruple to antagonize by naming them the 'coming slavery.' You shall see for yourself."

"When?" asked I eagerly.

"To-morrow, perhaps!"

"Why to-morrow, and why perhaps?"

"One question at a time!"

"Well, why 'perhaps'?" selected I. Might you change your mind, or might your favor towards me cease before morning light?"

Lilac laughed. "My favor towards you is sure."

"Well, then, what element of uncertainty can there be?"

"And what about the weather?"

"But we are not going for an outing, and if the meeting you speak of is held to-morrow, . . ."

"That is the very point; 'if' is a mighty word. From your words, I take it that in your age holidays came by calendar, irrespective of the weather . . ."

"How else could they come?" interrupted I, truculently.

"With us, my friend," gently reproved the girl, "holidays do come by calendar, in a general way; but inasmuch as their purpose is rest and recuperation by visiting nature, would it not be foolish to hold them rain or shine? Would it not be wiser, whenever the weather was evidently unpropitious, to postpone them till the next, or even the second day, so as to secure the holiday's full benefit?"

"Theoretically, I do agree with you," responded I after several minutes of reflection. "In my times, people really did take their pleasures sadly. I often have been compelled to smile at the lines of the faithful carrying umbrellas to church; and as to the numbers of these that the faithful lost, — taken by other absent-minded people, by mistake, of course, — I would be ashamed to give the statistics. But how do you manage without fixed dates?"

"Very simply. Though the general dates are set in advance, nevertheless our weather experts may, at any time before the morning work-time, postpone the holiday. Then the whistle blows, the city chimes sound, and work goes on as usual as would have happened on the next working day. Nobody complains, because the change is in the public interest. In extreme cases, the holiday may be postponed two, or even three days. Sometimes, even so, the weather is unpropitious; but statistics prove that a good result is achieved in the

great majority of cases. Thus they are saved from becoming the mockeries they were so often when 'pulled off' regardless of the weather."

My face must have expressed the involuntary amusement that welled up from within me at this so unusual thought, for my fair mentor asked me anxiously whether I did not consider the arrangement a reasonable one? I assured her I did. "There is no doubt that we may consider good weather as of very direct and indubitable divine appointment. But . . ."

"And what about the traditional names of the days of the week, and of the months; have you retained them? At the French Revolution, some effort was made to get rid of a lot of historical and mythological rubbish; and the Quakers also contented themselves with numbers. Really, our calendar was a crazy-quilt patch-work, with Norse deities for the week, and Roman history for months. I devoutly hope you have succeeded in relegating all that rubbish to the garret; but what else could you do?"

"As to the week-days, a change was rather easy. Can you not guess them yourself?" quizzed my pedagogue.

"Well, I suppose Sunday must have become church-day. Am I right?"

"Pretty nearly. Might we not also, to broaden our conception, call it 'worship day'?"

"Agreed. Well, on the principle that cleanliness is next to godliness, I suppose Monday would have become wash-day?"

"Correct. Go on guessing!"

"I had rather not. It will save time if you will give them; — hold, what about 'pay-day' for Saturday?"

"Right also!" laughed Lilac. "The others were mending-day, for Tuesday, outing-day for Wednesday, when we hold a half holiday; visiting day for Thurs-

day; order-day for Friday. Now you have them all. They were no creations; mere recognition of universal habits of civilization."

"And what about the weather?" nagged I.

"Here also it is considered. We are supposed to work eight hours a day, and forty hours a week. If bad weather should prevail at the time of the Wednesday outing half-holiday, we simply go on working, and take the outing on the next day. The pay-day, however, is not changed, because of the supplies that must be laid in, and neither depends on the weather, nor, for household reasons can be postponed till the next day."

"What about the months?"

"With them you are already familiar. The Roman names were a curse, perpetually reminding of times of tyranny. The Quaker months, being mere numbers, were absurd, and uninspiring. The French nature-names would have been lovely, but applied to the northern hemisphere only, and not to South America and Australasia, where Christmas time calls out fans and mosquito netting, and palm beach suits. For the same reason were barred the names of flowers, trees, birds, fire or sea. The only universal element of human life is virtue, and as the various virtues were well illustrated by the names of famous men born in the respective months, we have called

January, from Franklin, Organizationtide.
February, from Lincoln, Sociabletide.
March, from Washington, Intellectseason.
April, from Jefferson, Harmonytide.
May, from Grant, Determinationtide.
June, from Peter the Great, Practicaltide.
July, from Cæsar, Parentaltide.
August, from Napoleon, Lovetide.
September, from Taft, Artseason.

October, from Nelson, Visiontide.
November, from Charles I, Policytide.
December, from Bunyan, Prophecytide.

"So far, so good. But have even your enlightened intellects availed to compromise between the lunar and solar astronomical conflict? If your weeks are lunar, are your months and years solar?"

"Of course, we have to accept the duality of nature's arrangement; if we did not, our arrangements would be unnatural, and therefore wrong. They would be as irrational as the old arrangement of some months of 28, 30 or 31 days. Our weeks are strictly lunar, so we have each year thirteen full-moon festivals. Our months and years must necessarily be solar. Our months are twelve in number, and each has thirty days. We then have five intercalary days, which institution is not any more awkward than having two kinds of February and the rest of the months of different lengths. These days are the astronomical equinoxes, shortest and longest days, and a festival that celebrates the institution of the federation of the world, and the parliament of man. On it is celebrated gratitude for the harvests, and commemoration of the dead."

"Oh, I see, a sort of Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and All Saints' Day all rolled into one?"

"Almost. The shortest day of the year corresponds of course to your Christmas; the vernal equinox, to your Easter; the longest day, to your Festival of the Transfiguration, which alone was outside of the Savior's life-cycle; and the autumnal equinox roughly to your All Saints' Day, or Hallow E'en. These four festivals come regularly every three months, while the fifth and sixth come one month following the vernal equinox, at the beginning of the New Year, not in the middle of summer, where the heat incapacitates.

It is thus a sort of Memorial Day, when nature is at its best, and roses bloom."

"And how do you reckon your years? Do you continue the reckoning from Christ?"

"We would gladly have done so, but it is universally admitted that it was three years too late, so that it was in any case inaccurate. The Hebrew world-creation was denied by half of that same race. The Hegira of Mohammed was too provincial. The Roman foundation was the most inaccurate of all, besides reminding us of the most colossal tyranny in the world, that even prolonged itself another millenium in Germany, and really caused the world-war by the survival of its traditions of cruelty and autocracy ('kaiser' was only another form of the word 'Cæsar'). There was therefore absolutely nothing to do, either for accuracy or inspiration, than to begin with the only certain, or significantly human date, the establishment of world-democracy, as indeed the French, at their first revolution, had essayed to do. Perhaps we have erred, perhaps we might have done better; but we are willing to improve."

"You speak modestly. In our day we had just caught the first glimpses of democracy, and we were so conceited that we did not realize in how many respects our professions were inconsistent with long lingering practices. Indeed even I did not realize the true state of our affairs until you led me to describe them. This laziness of thought must have been the chief cause of the persistence of our deficiencies, but have you not reached the limit of your achievements?"

"We are not likely to grow conceited so long as we stand face to face with the uncontrollability of the weather. Even if we could have reached our limit, we would then have ceased to progress. Self-satisfaction is the first indication of decay. We never even speak of democracy as of something already estab-

lished. To us it remains a goal towards which we are to strive. Had we achieved it, we would not worship it; the statue that you kiss has become an idol."

"Even so, I would like to study it minutely."

"If the weather does not delay us, — we shall to-morrow take part in one of our modern ward-meetings, and you shall judge for yourself. Indeed, this is no favor of mine; it is what you in ancient times would have called a police-duty, for I shall have to introduce you to our neighbors. Afterwards, however, I shall be glad to hear your constructive criticism; you may be able to help us better than some one of our modern times, who has never known any other kind of a social structure."

"Thank you," said I humbly. "I shall be happy indeed if I can be of any service!"

We then went home.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LOCAL WEEKLY WARD-MEETING

Next day I was in the garden a few moments before Lilac, who had stopped by the way to talk to her father. This permitted me the old-world attention of gathering for her a little bunch of flowers, which on her arrival I offered to her. One-half of them she accepted; but the other she pinned on me, with the words, "In our democracy, men and women share alike in everything," accompanied by a smile, a delicate blush, and the slightest possible tone of reproof, — just enough to bring out the underlying good will.

"A thousand pities," protested I unrepentantly; "for in our days, the few survivals of chivalry ennobled both sexes; — the men were taught unselfishness, and were educated to the finer ideals of the sex."

"Splendid for the men," retorted Lilac; "but was it quite fair to the women?"

At this I gasped; but she continued, "Justice for both would be far more satisfactory; especially for the woman, inasmuch as any privilege is a temptation to conceit, and temper. Did the women of your day show themselves strong enough to remain friendly and just after the marriage-assurance that they would be provided for until death?"

"You are right; not all — indeed, very few. As soon as marriage had given them a legal claim to support,

practically without any compensating duties — that were enforceable — on their part, they scorned their husband, because he was legally bound; they looked on him as a provider, as a slave. The courts, out of "chivalry," perhaps, always gave the woman the benefit of the doubt. So long as they were not actually detected in infidelity, they could with impunity indulge in any irresponsibilities of temper, in professional beauty-culture for the behoof of others than their despised husbands, in society fads, and financial ruin to their providers. Then they were given "alimony," which enabled them to live according to their fancies while ruining the husband who not only lost their companionship, but the permission to enjoy any other. Here it was the judges who most were to blame, moved as they were by the natural inclination of a decent man to be courteous to a beautiful woman. Indeed, the women of England were model wives and daughters, chiefly, perhaps, because there the laws were most unjust to them. That was an evil, but human nature was so weak that it seemed to be needed to arouse a sense of responsibility. Alas, that human nature is so unreliable!"

"So you see that those privileges to the women of your day were an injustice to them; and that for their behoof, rather than for the men's, whose legal rights were increased, the pivileges of my sex have been abolished. So, like the good comrades that we are, we will share the flowers, while your graciousness in offering them to me, and in sharing them has established a basis for future friendship," completed she smiling.

Then we fell to real work, and I had just gotten into it, when the chimes rang. So we adjourned to breakfast, and dressing. The start for the ward-meeting was made with anxiety and haste so evident, that I grinned fatuously.

With the slightest pique, Lilac asked, "Well, what can be puzzling you now?"

"Because it is pretty early for a general religious meeting, is it not? At our early service there was never more than a corporal's guard. Even at the eleven o'clock service, people would not arrive until it was half over. Many came tardy on purpose to parade before the assembled congregation. How have you reformed human nature?"

"Easily, for we have demonstrated that it was to peoples' own interest to have it over early, so as to keep the rest of the day clear for outings and recreation. With us the various communities vie with each other in the earliness of their communal worship. So long as people thought they were doing the churches a favor by attending, they set the hour as late as possible and came tardy; but as soon as it was realized that the favor was to themselves, they set the hour as early as practicable."

"Yes, but that is only a greater miracle! How did you convince the people that it was to their interest to attend service?"

"Why, easily; it was made a test of loyalty to the democracy that protected them, and fed them."

"Good, but is that inference sufficient to make an impression on your citizens?"

"Certainly, for they have to punch a time-clock!"

I laughed heartily. "An effective cure for religious head-aches; more powerful than threats of hell!"

We were guided by the chimes of the local schoolhouse. There was a central elevator, near the door, but to accommodate the crowds were circular inclined planes, as in the Hudson Terminal in New York, rather than steep stairs. Stairs were in outside fire-escape cages, which were fire-proof. As in all buildings used as a roof-garden, the roof was, of course, arranged as a horse-shoe auditorium, with the stage

well forwards in the centre, where in my days would have been the orchestra. The front seats, naturally, were the lowest, while the outermost ring was the highest, so as to afford a universal unobstructed view of the platform. There were iron fixtures on which, during too brilliant sun-light or rain, were stretched awnings, which, however, were avoided whenever possible, to secure for everybody the enjoyment of being out-doors, while attending this important meeting.

We landed on the floor below, which by sliding glass partitions could easily be thrown into one. Around the walls stood many lists of names, and as many time-clocks as were necessary to accommodate the neighborhood population. There were also clerks at desks to care for visitors, and give necessary information. The spirit that prevailed reminded me strongly of the courteous treatment accorded the public in the libraries of my day. Being a resident, my friend easily picked out hers, and she piloted me to the proper clerk to fill out mine.

Remembering the old-world principle of cheating the state wherever practicable, I asked her mischievously what would happen if she failed to record her attendance.

"You see," beamed she in return, "with us attendance on this meeting for political worship is not so much a duty, as a privilege. On it depend all the good things of life; reputation for character, advancement in social career, friendship, marriage, financial support, knowledge of opportunities elsewhere, education, travel-enjoyment, health-preservation, amusements, the franchise, office-holding, development of artistic taste, — in short, everything that makes life human or worth living, beyond immediate physical needs. Loss of all that would mean ostracism, — practically solitary confinement, with its attendant dangers of distortion of outlook, insanity, and crime."

"Yes," agreed I, "it is evidently worth while; but there must still be to-day, as there were in the past, grown-up children, of retarded development, who have not yet taken the social view-point, so that they do not realize that 'queerness' or 'originality' is the first step towards the mad-house. How can they be reached? They do not think that you mean anything until something is *done* about it. What would, for instance, be done to you, should you fail to attend some of these weekly assemblies? Give me the details."

My Egeria beckoned me over to several lists of names, who had done just this, — like the lists of members in arrears, or under suspension, in a club. The first list showed those who had absented themselves because of sickness, and we here found many sympathetic friends discussing names that had appeared, or disappeared. On a person's first absence, there was sent a telephone message, to enquire the cause. In case of sickness, the ward physician made an immediate visit, and until recovery they were continued on that list.

If they had made a voyage of any kind, their names would appear on the next list, which showed absentees, and their temporary attendance elsewhere, telephoned in by the authorities, even from the other side of the globe, in most cases wirelessly, so that travellers had no need of writing back to everybody news of their whereabouts.

Those who were neither sick nor absent, and yet did not attend, appeared on a list of students of citizenship; for being considered deficient in a social sense, they were "condemned" to follow suitable courses in the citizenship classes of the local school. Besides the labor and time incident to such a course, they were called on more frequently than others to take part in the public exercises, so that it paid a lazy person better

to do duty whenever called upon, than to avoid it. I later noticed that every person knew how to speak in the assembly, and I found that this was one of the prerequisites of graduation in the high schools.

Now I had not been a lawyer by profession; but I had been born a canny Scot, whose mind never relaxes its grip on a problem until the very end. So I persisted, "What would happen if they did not graduate, or regraduate from that school?"

"First, they would be demoted to the next lower efficiency salary schedule, and if that did not prove effective, they would be sent to the citizenship college, at city head-quarters," informed my cicerone, with a glint of humor. "That is, I think, what in your ancient unregenerate punitive days, would have been called a city prison. Only these institutions have been educationalized, and now they are self-voiding by graduation. This avoids the miserable post-prison conditions that were such a blot on your civilization. The city citizenship college refers back to the local ward citizenship school every central citizenship college graduate until restored to satisfactory standing."

"Splendid!" I urged. "But what of those who fail to graduate at the central citizenship college?"

"They are promoted to the county citizenship universities' specialized training schools, formerly called 'penitentiaries.' They too have been educationalized, and lead either to graduation back to the city citizenship college, or forward to the state citizenship hospitals, which study the physical basis of ethical failure, or its psychological causes."

"And to what do these hospitals promote?" asked I with anticipatory shuddering.

"To the incinerating plant," she whispered.

I made a wry face. "I see; I think I shall attend the interesting ward meeting!"

"These other lists," which Lilac pointed out to me,

changing the subject, "complete the roll of the district."

What surprised me most was to see my lovely friend speak of these morally deficient people with so little abhorrence; — but I soon reflected that the reason of this was that the whole subject had been rationalized and educationalized. In our days criminality, not being understood to be social deficiency and ignorance, was surrounded by a certain mystic glamor, which indeed led to that strange perversity of rich, beautiful and fashionable ladies sending flowers to the most degraded and brutal murderers. Both this undeserved and undesirable abhorrence or mysterious fascination had properly faded away into natural educational interest. Its chief effort was a regeneration, which restored delinquents to normal conditions by association with earnest students.

My genuine admiration of this sensible solution of the shocking conditions of my alleged enlightened days must have appeared on my countenance, for my friend's approachableness encouraged me to ask one more question. "But does it not happen that the moral invalids lazily enjoy remaining in the inactive training stage, where they are cared for, and have no need to exert themselves?"

So friendly was Lilac, that from her not even a derisive laugh would have hurt my feelings; but my question impressed her as such an absurdity that, though with the most engaging charm, she broke out into a peal of laughter. "That is the very point! These courses are neither inactive nor lazy! In your days, when it was to the institution's interest to retain a man against his will, men became morally undermined, especially when short-sighted social reformers supplied them with too many comforts. Nowadays when it is to the institution's interest to get rid of the man as soon as consistent with the joint interest of the indi-

vidual and the state, the courses are made as strenuous as possible, and men are both as anxious to leave and to stay, as in olden times they were to stay and leave."

I observed that, even while speaking, Lilac was carefully scrutinizing several lists. I looked at their captions and found that they were appointments to take part in the next month's local weekly ward-meeting. Suddenly she stopped, took card and pencil, and noted down that she was appointed to act in a small dramatic sketch three weeks hence. For my friend I resented that she should be compelled to study those lists so carefully. I asked her if she could not have spared herself that trouble. "Do they not send to appointees a card by mail?"

"No," answered she; "we are responsible for discovering these appointments by ourselves. It is said that this is done not to give us trouble, but to make sure that each person will remain vitally interested in current events and their social relations."

Further on we saw lists of the recent deaths, births, coming of age, school graduations, marriages, friendships, social visits, — and in short everything that used to appear in the matrimonial, obituary, society or scandal columns of my contemporary newspapers. My leader pointed out to me a record of my own visit to her home, so as to prove the accuracy of the local news-gathering service. Without morbidness, everybody seemed genially interested.

As I looked over the lists of names I secretly sought that of Orchid, — but in this I was disappointed; so I understood that to-day at least I should not find her.

In showing me these various lists my leader had to pilot me skillfully through friendly, good-humored crowds; bowing here, there saying a friendly word, introducing me both unceremoniously and cordially to whomsoever she judged it might prove of mutual interest.

I enjoyed myself hugely, for the whole assemblage acted as one family, vitally and pleasantly interested in each other's affairs. Here was genuine scriptural neighborliness.

In my days the ancient village fountain and market-place gossip had become organized into a most anomalous assortment of scurrilous, mercenary newspapers. On the other hand, you might in my New York have lived ten years next to a family without ever speaking to any of its members. Both of these extremes had now been redintegrated into proper comradeship, which thus had been rescued from the cacophonous mouthings of Whitmanesque literary bohemians. After about twenty minutes, chimes called the crowds to the robing-rooms and assembly hall.

My guide then attended to my needs. Taking a blank card she had it filled out, punched, and deposited in its proper slit. She directed me to put on one of the white robes worn by visitors. Then we hastened into the assembly hall up-stairs, and on the way pinned on our breasts a name-card to serve as a general introduction.

On seating ourselves we had time to study the platform, in front of the stage. The desk was semi-circular, and in a row behind it were twelve seats, facing the audience. This reminded me of my contemporaneous fan-shaped legislative halls. Soon entered twelve elders, robed in different colors, each significative of one of the twelve departments of state administration: agriculture, manufacture, commerce, communication, registration, health, eugenic matrimony, education, travel, art, religion, and history. Once more the chimes rang, and the local loyalty anthem was sung. This was followed by a presentation of the progress made in and by the ward since the last meeting, set forth by a boy of high school age. This began with general civic arrangements, which aroused the interest of the young

as well as the old. Followed the reading of some poems and a short story written by a ward member this last week; some pictures painted by a local artist were exhibited. Then the assemblage rose again to sing the national anthem. After this a school-girl held forth briefly on the national progress for that week, waving the national flag. Last came the international humanity loyalty-hymn, followed by a reverent hush, in which sounded a voice apparently from the sky, uttering an oracular sentiment suited to the month and the times, resuming the progress of humanity for that week. As soon as the audience had sat down, a number of graceful children costumed in the color and symbology of the month's flower, bearing pretty baskets, went through the assemblage, distributing a spray of that bloom to each person, who saluted it with a kiss, and carefully fastened it either in the hair, or on the garment. Lilac turned around and assisted me in this, to avoid any awkwardness in its arrangement. For this assistance I was very grateful.

After these introductory exercises followed the introduction of new members. All the visitors, including me, were in turn called on to rise, and to announce our name and business, closing with a little verse of scripture or poetry. This broke the ice, and initiated us into general friendship.

The infants born in the ward were then publicly presented and named. They were not less than eight weeks old, to assure the establishment of the infant's health, and to permit the mother's presence. The ceremony therefore performed the double function of benediction of the new citizen, and thanksgiving on the part of the parents. As the children were all born during the same week, in the same ward, their second and third names were all the same, except for the terminations of the second, which indicated the day and hour; the first names differed of course as to the

day. But each name differed in some respect from every other, so that his name was the only one of the kind in the world.

Two of the elders, one man and one woman, selected by the parents, acted as god-father and god-mother. They took the child in their arms, kissed it on the forehead, named it, and uttered some short motto or prognostication, furnished by the parents' aspirations or spiritual experiences, and another one prepared by the College of Sages. Then was uttered the benediction, which was a formal reception into membership of humanity's divine family under the one supreme all-embracing divinity, the omnipotent Father of thought, of this new loving son, through the holy spirit of wise progressiveness.

Then stepped on to the central platform the individuals just graduated from the local citizenship school. With a hand-shake by the elders these were welcomed and caused to kneel around the desk, where in unison they repeated a loyalty pledge to humanity.

"I pledge divine discontent with any but the broadest possible understanding of the nature and relation of things and persons, and thereby to check and correct all more primitive instincts and impulses. I pledge allegiance to nothing less than all humanity, as represented to me by my continent, and interpreted to me by my country. I renounce all violence and war, except for the enforcement of liberty to others as well as to myself, subject to the voice of nature, humanity and divinity. Through prayer I will seek the spiritual unfoldment necessary to prepare me for the existence beyond the grave, in the heavenly realm."

Then the whole assemblage rose and together recited the Human Creed:

I believe in physical health, cleanliness and temperance; and utter purity in thought, word and deed.

And in truth, honesty, accuracy and scholarship which demands reason for all things, and without prejudice yields its own opinion if shown to be false; which tolerates in each man

his own opinions; which leads to science, literature and art, which in earnestness, sincerity and candor perfects all human powers.

I believe in Love, the father and destiny of all things; light of light, fragrance of fragrance, beauty of beauty; who, working both here and beyond, is inexorably just, and therefore is the comforter of the afflicted and the avenger of evil to the thousandth generation; who, by conscience, leads within myself to the kingdom of heaven, which only the humble can inherit, and which shall have no end, forever and ever, Amen.

During the closing sentences I was aware of a luminous cloud, over the desk, which descended and lit the graduate's candle which he had offered to one of the elders, who returned it to him aflame. Then the elder placed his hands on the graduate's head, uttered a prayer and benediction, and handed him his life-certificate. The whole ceremony did not last more than five minutes.

The assembly then sang one verse of a marriage hymn; when, hand in hand, to the circular desk advanced the couples just graduated from the local matrimonial school, escorted by their relatives and friends. First, all the bridegrooms vowed faithful love, subject to the decree of the matrimonial school, and in token thereof presented their brides with a ring. The brides did likewise. All knelt, and one elder placed both hands on the heads of a couple, pronounced a benediction, caused them to stand up, joined their hands, and proclaimed them approved lovers. As he wished them early promotion to the higher estate of parenthood, he placed on their heads crowns of flowers; and the couple sealed the compact by a kiss in public.

Then there was a sudden darkening of the platform; and, garbed in phosphorescent robes, there arose out of the desk a veiled form, which uttered a welcome into the unseen world to those who, during the last week had been gathered to their fathers. There fol-

lowed words of consolation to the bereaved, reminding them to work while it is yet day, for they too should sometime be graduated into a higher state of existence. One of the mourners, garbed in white, rushed towards the spirit-form, and tore off the phosphorescent mantle; whereupon crashed a thunder-clap, and a brilliant halo revealed a beautiful youth, wearing wings, who intoned a harp-accompanied chorus, joined in by the whole assemblage, which I can compare only to the Sanctus from Gounod's Cecilian Mass.

That over, the youth read the College of Sages' answers to the personal problems presented in writing at the last week's meeting. He then asked for other questions, which had, by the ushers who had distributed the flowers, already been collected on basins. These notes were written on paper, and enclosed in uniform envelopes found in each seat. I later ascertained that not all requests for counsel were answered the very next week. Some were delayed, while others were never answered publicly; but those who had asked a question would be glad to attend regularly in expectation of these oracular responses. Among them I had handed in my suggestion that to the current names be added one commemorative of one of the great men or works of the past history of the world.*

The answering of these questions was held to be one of the most sacred functions of the College of Sages; and it was only with prayer, and after the employment of the most advanced scientific methods of all kinds, not excluding trained intuition and telepathy, and the experience of the wisest of the elders, that answers were given. In my days, this sacred function had been exercised by hired penny-a-liners, in the newspapers; and it was a scandal that such were the only agencies that even recognized these sacred needs of

*NOTE: This International Calendar of Heroes will be found in the Appendix.

humanity. This asking and receiving of advice kept the public services in touch with not only the spirit of the times, but the actual needs of those who attended, and therefore supplied a very genuine motive for regular attendance; for no one could tell when his question would be answered. The government limited its advice to questions asked at some service.

The subjects of the questions boxed the compass of the universe; they were agricultural, culinary, hygienic, commercial, literary, social, philosophic, spiritual, and personal; in short, they referred to all twelve of the government-divisions. They were answered in various ways. The agricultural, hygienic, culinary or commercial were often answered by mail, by invitation to visit some expert or even by a call from the expert. The literary were answered by the local librarian. Social problems were solved by the ward's social committee, the membership of which changed sufficiently to insure impartiality combined with expertness. Only the questions of public interest, of general spiritual utility were answered at the public service; and the advice of the best qualified sages of the world were thus freely accessible.

I now understood why the modern problem was not as in my day to bribe people to attend, but rather to keep them away. It was necessary to direct every person to his own local assembly, so as to avoid overcrowding. Visitors were restricted to bona-fide dwellers of the district. In my day the monotony of ritual drove away the men, but attracted the women; while in the reformed bodies this routine was avoided, but only to fall into vulgarity, and the self-advertisement of some hired orator, whose services degenerated into a bad theatrical entertainment. Here, however, the interest was genuinely human, and the compulsoriness of the attendance, rather than an imposition, was a real favor.

These reveries were disturbed by the close of the giving of advice. The form disappeared, the artificial light dissolved into the day-light, and the desk remained bare, though strewn with flowers. An invocation to the divinity was then sung by all, and the second part of the service closed, introducing its third or more strictly religious part.

For five minutes the elders in turn recited parts of modern and ancient scripture. After another very short hymn, each uttered a few words of interpretation, exhortation or inspiration, — what remained of the ancient sermon. Nowadays lectures on all topics could, at will, be heard on the telephone; and evidently mere discourses could no longer justify the expense of time implied by the gathering of a great assemblage.

Then, after the exhortations, came short, pithy, but tear-compelling prayers for each of the twelve departments of the state's welfare; prayers for individuals who had sent in requests, and for all in need of any kind.

Accustomed as I had been to the ancient practice of public prayer, as an aimless, rambling oration, I was surprised to note that after every petition there was observed a silence of equal length. To the modern mind a prayer without a time of silence for reception of an answer would have seemed hypocritical. What indeed is the use of asking questions without allowing time for a reply?

Then came the supreme moment of the service, when from within the desk was taken a large flagon, filled with crystal water, and a dish heaped with biscuit. The elders gathered around the desk, raised their hands, and in turn prayed that mutual love might hallow all that were to partake of that mystic love-feast banquet; that as they received it, their spiritual bodies might be nourished in preparation for the time when they should be dissociated from the flesh, thus

rehearsing the throne-banquets of the angels in the kingdom of the heavens; last but not least, that all who should join in the common function should dismiss all animosities against every other person, implore forgiveness for their transgressions, and receive this heavenly food as a symbol of liberty, equality and fraternity, asking divine guidance in the voting that was to follow.

Using a number of tiny sanitary glasses on trays, so prepared as to avoid all confusion and delay, every section received its quota of biscuit covered glasses, brought by white garbed maidens. The whole assemblage stood, repeated the prayer for democracy, and held up the biscuits and glasses while the elders uttered an invocation; then at once all partook, and joined in a hymn.

This closed the services' third or religious part, which led up to the political. In each seat were ballots for the election of officers, among which every month, was one of the twelve elders, so that in one year there was always a new college of elders. This rotation was not only efficient in hindering all petrification, but it was a valuable means of spreading general education; the ex-elders formed the local College of Sages. At this meeting my host was elected elder of history.

In these days, all elections were not massed on one day of the year; every week there occurred the election of some one officer. The old method of electing all officers at once on one day of the year had many disadvantages. To begin with, the excitement incident to a hysterically spectacular campaign not only disturbed business, but vitiated its own object: it divorced the conduct of the office from ante-election promises. The elected candidate forgot his responsibility to his constituents, looking on his office as a personal asset; while the constituent forgot his civic duties of controlling the conduct of those for whom he had voted.

Weekly elections kept alive responsibility and duty. When enforced, the laws of initiative, referendum and recall did not present their anticipated disadvantages. Political responsibility having been transformed from a temporary orgy into a weekly consideration there were no longer either occasions or need of recall of public officials. The mere threat of recall was sufficient to insure faithfulness in public duty.

The latter also had ceased to be a sinecure. The business-like nature of these three laws had entirely reclaimed politics, turning them into a public trust, accepted only by the most unselfish. Moreover, offices were no longer exceptional; every one had to exercise some public duty as qualification for voting.

The voting-system was similar to the ancient Belgian plural voting. Everybody had one vote, so that none could complain of exclusion from the franchise. Additional votes could be earned; one for marriage; one for the higher efficiency rating; and one for some notable achievement in any field of endeavor. This drew the balance of power in the hands of those who had earned it; and as a matter of fact it was so efficient an incentive for achievement that any one holding one vote only would have been scorned.

Public office no longer bore a salary, and it was chiefly a compliment, the performance of whose duties was accepted under duress, rather than solicited. It was therefore accepted generally only by the older retired persons, who lived on a pension. This supplied old age with a useful avocation, and realized Plato's ideal of centering public activities in the hands of the most, rather than of the least experienced. Besides the aged enjoyed pensions and were no longer moved by interested motives, such as to exploit their personality, or to amass a fortune, or to "run for president." Should they ever have crossed the line of fossilization, the weekly recall removed them not only after some

aggravated case of reactionarism, but at the very beginning of such a tendency. Comical to me seemed the evident relief at being recalled, where in my days it would have aroused regret.

Public office was no longer sought, but in so far as possible, evaded. As in the early Christian church, where the election to a bishopric sometimes had to be conducted by force, because that honor was equivalent to impending martyrdom, so now it was necessary to appeal to the nominee's sense of public duty.

Of course, all honorary offices such as mayor, alderman and sheriff had been abolished. Already in my day the "commission form of government" had introduced into the municipal government business efficiency, divorcing it from party politics, prejudice, and national issues. In my day that had already occurred in Cambridge, Massachusetts. These were the only conditions under which the very best men could be induced to serve.

The only spring of political activity on which such unselfish political service could count was of course a religion of democracy. Even in my days such a manifestation had been seen in the rejuvenation of the French people. At peace, the Frenchman had not cared enough for the future of his race to provide offspring; and there was no governmental ministry strong enough to arouse the flighty parliament to protect itself against autocracy's public preparations for world-domination. The trouble was that democracy was considered an impersonal constitution instead of a personal religion. Nor would the war have been won without my own country's electing to the Presidency a gentleman who, unlike some of his predecessors, was no log-rolling politician under bondage to some party "boss," no mendacious and treacherous braggart, no legal ninny, and no drunkard. Only the zeal of a personal religion could have fused the governmental

theories of revolutionaries, Swiss, French or American, into one inspired body.

In my own youth it was fashionable to declaim there would never again be another war; a temple of peace was built by an intimate of the German emperor, who since his youth had drunk toasts to Armageddon. So fast asleep were the most estimable members of the community that the socialists, whose vision of the future state was the most correct, at the beginning of the world-war for the establishment of their own theories, advocated submission to German autocracy, and had to be arrested as traitors to the democracy that was fighting to establish their own views. Nothing but German cruelty sufficed to awake England to self-defence. So many centuries had England enjoyed peace that patriotism had become tabooed as hysteric; and only a very few years before the world-war had it become legal to hoist the national flag over schoolhouses in that country.

It was reported in the papers that the then foremost soldier of England, Kitchener, when implored to send to the fighting line explosive shells to meet those of the Germans, refused to do so on the plea that shrapnel had been good enough for him in China, in Egypt, and in South Africa! Even America had to wait over a year, because of its large German interests and constituency. Grim humor was there in that sleep of inherited peace!

It was the blessed result of that world-war for the first time to make democracy self-conscious, to supply it with the fervor of religious inspiration, before which all sects and religions crumbled away into shams. Consider the absurdity of the religious alignment in that war. On the side of German autocracy were Prussian Lutheranism, allied with Austrian Romanism, Bulgarian Greek Catholicism and Turkish Mohammedanism. Opposed to this motley aggregation was Eng-

lish Anglicanism, French Nationalism, Italian Nationalism and Romanism, American Protestantism, and Japanese Shintoism. A very "twilight of the gods!"

Out of the ashes of these as a phœnix, rose the religion of democracy, living and self-defensive, no mere inherited, traditional, hypocritical business method. In the modern state therefore this religion of internal patriotism is not divorced from an army. Personal pugnacity is an immortal trait of human nature; and even during the pretended peaceful democracies of my youth not only was there need of police to enforce public order, but pugilism was still a fine art. Indeed there were countries like Spain where the "manly art" and athletics were unknown; but the poniard, poison and bull-fights represented the struggle of life. In the modern state peace is no result of degenerate effeminacy, but the supremacy of ideals over a vigorous, fighting, kicking and militant activity, such as that of a healthy child. International comity, therefore, in modern days, is the result of a "League to Enforce Peace," rather than that of a comatose opiate degeneracy. To keep the peace by ideals is possible only where these ideals are vivified and united by an overwhelming religious inspiration, not only theoretically for the whole public, but practically in each individual life, without which any governmental theory must inevitably through dogmatism wilt into hypocrisy.

From these meditations I was roused by the end of the fourth or political part of the meeting, and the opening of the last, or fifth, dramatic part. The curtains were drawn back for a one-act play or mystic representation, which closed the meeting with pleasure, as well as profit.

The playlet, this morning, was a translation of d'Hervilly's "Sayonara," often presented as a curtain raiser at the Comédie Française, a delicious Japanese

pastel, in which honor is glorified above wealth, power, and even love. A century ago I had both seen it, and even translated it into English, and here I was to find it immortal, because of its sheer beauty and inspiration, long after the oblivion of its author and translator. After all, "art for art's sake" is a miserable prevarication for the obscene, while the works of inspiration survive the centuries, so long as the human soul is headed heavenward.

Lilac took part in it, taking the title-part. I must confess that the evident popular admiration she aroused glorified her in my sight, making my attitude considerably humbler towards her when she later reappeared; but her frank friendliness drew tears to my eyes, and a warmth to my heart; not without a pang or two of . . . . jealousy! There, I have relieved myself; a confession is good for the soul!

At the close the audience rose and sang a national anthem, when one of the elders, the oldest in office, who that day was retiring, uttered a benediction. The gathering broke up in a loud buzz of conversation, friend shook hands with friend, and all agreed that the occasion had been as profitable as it had been pleasant.

CHAPTER XV

WHY CHRISTIANITY SURVIVES

The emotions aroused by this tremendous function were almost excessive; so that in the afternoon I was compelled to rest on a couch, on our own roof, while a telephonic connection furnished me with soothing strains. The usual electric warnings roused me in time to share in the angelus sunset-service. After the evening meal Lilac and I sat down where we could see the flaming sky, and we shared the sacredness of the evening hush. Neither of us felt inclined to talk of trivial matters, for both of us were still thrilling to the vital solemnity of that ward-meeting, in which no human interest was neglected.

"Was it not perfect?" she finally asked, seeking sympathy.

"Beyond description; yet I find several problems difficult to resolve. May I talk them over with you?"

Lilac's mobile features, for a moment clouded at the mere mention of problems, were illumined with interest, as when the sun's rays "draw water" through a rift in the dark clouds. "With pleasure," she smiled radiantly.

"My difficulties are three: the time-clock, compulsory salvation, and the reunion of church and state. Let us begin with the time-clock. It seems a degradation, a desecration of holy things."

"I agree with you. But in your time-clock-less days, was the church service attended promptly and regularly?"

"Certainly not, on the whole."

"Well, if you had to choose between efficient business methods, even though prosaic, and inefficient brilliance, which would you choose?"

"The former; but what a pity that we cannot have both!"

"We do, in a certain measure; for after you get accustomed to it, its value more than compensates for its seriousness. Perhaps you have never realized the gravity of worship. The problem is not factitious, but founded on a genuine psychological difficulty, namely, evasion; which is the cardinal fallacy of life, the main stumbling-stone of democracy, the supreme delusion."

"Do you mean the discovery of the nineteenth century, that corporations have no soul, and that it is therefore perfectly permissible for otherwise respectable and conscientious individuals to band together and under corporate title to lie, steal, commit perjury?"

"I mean its converse. As conscience is essentially an individual phenomenon, a crowd possesses none. Consequently the only honor-system possible to a crowd or nation is the definiteness of a time-clock punch. We have indeed attempted to remedy this state of affairs by teaching in the schools a modification of the old proverb, 'All for one, and one for all;' namely, 'All *is* one, and one *is* all,' to correct the entirely natural delusion that any man can cheat the state without harm; that, being impersonal, the state cannot be sinned against; and that there is no harm in taking advantage of the community. Do you agree?"

"So well am I converted, that I will relate to you a story I once picked up in my youth, though I have never been able to authenticate it, which illustrates your point inimitably. When Cæsar had finally con-

quered Gaul, the Gallic chiefs decided to demonstrate their loyalty to the Romans by a great celebration, whose culmination was to be the presentation to Cæsar of a great tun of wine. On the eve of this event, the pilgrim Gauls arrived hot, tired, and . . . . thirsty! During the night, one of the most Sahara-parched chiefs was visited by a brilliant idea. 'Should I, unnoticed, reach the tun, draw from it a hornful of wine, and for it substitute a hornful of water, nobody will be the wiser, and I will be relieved.' No sooner thought, than done. But alas, he was not as original as he supposed. The same cherubic thought visited his neighbor, and later became contagious, though each arid Gallic chief imagined he had a copyright on it. So in the morning, when, to the braying of trumpets, and to the crashing of spears on the shields, there was held a tear-drawing oration celebrating the Gallic devotion to Cæsar, it was emphasized by the offering of a hornful of the contents of the cask, which, alas, to the heaven-resounding shouts of derision of the Roman legions, turned out to be mere muddy water!"

"Good!" laughed Lilac. "Now what about your opposition to compulsory salvation?"

"In our day the state was held to have no right to interfere with personal morals. People were allowed to become intoxicated; brewers advertised their business under the plea for personal liberty."

"Do you mean that you claimed the *right to damnation?*"

"Well, we would have hesitated to put it so baldly; but I suppose that is to what it amounted."

"That is where we differ. One of our proverbs reads, 'none is alone, all are together.' We believe that salvation is not only individual, but social; that the door of heaven does not open to him who comes alone. The damnation of any one is the misfortune of all, a delay of the kingdom of heaven's establishment, when

the devil himself must be converted. We do not think that liberty means permission to inefficiency, immorality, lukewarmness, or ignorance. Did your century not make education compulsory?"

"Certainly."

"Why then not salvation also?"

"I see. This will imply compulsory church attendance. But though you can lead a horse to water, you cannot make him drink. You cannot compel immortality."

"Unfortunately; but our responsibility ends there."

"I see that we have unintentionally led up to my third difficulty, the union of church and state. It was one of the proudest boasts of our day that we had separated them."

"Hold on! You made a mistake! We have no desire for the union of *church* and state! We practice the union of state and *religion*!"

"I see the distinction. For mere church attendance does not immunize from crime, as was proved by an angelic choir-boy of a venerable church who later was clapped into jail forty-six times! We were conscious that our democracy was not perfect, but we did not know exactly what to do."

"Let us see if we cannot get to it. What was your democracy's chief weakness?"

"Dishonesty of the office-holders; alas, in great contrast to the honesty of the municipal governments of the kingdoms and empires of Europe. Yet we believed in democracy, and would not have been willing to barter our problems for a return to a monarchic form of government."

"What element was involved in the monarchic governments which might have tended to produce this honesty?"

"Perhaps a semi-religious sanction, coupled with the feeling that there was somebody above them whose

interest it was to supervise them, and that their interests were not so much theirs, as some one else's."

"Did any of your democracies make any effort to supply this lacking element?"

"The newspapers probably did something towards this supervision. Then there arose religious bodies called 'social service commissions,' which, however, like the Socialists, blundered in trying to convert the already open-minded churches, instead of applying religious pressure on the unchurched socialists, who needed it. In war-times, patriotism supplied a slightly higher motive; but still there was no efficient or permanent or perpetuating organization to supply such a religious sanction. Only in isolated cases were there any office-holders who could afford to consider anything but their own immediate interests. An English philosopher's attempt to create an honest state by adjusting, and balancing against each other the interests of rascals was of course an absurdity; it ignored the unexpected urgencies of life, which put successful governmental honesty out of the question without the independent honesty of every component element. But how could that be secured?"

"That was the very secret of your failure; you did not seem to understand that democracy was not so much a form of government as a personal religion, enlisting the individual consciences, not only of the office-holders, but also of every voter, and governee. Did nobody in your day see so far?"

"Comte, the French positivist philosopher, did teach a religion of humanity; but that was only a vague abstraction without practical political application, and loaded down with suggestions of rites that could easily be ridiculed, and lead to scandal. In the United States the moving spring of social uplift movements was no more than a vapid philanthropic enthusiasm, quite incapable of directing social and personal action."

Lilac summarized: "I see that you have understood our modern attitude, the vision that has vitalized world-wide democratic government, that loyalty is a personal religion; nay, the chief and exclusive religion. In such a state, religion is as compulsory as, nay, more compulsory than education. Thus only can democracy be made safe for the world; without the religion of loyalty, no world could ever be, or remain safe for democracy. In other words, the benefits of democracy cannot be enjoyed without the personal interest of every constituent member; and that is not so much a privilege, as a duty, which if necessary must be enforced."

We were all talked out, and glad of lunch, after which a siesta, medically recommended, and therefore adopted all over the world, was exceedingly grateful. It was still storming when I awoke, and there was nothing to do but to go to the assembly-room, and listen to a telephonic concert. After a while Lilac joined me again, and for some time we shared the sensuous enjoyment of the modern masters. The silence was interrupted by Lilac, whose gleaming features had been irradiated by a faint flush, as the mirror of a pond is ruffled by a vagrant breeze. Gently she said she thought I was not playing fair with her. This morning I had said I was agitated by three problems only, and she had resolved them for me; and here I was still moping disconsolately.

I replied that I feared my malady was incurable. Inspiring as had been the meeting, it had only more poignantly reawakened in me the *"heimweh"* for the solace of the religious services of my early days, just as even an old man still pines for the prayers learned at his mother's knee.

Joyfully she dispelled my gloom. It seemed that the Christian mysteries were still celebrated, and that if I so desired, we might shortly attend them.

With trepidation I inquired whether she herself was a Christian. She said not, but that she had always desired a personal introduction thereto, having been favorably impressed through her Christian friend Iris.

I wondered how it had happened that Christianity, in my days so prevalent and self-assertive, had apparently dropped into the back-ground, returning to its original unworldliness.

"Perhaps you know more about it than I do," answered she, "but I have heard people wiser than I state that its misfortunes proved its blessings. With the political establishment of the religion of humanity, which is the soul of the corporate body of democracy, all other religious bodies became voluntary organizations, practised without hindrance by the state, so long as they limited themselves to their sphere of personal salvation, and did not interfere politically; although in localities where its adherents constitute a majority, its influence was of course noticeable in politics."

"But why did not Christianity become the religion of world-wide democracy? We had Christian religions in the democracy of the United States."

"I know you did; and there is no doubt that it can be interpreted so as to be possible for supporters of liberty. But it is a matter of record that it was just as easily interpreted in behalf of tyranny and slave-holding, as in the Southern Confederate States. It was professed equally by the torturing Romanist Torquemada, and the persecuting Reformed witch-burners of Salem. The only object of having a state religion was to enlist men's souls exclusively in the cause of democracy, in loyalty to liberty. Nothing capable of shifting interpretation was adequate to inspire humanity."

"What influence was exerted on Christianity itself?"

"I have heard only vaguely, from a discussion in which my father once took part. I believe that this

undoing of Constantine's secularization effected at once a working reunion of its various branches; which, no longer hoping for ascendancy, dropped mutual antagonism just as a family composes its internal feuds when its corporate existence is threatened."

"Do you know any of the details?"

"No; but I have heard of the Romanists, that they had to drop that title which came to be considered a threat against the parliament of man, and the federation of the world. The Unitarians had thrown overboard all the interior devotion, while the Quakers had deprived themselves of all organization, and so disappeared. The Presbyterians themselves had been compelled to elect superintendents, and the Methodists had found that they had to make their theoretical substitutional theology optional, to be admitted to the elastic central body. The Baptists were compelled to drop the opposition to sprinkling, though allowed to immerse themselves to their hearts' content. The resulting fusion was elastic enough to admit all schools of thought high and low, broad and deep."

"That must have been the Episcopal church!"

"Probably; but I cannot tell. But the second result of disestablishment on Christianity was almost more important than reunion. As individual rich men no longer existed, the salaries of the ministers decreased; and in the meanwhile the minister had to assume an occupation to regularize his position in the world; whereby he was released from dependence on the fancy of his parishioners. Most congregations find the hiring of halls for the conduct of the religious ceremonies a burden heavy enough to engage the best efforts of their financial abilities.

"A third change was a purification of the congregations. Because Christianity was poor, it was abandoned by all popularity hunters or trouble breeders who sought it only for mercenary, social, or emotional

reasons. A competent and suitable livelihood now being assured to all, and all necessary charities being federated by the state, there were no more "institutional causes" to further.

"A fourth change, said my father, was the abandonment of the church by invalids, and those afflicted with secret diseases, inasmuch as all healing activities were exercised by the state, where healers used not only all necessary materialistic healing means, but combined with them psychical therapeutics.

So no one became a Christian unless he really elected to do so; and she herself, though favorably disposed, had never become initiated. She had shared the general attitude of indifference. "After all," queried she, "what was the purpose of church-attendance in your day?"

I smiled wanly. "I fear those motives were rather mixed. Habit, social standing, amusement, loneliness, matrimonial possibilities, social influence, desire for forgiveness of secret unconfessed sins, and last, fear of hell."

"Could you sum them up in one word?"

Regretfully I faltered, "selfishness of one kind or another, I fear; and all those needs are now more efficiently served by the state."

"Then you agree that there is no sufficient reason for the survival of Christianity?"

My whole soul flared at this. "Certainly not. The motives of religious worship which I have just mentioned were only the most external, adventitious, and meretricious. They appealed to the crowds, and perhaps their removal from the breasts of the general people was a great blessing to Christianity. I yet have to mention the twelve eternal needs of the soul, and the unique missionary truth of Christianity. In other words, I must explain why we cannot get along without God, and second, without his Christ."

"First, there is preparation for death. You modern people still have to reckon with that, have you not?"

"Certainly; but to us young people . . ."

"That is the very point at issue," interrupted I. "Only people of more advanced age realize the necessity of preparing for the supreme transition. Still even with any modern prevention of accidents, of occupational evils, and disease, even the young must be in danger of frequent occurrence of being ushered into another existence; do they not?"

"Certainly," assented she. "That is indeed one of the reasons why I have always vaguely intended to acquaint myself with the religious life. In modern times the scientific evidence for a future life has so accumulated, — its real basis was laid at the time of the great world-war for democracy, — that everybody is certain he must face its problems, and is interested in that subject. Indeed, it is taught in the schools, and in the universities that has become one of the chief topics of research, along with sleep, and the communication with the moon, Mars, and other planets."

"Have the modern investigators come to any definite results?" queried I breathlessly.

"That is the trouble," informed my modern friend. They have certified that life continues beyond; they have even systematically and convincingly gathered evidence of pre-existence; but they have also ascertained that the powers ruling beyond seem to oppose the permanent lifting of the curtain. Beyond the assurance of the mere fact, we remain at a loss. They seem to be in as great doubt as we are, and we at least have scientific research to keep us straight; we think that the law obtaining after death can be investigated better during this existence, by careful observation of the experiences met with during the attempt at a better life. Then," concluded I, "you will always, in spite of making your present life comfortable and attractive,

need religion to express the totality or ultimate significance of unseen existence in parables or symbols. Do you not think so?"

"I see this now, and regret my former severity of expression about figurative language. What second reason do you have for a permanent need of God?"

"Second, there must still be sickness unreachable by medical means.

"Third, the getting of the experience of forgiveness, which comes most readily after 'talking it out' with friend, adviser, or conscience. This used to be called auricular confession, to a priest, and led to many grave abuses; but there was a truth beneath it, however.

"Fourth, there is the achievement of clear hearing of conscience; not merely as an occasional monitor, but as a continuous adviser; what Socrates meant when he spoke of his familiar divinity, or genius. It is the 'voice between the ears,' the 'inner self.'

"Fifth, this voice acts as consoler, seeming to care more for our continuance of life and fruitfulness, than we ourselves. Another function of this voice is guidance or leading. Together, they form the Good Shepherd, whose sheep hear his voice.

"Sixth, we have the overcoming of both minor and major bad habits, or weaknesses, including fear.

"Seventh, the worst habit of all, intemperance of tongue, whose control is the spirit's choicest gift.

"Eighth, permissible influence over the conduct of others, by prayer.

"Ninth, prayer for inspiration, invention, discovery, retrievement, or achievement.

"Tenth, prayer for reunion, companionship, friendship, mutuality, and sacraments of communion.

"Eleventh, the influence of assemblage, ritual, good resolutions, fresh vows, and courage.

"Twelfth, revelation and vision, and what we used to call the 'gifts of the spirit.'

"Of these twelve human needs of God, some of them may decrease, but can any of them entirely die out?"

"I agree with you that these human needs will compel the survival of some form of practical religion, which will be mystic, or secret, because limited to people capable of experiencing or realizing such needs."

I continued:

"How blind was Bellamy, in whose 'Looking Backward' perfected religion consisted of no more than a tiresome social disquisition, and a few hymns of a paid choir, all of which could be listened to over the telephone! For a real operation of the Holy Spirit, for moving influence from the unseen, there has to be a gathering of men, to receive the torrents of interior light, at the celebration of any genuine sacrament. Such an experience would be impossible even by telautographic reproduction, however delicate these instruments might be. The influence of a meeting is that the subconscious selves exchange impressions below the threshold of consciousness; that is the reality — the least, perhaps, but still the constituent one, under the statement that wherever two or three are gathered in one place, there am I in the midst of them."

"But now tell me what you mean of a need of Christ?" urged Lilac.

"I mean that religions have confined themselves to righteousness, without insisting on self-sacrifice, or missionary zeal to redeem and save. Let me illustrate. I knew a man who said he so firmly believed in judgment that if he saw his brother unconsciously wandering on the edge of an abyss, yet so that he could be saved by extending a finger, this man would not extend it, for fear of interfering with his brother's destiny. On the other hand, it is a physician's duty to save; and it is recognized that frequently if a man

can be tided over some crisis, he is good for another fifteen years. On the former side are racial religions, like Confucianism, Hebraism, and even Buddhism, with its 'compassionateness;' on the latter is Christianity, the religion of mission, of redemption, of salvation."

"Then I also would be a Christian!" cried she, with gleaming eyes.

"Do not say, 'I would be,' but rather, 'I am,' for you certainly have rescued me, like a lame dog, and helped me over a stile."

Her eyes thanked me, and she said, "If you are willing, we shall combine your visit to the modern form of Christianity with a genuine enquiry on my part; so you will be compelled to exhibit to me its best side, in the best way." And she smiled through a mist of tears.

"Perhaps I myself may be re-converted," responded I. "I never was present at a ceremony of confirmation without renewing my vows of fealty to my Better Self; and I would not be willing for any less of a miracle on this occasion."

"Very well," said she determinedly, " we shall be comrades in this exploration."

The vibrant pathos of her voice betrayed more than she said; and I too must have flushed as across my mind flitted memories of my compact with Orchid. Here I was on the verge of a second one, which I neither could, nor wished to evade. I justified myself by the right to more than one friend, and that Orchid herself had volunteered doubts as to the future of my maiden friendship in this modern world; and if she committed our intimacy's future to Providence, I, inexperienced in the modern dispensation, could do no less. So, as a form of divine protection, — and a very charming form, be it said, — I offered and loyally accepted a personal comradeship with this lovely being.

"Lilac," pleaded I, rushing in where angels would

have feared to tread, "I will accept thy sweet ministrations only if thou wilt admit me to the sanctuary of thy friendship; and here I claim its pledge!"

A flash of pleased surprise illuminated her features. There was no trace of the repulsion I dreaded when I captured her hand, and kissed it reverently; and with no condescension, but genuine regard, she reciprocated the token of personal understanding.

CHAPTER XVI

CHRISTIAN SERVICE

Next afternoon we slipped on our out-door garments, and went to the front of the house, where Lilac opened a small iron gate, which revealed a closet-garage for the amphibious motor tricycle. She turned a faucet, which released what alcohol was needed through a small rubber tube. I pulled out the carlet, and in a few moments we were on our way to Iris's suburban home. She was to act as our sponsor in gaining admission to the Christian congregation that met not far from her home in a grove, on the summit of a mountain, whence could be had a glorious view of the bay.

When I remarked on the strangeness of the service being held in a grove, my companion told me that this was no indication of poverty, but a display of good taste. Nature was the ideal place to worship its divinity, far from all worldly ostentation. The sublimest utterances of the Lord were a sermon on a mount, and words uttered in a boat, by the lake-side. The parables of the kingdom, founded on so many natural objects, were here more cogent. The preachers could point to the trees and the sky as symbols of what they intended to convey. Of course, there were city congregations, that met in school-rooms, and caves; but in this glorious moon-light the parks were far preferable.

This rejection of all pomp and ostentation reminded me of what must have been the early apostolic days of the church. I was half prepared for the working of miracles such as are recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. I could understand that under such circumstances the shadow of Peter passing by might heal the sick by the way-side, and the rushing of the wind through the trees speak the words of the Lord, as erstwhile to David.

Iris received us in the most hearty manner, and introduced us. We entered the grove, and found the congregation preparing for the service, in a spirit of loving communion.

First we were presented to the clergyman, who was not a callow youth just turned out of the seminary, with an abysmal ignorance of human nature, and in the invincibility of his ignorance sublimely confident that his fancies were a new gospel. Here was a veritable father in God, the retired sage who, receiving no salary, performed the holy functions to save souls; his own, chief of all. Was it any wonder that I later found that he could also save others?

Then were made all secular announcements, and all contributions, so as not to disturb the later holy functions with worldly associations. An appeal was made for funds to a missionary to a group of natives in Liberia, who had requested Christian instruction; and without ostentation all present contributed coupons from their semi-yearly booklets.

Then all put on their vestments. In the eighteenth century, the clergyman alone vested; in the nineteenth the choir also vested; in the twenty-first, all did so. The singers were of course attired in flowing robes of colored material. Of the congregation the most vigorous who took part in the responses, and had been confirmed, wore a small mantle of the color of the season; while the more passive and unconfirmed members

merely carried a candle. Then they all formed in procession, lighted the candles, and raised a hymn that was stirring and yet melancholy. They wound up a path until they came to an open clearing, at the brow of the hill, from where could be secured an open view of the bay. They all sat down as they chose nearest to their friends, or where they could best secure a view of the moonlight silvering the waves of the Pacific. Then on us all descended a deep hush, in which each could hear the voice in his own heart.

I received the greatest joy I could have desired. Until that moment I wondered whether I should recognize anything familiar. It was, however, the same service of my childhood; how could it have changed being only an English translation of the old Greek liturgies? As to Latin ritual, that of course had died out of its own absurdity; the state had forbidden services not understood of the people. Of course I feared some atrocious Protestant vulgarity; but if I had only reflected, I would have remembered that even in my day the Presbyterians were already issuing a Prayer Book and the Methodists would naturally find it easy to return to their original spiritual home, following the trend of the times. The Episcopal church had been the only one broad enough to form a common standing ground; and so the old forms of my childhood had survived the changes of all these epoch-making times.

Of the service itself, there was little to say, except that it had not changed. However, it was more intelligently selected; more to the point; it was not a routine patch-work that left the soul in a chaos of conflicting emotions. All hymns, psalms, — the minatory ones, I was told, had been most honored by obsolescence, — canticles and lessons, as well as the address, treated of the same subject, so that, when all was over, the effect was cumulative. It seems that the church

had appointed a special theme for every week in the year. In my days, the Protestant sects had already begun to observe the major festivals, such as Christmas and Easter. The church had already possessed a well-defined church year; but the Sundays after Trinity, and some other feasts, had been left rather indefinite, in spite of collect, epistle and gospel. This had now been more carefully planned, and the weekly themes were definitely enforced. The duty of the clergyman was not so much to advertise his oratorical gifts, or to talk socialism, sociology, or philosophy, but to enforce those yearly spiritual lessons by affecting his hearers' hearts; the audience itself did not come to hear anything new (of which they had more than enough in the compulsory meeting), but to undergo the special influence appointed for that Sunday.

The music, chosen with that therapeutic object in view, was as democratic as everything else; that is, the whole congregation joined in the hymns and chants, supported by a cornet, and folding reed organ — which, by the bye, had been much improved. The music had of course not been left to the fancy of the choir-leader, but had been selected by the clergyman, who was responsible for the emotional success of the divine service.

Everything about the service was short; no lesson presented more than one connected line of thought, and was if possible not over twelve verses in length; but every word was read so clearly and deliberately that it carried conviction. There was only one psalm, and it was read antiphonally, not by verses, but by half-verses, so that minister and congregation never separated. Hymns were given out by verses, and not wholesale, and instructions were always given how to sing them. Between each verse, too, the little organ played strains so soft they could hardly be heard, but loud enough to raise the hearts to heaven. Between

each part of the service there were pauses of two or three minutes, to allow of interior worship. The address itself was not more than ten or twelve minutes in length; but it condensed the choicest flowers of thought and expression. After the benediction there was a silence so holy that many swimming eyes testified to the presence and operation of the Holy Spirit.

From such a service the going home was hushed, as by a silent awe; we walked leisurely around the beach in the moonlight, and very quietly Lilac expressed to me her desire for baptism and confirmation. I explained to her that it meant a realization of citizenship in the spiritual unseen world. This she accepted unreservedly; and after explaining the words of the service that I remembered by heart from long practice in earlier days, I baptized her in the waters of the ocean, on which I invoked the benediction of the Lord.

We returned to Iris's house, and confided to her Lilac's baptism and desire for confirmation. Iris embraced her friend, and informed us that that holy rite was to be administered in the same forest sanctuary next Sunday evening; and that, at her house, the minister would hold catechetical classes every evening of the coming week, to which without doubt he would be only too glad to welcome so charming a catechumen. As there was nothing more to do that night, we partook of a light refreshment, and returned home along the moon-enchanted avenues in our cosy and chummy tricycle, humming over the tunes of the hymns. When we separated, we long held each other's hand; as she had insisted on receiving the sacred rite of baptism from no hands other than mine, because I had been the providential introducer to this charmed circle, so I never felt more clearly the sacredness of my functions than when I accepted and consecrated the vows of so amiable a companion.

The state of my health rendered the daily afternoon

trips to Iris's house very desirable, and they improved my mental self-assurance by contact with conditions familiar to my childhood. The confirmands met under the trees to receive their final instructions, and I was glad to join them. While my own status could not be ascertained, because of changes due to the world-war, it was decided to readmit me hypothetically, as the shortest and easiest method of legitimization. I enjoyed the modern restatement of the older formulas, and this gave me the opportunity of comparing ancient and modern conditions.

The creeds I found treasured all the more as a hymn, and as a means of magic transformation, by repetition photographing these supporting truths into the subconsciousness; they were a transfiguration rather than a mere doctrinal discussion. The Bible also was treasured all the more as a supreme summation of all early myths, rather than as a field for feuds over literal interpretation; and to it were added the more important apocryphal books, the Wisdom of Solomon, Tobit, Ecclesiasticus, Enoch, the Assumption of Moses, The Didache, and the other books which form the bridge between the Testaments, and without which the New Testament cannot easily be properly understood. The historic episcopate was more precious than ever as time went on, as a human link with the personality of the Saviour. The blessed sacrament also appreciated in value, not only as a memorial, and assurance of hospitality of the divine, as an insurance of repentance and consequent comradeship; as means of spiritual healing, as source of guidance, wisdom and counsel; as the means of miraculous grace, by which the inner spiritual man's senses should be developed to independent consciousness able to survive the shipwreck of death; as strength of faith, and consoling happiness amidst the tumultuous waves of life.

On our long trips together we had opportunity to

discuss all this; and while my companion was disposed to accept everything, and considered the church the broadest meeting ground for all forms of religious life, Christianity especially recommended itself to her as the religion of sacrifice (parable of the Good Samaritan); of redemption of the lost (parable of the Prodigal Son). She realized that the trouble with selfishness was not beginning with self, but staying there; and that the stages of life were not so much mental, moral and spiritual, as "sacrificial." She also felt that the state religion of democracy, while a splendid achievement for the human race, could never have come into being without the sacrificial ardor of martyrs, and the unselfish participation of the United States, which motive could have been supplied by nothing less than such a redeeming mission.

I myself was put through a careful review of my knowledge of the canonical examination subjects; I was tested in all the details with which, if really ordained, I should have been familiar; and barring many differences natural in so long a distance of time, I was assured of legitimization.

The next Sunday evening proved one of the turning points of my life. To begin with, Lilac was confirmed; and her splendid devotion, her enlightened vision, and womanly firmness in public avowal of her consecration affected to tears even the aged but active bishop. Next, my own orders were publicly recognized hypothetically; and I felt that the renewal of my mission, even to a new civilization, provided me with a reinvigoration of spirit which no mere physical cure could have effected. Moreover this genuine living friendship with my only support in a foreign age provided me with a complimentary foundation. So it happened that simultaneously the flames of both our hearts united as, after the service, we were congratulating each other; we found ourselves in each other's arms, and

we implored the bishop to complete his benediction of our lives, by uniting them forever.

While under usual circumstances so sudden a request would have been refused, nevertheless my position in orders, and hers as a well-known member of contemporary society, and the rare emotions of this unique occasion worked together so as to move the bishop to accede to our request; and before we left the forest sanctuary we were pledged to a fusion of our destinies.

CHAPTER XVII

MATRIMONIAL SCHOOL

In the cool gray dawn of the morning after both of us no doubt felt somewhat overwhelmed by a realization of what we had done. Frankly, I expected serious complications; and Lilac unmistakably betrayed hesitation; but we both gave each other courage; and after the angelus sunrise service we explained ourselves to her parents. To my surprise, they received our explanation with satisfaction. Effusively the mother embraced her daughter, and the father welcomed me into the family circle cordially. However, as we had received the religious benediction before, instead of after the usual course in the state matrimonial school, it behooved us to realize our union in the usual manner by winning its diploma.

It was with some trepidation that I accompanied Lilac to that institution. Up to the present time I had been as it were a visitor to the various modern activities, and my rôle of stranger had protected me from any intimate contact with modern individuals beyond the natural courtesy proper on such an occasion. Now I was to place myself on an equality with them, where my mental faculties would be compared with theirs, and my social qualities put to the adequate test of securing business and friendly relations. Then I supposed that my mature age would be at a disadvantage

with youth, and I feared that my unique experience in prolongation of life would expose me to curiosity, ridicule, or insult. In all this I was most agreeably disappointed. Beyond the very slightest remarks about my personal history, I was met with nothing but friendly cordiality, inasmuch as in these days of cosmopolitanism provincialism was openly censured. My age proved no disadvantage, because although the majority of the students were recent high school graduates, there were many older students who had either lost their mates by death, or were in danger of losing them by disagreement. As to social relations, I found I should have the guidance of classes on that very subject; and besides, I discovered human nature had remained much the same since my day, and indeed since the times of the Pyramids, judging by stories biblical and nineteenth century.

In one point only, however, did I find myself outclassed: and that was the mental keenness resulting from education. This had, since my days, been turned topsy-turvy. Formerly there were still many subjects of study, such as mathematics, Latin and Greek, which, although useless in themselves, were carried for the sake of the mental discipline they were alleged to yield. Practical needs, however, displaced them in favor of subjects useful in themselves. These latter then were later taught in a manner different enough to concentrate effort, and to save waste. The results were such as to demonstrate that the prime object of education was not to store the mind with material of any kind, however useful it might be, but to develop a character unmistakably refined and socialized. Later still, this mental training was made the chief curriculum; and all facts necessary to a useful social and efficient individual life were used as examples and illustrations of the basic processes of intellection. This was what probably was in the mind of Locke and Rousseau, and which they

did not succeed in expressing. It was the dawn of a new educational day, as the results were marvelous.

Nevertheless, every one was kind to me, and every possible allowance or exception was made in my favor. Pure mental studies, of course, were absent from the matrimonial school's curriculum. The chief emphasis was laid on the social points in which I was strongest, so that I held my own pretty well. An exception, physical and mental, I was of course considered, and therefore no attempt of any kind was made to "turn the screws" on me.

Compensations, besides, there were. The more thoughtful students were ever ready to hear my opinions or criticisms of any disputed point; and my difficulty lay not so much in making friends, as in most carefully winnowing my acquaintances. My bride was, besides, a most sympathetic guide, and my wits were sharpened to the utmost by a realization that I had so much at stake.

My physical health was fair, and weekly examinations by the ward experts kept me from indulging in any over-strain or excess. I was excused from the usual military athletic exercises demanded by the state as a very slight recognition of the gift of a free education. Moreover, Lilac and I weekly made week-end excursions in the western country, avoiding the mountains, except in a carriage.

Thus this six months' period became a most delightful experience, and one of the serenest times in my whole existence, early or late. It was in fact a glorified courting period, legitimized, educationalized, and spiritualized. This was really one of the shames of the ancient world, that the period which in any man's or woman's life should have been the happiest and most respected, had generally been one of ridicule, difficulties, or even dissimulation.

That this period, essential as it was to any happy or

worthy marriage, had not been legitimized, was the cause that most unions were either unhappy or unworthy. Chance or contiguity were the most important factors, anywhere; in France, India, or China, the cause was mostly business; in Spain, physical attractiveness, among the rich, social advancement, and in the religious world, despair, euphemized as resignation. That there were so many unhappy marriages was not the real wonder, but that there were so few.

That there were any happy marriages at all was a tribute to the almost incredible adaptivity of human nature, and to despair. In my day some Chicago and Western churches had established "courting parlors," but the war ended all that; and really this feature had been no more than a miserable notoriety fake. But the need was so urgent that sometimes Western cowboys or Canadian miners would write to Eastern newspapers or mayors of towns, asking them to supply a wife. So desperate was the need of opportunities of becoming acquainted that in spite of every available influence there arose matrimonial sheets and agencies. When the legitimate human needs are branded as not respectable, respectability can survive only by ostrich-like purposive self-delusion. Where despotism in Europe compelled unions, they were not only brutal, but compatible with morganatic alliances. Except for one American president, to his honor be it said, who, in spite of ridicule, cared enough for individuals, nation, or race, to speak openly of such matters, there was, in public, nobody who would even moot such a problem, though it was of fundamental importance. On the contrary, all the laws penalized the unselfish who saved the race by propagation. True, many marriages were, by chance, contracted between individuals whose education had been similar; but there had been no organized attempt to educationalize marriage.

Yet the least reflection should have made it plain that if in every department of life efficiency is increased by education, this must also be true in the department of matrimony. People who are to be married should be educated for it; and those who in marriage are unhappy should educationalize their difficulties, even though we may grant that some of them may always remain insoluble. Education could also aid in the selection of who should, or should not marry. It was not so very long ago that there remained people and churches, such as the "Hard-shell Baptists," who insisted on the right to ignorance; but nevertheless, compulsory education won its way, and was enforced by the state of the most enlightened countries. So there are still not only people who claim the right to "single blessedness," but even some of the largest of the religious organizations, like the Buddhists and Romanists, who insist on it for their monks, nuns, and priests. But the worst was that it was these very most refined and religious people whose offspring the state could least afford to miss. Above all other people these, therefore, had to be conscripted, and experience in the modern state has demonstrated that there is no difficulty in this when marriage is made compulsory, universal, reasonably happy, respectable, and possible for all.

This was the reason why my attendance at the matrimonial school was not considered ridiculous. Here bachelorhood was considered either a misfortune, a confession of impotence or insanity, or an evasion of the laws; while attendance at such a school was not only a matter of duty, but a very real privilege. I was therefore considered in the light of making up an inevitable handicap; so that this course of mine was approved, and earned me universal good-will.

While many of those who attended the school had already tentatively made their choice of a partner, the

majority were still in a receptive condition; and besides, before the end many of the semi-engaged ones changed their minds. This was much approved, being one of the chief objects of the course, to rationalize the selective process. In any event, however, no one was graduated, or given the right to vote at any election, or to be inducted into any salaried position, who had not formed a suitable permanent union.

Although in my case, through the religious ceremony, there was no change probable or possible, this was neither known nor recognized publicly. I was, therefore, just as my bride, compelled, during the "selective course," to contract two other preliminary tentative engagements, so as to get us the experience necessary to efficient selection. This was my most trying period; I begrudged my tentative partner every moment; I was hardly courteous. I had to go through the prescribed number of moon-light walks, day excursions, dances, parties, and trips to museums, shops, and so forth. I fear I simplified the question of choice for my partners, by leaving them but little doubt that I was not romantic enough; but no doubt I aided their appreciation of their next cavalier. I, too, gained; for as soon as they realized that I was out of the question, they treated me to douches of good advice and unvarnished appreciations, holding up to me the mirror of modern opinion about myself. Better than ever did I realize how much I owed to Lilac's generosity, although in answer to their remarks that they could not imagine what Lilac could see in me, I could have said something about our sharing religious enthusiasms which to them were incomprehensible. Besides I really took advantage of their criticisms, realizing better modern etiquette, and how thereby to make Lilac happier in the future. I received such a lesson from these fair teachers, — the best teachers of men, in the world, for they are attractive enough to

make every word carry and stick like an arrow, or insinuate a poisoned barb under the skin where it will do the most good, — that I realized that the cultural value of the flirting school of my early days had also infinitely increased. Besides, this intimate social acquaintance was a splendid introduction to modern social activities and a warning of the dangers of the marriage really wanted.

I might add that there were no unnecessary limitations. Students who were not suited in one local school had the privilege, nay encouragement, to visit similar schools in other localities. In this they were guided by experts who had full information as to unmated eligibles elsewhere, their real nature, and private history since infancy, so that there was no opportunity for pretense, secrecy or deceit. As all persons received equivalent pay, the only factor in selection was, as indeed it should have been, the personal characteristic and equation. Those who were hard to suit, delayed their life-work to that extent; and beyond a certain limit the advice of experts, at first optional, later became compulsory. As these latter compulsory unions were dreaded, the matrimonial students did not dally unnecessarily. At the same time, it might be thought that these compulsory unions would have been childless. Far from it, because the family income increased with the number of children; so that the compulsory partners — who had indeed been mated by experts, — very soon agreed to compromise, and in almost all cases found happiness, — as happened frequently in the French business partnership.

The length of the course was good also in that it prevented haste in selection of partners, or "love at first sight," which, when carefully considered, is seen to be a most preposterous proposition. What has appearance to do with love? For there are many human beings who do not have the gift of outwardly showing

their best sides, and the most superficial are those who make the best appearance. Studious systematic consideration, backed by full private information, is therefore necessary to happiness in the greatest number of cases. Such a scientific selection of partners is also necessary to eradicate those hideous conditions which in the old world frequently eventuated in murder or suicide, on post-facto discovery of evil habits, secret diseases, or unconvictable crimes. Then the church would demand life-long sacrifice from the innocent party! What a monstrous perversion!

The curriculum of the matrimonial school was very broad; and to my amusement the same for both sexes, on the assumption that in emergencies each could replace the other, and the understanding of each other's specialty would lead to more sympathetic allowances and understandings. So there was sewing, cooking, laundering, hygiene, medication, — chiefly preventive, — and other similar studies. On the mental plane, there was character-study, theoretical and practical; a review of literature and poetry, to supply common ideals, and facile emotional expression. Here love-poetry was reduced to the level of class-room exercise, and each candidate had to write several love-poems to each of the tentatively engaged partners. This was done on the grounds that two persons could not permanently live happily together without keeping up mutual affection by occasional friendly appreciations, which should not be all on one side, either. There were music, drawing, kodak and hiking courses, so that the young people might unite in the simpler pleasures; and this extended to common nature study. Chief of all there was social dancing.

It was also felt that the partners should share spiritual ideals. This was effected first by talks, and then by together taking part in religious dramas, which inculcated the elementary practices of home difficulties.

The chief of these uniting dramas were the "Modernized Mysteries," which condensed and adapted the best of the ancient religions and mysteries in a form suitable to modern minds and hearts. The idea was that two matrimonial candidates should be trained similarly not only in physical problems, which they would have to meet together, but in the spiritual situations they would have to face in partnership. The possibility of failure was emphasized by the male candidate Mystus in the sixth degree failing, and being replaced by a last year's failure, Camillus. Of course the same candidate took both parts, but he was made to realize that in spiritual unfoldment the old self does fail, and is left behind. These mysteries also suggested that marriage is a series of progressive initiations, and that only the sacrificial attitude can weld two hearts together. Besides, each of these twelve taught knowledge of one of the twelve classes of character, and showed how each could adapt itself to every other, while laying the foundation of prayer and other necessary practices of household religion. At first I was surprised by the conception of marriage as a mystery; but soon I realized that it was something unspeakable, a problem too deep for solution by men alone, without divinity. Of course the church used to consider it a sacrament, or means of grace; and that marriage had always been used as a symbol of the unifying of the soul with her divinity. The Mormons had frankly called it a mystery, to be celebrated secretly in their temple; and only on such a sacred conception could it ever be anything but a profanation of the human soul.

In the matrimonial school the most interesting features were the corrective classes. While they were open to any person who was conscious of any particular defect of character, they were chiefly intended for those whose home conditions had begun to drift on the rocks. Divorce was considered a method as crude as

killing off the sick would have been, after having left them to struggle along without any medical attention, as was done in medieval times. Since divorce evidently arose from a lack of common interests, common sense indicated supplying new common interests strong enough to insure happiness in partnership. So the courts condemned the unhappy to a matrimonial hospital, where suitable courses taken in common under expert unifying supervision usually effected a sufficient community of interests to reintroduce sympathy and affection. Superficially minded couples were even sometimes condemned to child-birth. However, in case of disease, crime or insanity, if the children were provided for, the union might ultimately be dissolved. A divorced person, however, was not turned loose upon the community. Such a one was considered an invalid, and by the authorities was disposed of for the best interests of the state, not according to his own fancy. Thus the prospect of divorce, being probably an involuntary union, was not alluring enough to encourage breaking up of an existing alliance that was at all possible.

Our day of graduation finally arrived. Before the whole interested ward-meeting we renewed our vows, the matrimonial experts having interposed no objection to our union, in view of the peculiar circumstances of our case; or I am firmly convinced that so blooming a maiden as Lilac would not have been permitted to waste herself on so old a stick as I. However, I later tried to make her as happy as I could; at any rate, I was the happiest man in the world, and she at least had the happiness of being appreciated and reverenced. We continued to live at Lilac's home, and there prepared ourselves for the holier and more intimate relation of parenthood. There was not a cloud on my sky.

CHAPTER XVIII

LEGAL ADMINISTRATION

The Greeks used to say that the gods envied the happiness of mortals; however that be, in this world things do seem to go by contraries. No sooner was I comfortably settled, trying to apply in my daily life the exalted spiritual vision of the Modernized Mysteries, when I was compelled to realize that the very foundations of my physical life were at stake.

My restoration to consciousness had occurred on September 30, 2025. The following autumn had been spent in the Sierras, recuperating, the winter in learning to know the modern civilization, the spring and summer in the matrimonial school. September had brought to me a new lease of life in my married existence; so that I now had been one full year in my new surroundings. I was so happy that I never dreamed that my possession was merely a leasehold, from which I was to be ejected by fate.

Unexpectedly I felt attacks of weakness, which grew more and more frequent, until I passed into general debility. All sorts of tonics were tried on me by physicians whose anxiety I assumed to be founded on a laudable scientific zeal to win out against an obscure condition. They continued to express hope, and to devise new remedies until they noticed the initiatory symptoms of arterial degeneration; then they declared

their inability to cope with the situation, and announced to me and Lilac's family that the only hope of my survival lay in something more radical than they knew how to apply. Though this was an acknowledgement of their defeat, they themselves advised the calling into consultation of Dr. Policiver, who had originally awakened me from my century-long lethargy, and who might, in the present urgency, again have some effective remedy to suggest or apply. At first this course was put aside resolutely; but as it became evident that nothing else was likely to prove of any avail, the problem soon resolved itself into the alternative of either calling him, or letting me perish.

Everybody's antipathy to Dr. Policiver, and the gradual realization that he was my last resort, brought back into my mind what Orchid had confided to me about her brother, and to which indeed I had neither paid strict attention, nor retained in my mind. At first my situation was so confused that I might find some difficulty in describing it clearly. It began to dawn on me why Lilac's parents had accepted my precipitate union with her so gladly; indeed, had I not been blinded by inevitable personal equations, — I will not say, by conceit, — I should at once have understood that there lay some ulterior purpose under willingness to let so charming a being as Lilac become engaged to so undesirable a person as I. I saw that they had really promoted the union, by asking her to become my companion and guide. So long as I remained with them, I was not likely to claim, or take away from the now immense fortune bequeathed to me by Mrs. Parker. Marriage to her, of course, would keep it in their hands permanently. Orchid's warnings proved true; only neither she nor I had foreseen that I would be decoyed by a genuine affection for a worthy lady. For a moment I felt faint at the suspicion that Lilac herself was in the plot; but I absolved her from this mercen-

ariness not only because I loved her, or because she herself did not profit by the money, but because of her genuine hesitation at the time when she announced our religious marriage to her parents. Evidently she, too, had been used as a tool; nor, considering the transparency of her character, could anything else have been possible. Even now she had neither been told, nor even suspected the full truth; for she insisted that if my life was at stake, and could profit by a consultation with Dr. Policiver, she would insist on his being called, even if this should portend danger to her father.

As to my own feelings, I also was averse to any renewal of relations with the Liberian discoverer. To begin with, Orchid herself had warned me against him personally, and had revealed to me that though he had saved me, it had been only for motives no less mercenary than those of the authorities against whom he had warned me. Between these two parties, there was this difference, that while he personally was a dangerous character, the latter were of good standing in the community, and personally more eligible, in case I was driven to make a choice between them. In either case I would lose the money, which was an immaterial consideration, as I was never disposed to mercenariness.

Then in choosing allegiance I had to consider the two women, Orchid and Lilac. Lilac was innocent; Orchid confessedly an accomplice. Lilac was my wife, while Orchid, however genuinely friendly, had warned me our friendship might be marred. Lilac had given herself to me with all the rapture of passionate self-surrender, and was watching over me with all the solicitude of a guardian angel, while Orchid had already faded into the archives of memory. While during the first days of our separation I had been continually looking for her, I had gradually given her up; and since my marriage I felt a certain apprehension at meeting her under the changed circumstances.

None of us, therefore, had any desire to resume relations with Dr. Policiver. Least of all, the museum director who was under no delusion as to the price that would be exacted for restoring me to life, if that were still possible. The museum stood in the way of losing everything by my death; while by my recovery, through Lilac, now my wife, they might hope to keep it in their hands. When the alternative was definitely presented before them, they had no choice, but to yield; and, bitterest of all, to make every conceivable effort to locate their enemy who a year ago had effaced himself out of the situation so willingly only because he had so clearly anticipated this very contingency.

It was therefore not before I was ready to expire that the triumphant expert arrived by my bed-side; but even so he first made his terms. He agreed to do his best to restore me only on condition that I should be handed over to him, and that he should be allowed to throw the whole matter of the succession, including the will, which had remained in the museum safe, into the courts. As this seemed my only chance of survival, Lilac agreed to our separation, which we hoped would be only temporary; for as soon as I should have recovered nothing could have kept me from her side, even if my name was being used legally to oppose her father; and indeed she planned to come to me as soon as Dr. Policiver should permit. She was sobbing in her sorrow.

I was put into a carriage, in which I found Orchid; but I was too far gone to be able to object to her nursing. I was in somnolent stupor, only half responsible, and somehow the present experience telescoped into the memory of the former one when I was abducted from the museum to the foot-hills of the Sierras. This time, however, I was taken south, to Summerland, on the Santa Barbara coast; and there in a small cabin, in the forests, so far from any other house that

I could not have communicated with any one else, had I so desired, I was stretched out on a couch, and soon operated on. Another transfusion of blood was made, and it was once more Orchid who devoted herself for my reanimation.

Gradually I recovered, and with returning vigor I pleaded all the more determinedly for Lilac to be allowed to come to my bed-side. Orchid's procrastination of the question finally irritated me, and it was only then that was broken to me my tragic misfortune. Lilac had overheard the quarrel between her father and Dr. Policiver, and had at last understood that she had been used as a bait, a decoy, a tool. She refused to stay at her home, and in despair at the loss of all she had loved, she had sickened, and was interned in a sanitarium. So I had to resign myself to wait on Providence.

Really, I seemed to be the one of the party who least cared what became of me. I was most efficiently nursed during my stay in bed; then I was compelled to walk on the sea-shore, and to take regular exercise; Dr. Policiver administered massage, and treated me in a very business-like way. In spite of my despondency I felt my body reinvigorated, and I despised myself for enjoying the thrill of the returning vital tides.

Orchid, I must admit, behaved splendidly. Twice, at the risk of her own, she had saved my life, and had nursed me through the maudlin stages of return to consciousness. Yet she never presumed on what might well have given her over me a right of life and death. She shared all my walks, and responded to all my moods. With utmost propriety and good judgment she refrained from manifesting any undue affection, relieving me from any feeling of unfaithfulness to my wife. As to Orchid, for her my feelings were confused, being a mixture of gratitude, pity, admiration, and dependence; gratitude for having twice saved my life;

pity, because she seemed in his power, fearing and suspecting him; admiration, for her evident sincerity in all trying situations, so bravely trying to be loyal to friends whose interests clashed; dependence, because she was my only touch with the outside world, with whom therefore I could not afford to quarrel.

Then on Hallowe'en came news of tragedy. Lilac had died. We received a letter penned by her on her death-bed in which she bade me good-bye. I am glad I received it, or I would have reproached myself to my dying day. I would have felt that I had ruined her gentle existence. She insisted that she was glad that she had known me, for her own sake; and that the happiness of that year had been a sufficient crown of satisfaction. Also, that if I had had any happiness, she was glad of it, as a sort of compensation for her father's designs on my fortune and myself. She was ready to pass on, but she would be waiting for me beyond. It certainly seemed as if Providence was determined to snatch me from every support to which my hand had ever reached. First, my wife and children in the long ago; then Orchid, now Lilac.

Orchid was indeed left, but separated from me by a deeper and holier memory, and her subordination to her brother, whom she feared. Tactful and sympathetic as she was, she could never to me become what Lilac had been. Yet after I had wondered at the ways of Providence with me, I marvelled at its ways with her. Here was a charming, able woman, condemned apparently to live under the shadow of an enemy, held away from me by barriers all the greater for being unseen, and yet having to a stranger lavished not only irksome nursing, but what in these latter days could have in no other way, or from anybody else been secured, her own life-blood. Such situations could be imagined and brought about only by a divine humorist. That is why truth is stranger than fiction.

Many of these reflections swept over us both as, in her company, I sought consolation by the lonely sea-shore. After our personal problems were more clearly defined, we began to talk of my law-suit, and the working of the legal machinery of modern times.

As to my law-suit, I was no more than a spectator, and I could not muster up any genuine interest in the fact that relying on the authorization given him at the Sierra retreat, Dr. Policiver had instituted suit against the museum for Mrs. Parker's inheritance, of which my authorization had during my sickness made him a claimant. But what intrigued me was why this matter should in these modern days of enlightenment create such a stir; in my days inheritance suits were rather of a bore.

The point was that during my century-long sleep the whole problem of labor and capital had changed, leaving this inheritance the only large, nay, immense aggregation of capital in private hands. So long as a semi-public corporation had administered it, it had become forgotten; but now, through my claim, it threatened to pass into private — and in this case suspected and dangerous Policiverian, — hands. If he succeeded, it would make him the influence most dangerous to world-wide democracy known in modern times. He might even try to found an empire; and if he remained private, he could influence public opinion and retard progress indefinitely. If on the contrary Lilac's father got it into his own hands, he, possessing more influence, might become even more dangerous. Here I interrupted Orchid, telling her I still could not apprehend any danger from private control of capital; in my day it had existed without creating any excessive discomfort.

She answered that even if private control of capital was not in itself so dangerous, it would, however, injure the present establishment of state capital.

Besides, political economists had decided that capital alone could not be permitted to remain an exception to the otherwise universal nationalization of industries. The process which, for instance, had united all subordinate oil interests into the nation-wide Standard Oil private corporation could not logically be stopped short of nationalization. When the New Jersey traction, electric light and power companies had united, they had the effrontery to call themselves the "Public Service" corporation. This, however, let the cat out of the bag, for it compelled even the unwilling to see that public service should not be run for the profit of financial scoundrels who had made paper fortunes and taxed the public to pay interest on watered stocks. This intelligent emphasis of the true state of affairs was, however, rare, and the Brooklyn traction interests, for example, found it to their advantage to camouflage the monopoly by splitting up again into the component companies, though running them as a single system; this gave them specious reasons for refusing transfers, purposely making bad connections, and running bad cars. The American public was so prosperous as good-naturedly to wink at all such iniquities, and the logical nationalization might have been delayed a century, if not permanently, had it not been for the war.

An example of such a nationalization had been familiar to all in the biblical account of what happened in Egypt, at the time of Joseph. There the moving cause had been seven years of famine. Here it was the world-war which effected nationalization as follows. The war-debts had risen to such stupendous sums as to be unrealizable, and entirely unredeemable. Though Germany lost, she was not able to pay an indemnity to any country, for her own debt was such as to have ruined her entirely, and permanently. The only thing to do was repudiation. In an autocracy, of course,

this meant a revolution, and the establishment of a republic, which possessed all a republic's weakness and poor financial management. Her population left to avoid the crushing taxes, and the few that remained became employes of the state, which had to capitalize all industries. The allies, though victorious, were left with debts so staggering that the only resources left were interest on the state loans. In a democracy, of course, a further democratic revolution was impossible. There remained nothing to do but to equalize resources, to conscript the wealth of the war's profiteers, and to distribute all working salaries and conditions in an equal manner.

"But did not labor interpose, and strike?" interrupted I, mindful of the short-sightedness of labor, English as well as American.

"Labor disputes," answered she, "which in your individualistic days had been tolerated because they were supposed to be directed against individual capitalists whose woes were joy to the public, under the new conditions, where the only employer was the state, were revealed in their true colors of the black flag of piracy, black-mail and treason. During the war there was already a "work or fight" provision, and the "Industrial Workers of the World" which before the war were considered queer, during it became traitors. When during the war the workers agitated for government ownership of railroads, they did indeed receive a higher wage, yet they lost the right to strike."

"But surely," objected I, "labor claims for a living wage were not considered treasonable?" My instructor showed signs of impatience. "Of course not, but if they are nothing more than efforts for a living wage they are useless, inasmuch as the unit of financial circulation is exactly one day's necessaries of life, and the state guarantees that. Where, however, it was

more than that, labor disputes were no more than socialized cut-throat threats against the body politic, presuming upon the social need for some particular kind of labor. These were revealed as offenses against the nation, and as such were properly resented, condemned, and terminated. They were, in another field, continuations of the German principle of brutality, and as such were gradually made disreputable."

"How were they stopped?"

"Through the influence of patriotism, whose religion inspired all workers to work for concord, instead of for class advantage. Moreover, jealousy stopped when universal equality of wage was introduced, middle-men eliminated and consequently working hours of productive labor shortened."

"How was this equalization brought about?"

"By the influence of the courts, which were gradually extended, and merged into legislative committees. Did the people of your times not feel that your court system was very wrong?"

"We did; but what could we do? The constitution of the United States had been planned by aristocrats who disguised themselves as democrats. In any case, changes were almost impossible. The Supreme Court of the United States, packed by partisan presidents, had during a century reversed itself on many of the most important questions; it had defended slavery in the Dred Scott case. Substantial justice was the conception furthest from the legal mind; what could you expect in a system where a lawyer was paid according to his success for or against a client? The non-partisanship of the District Attorney's Office had to be extended over the whole legal profession, and the situation was not remedied until all lawyers were paid not by their client, but by the state. Now they had no more private grudges to serve, and their only interest lay in promoting the state's general welfare, and sub-

stantial justice for all. In my day a trial was no more than a game to be played out according to special rules, like a game of chess. Exclusion of material evidence was considered chief proof of a lawyer's ingenuity, and winning on technicalities the smartest amusement. The general result was instead of substantial justice, organized wrong. Law-suits were too expensive for any but the rich, and inventions were exploited by pirates, while the real inventors died in poverty. The Standard Oil iniquity prospered no less for having been exposed by Ida Tarbell. Frenzied finance amused, rather than shocked the public. Politicians trafficked in public utilities as personal perquisites till American municipal government was a byword; the interests of the public were undefended, for cheating the state was a universal delusion. Efforts to amend conditions were called 'muck-raking.' The first of all was that all these inequalities were perpetuated by perfectly well-meaning people, so that it was impossible to arouse any efficient public sentiment against them."

After diverting Orchid with an account of our monstrous judicial system, I naturally asked her how her modern times had solved these serious problems.

The chief reform was at the head of the judicial system. The judges had no longer anything to fear or hope from anybody. Political bosses could not favor them for a renomination, for the reason that the place carried no salary, and there was no money in circulation with which to bribe. The position was accepted as an honor, and a judge could be recalled at any weekly ward-meeting; so that even if he had been bribed, he could not have carried out the wrong decision. Personal ambition was out of the question, as only superannuated retired sages were eligible; and those who did serve did so as proof of religious self-sacrifice. It took a great deal of public spirit for any

one to remain a judge, and none of them was more pleased than when recalled to private life. In modern days the lingering fear of trusting the people was gone, and it was found that in the long run they did much less harm than good, in the exercise of the recall. To avoid hasty action or local prejudice, all cases could be without expense appealed to the next higher court, from ward to city, to county, to state, to nation, to continent, and to world.

In the second place, the object of court proceedings was substantial justice, and not technicalities. While a technical court routine existed this was never allowed to become a fetish, and to hinder the higher justice. Trifles were brushed aside. In my day I have known serious decisions of a supreme court upset because some obscure newspaper, which no one read, had failed to insert a notice of the sitting of that term of court. I had known guilty men freed simply because of some technical limitation in the indictment. Nowadays no genuine relevant evidence would be excluded, and if a case was brought on some part of a great problem, the merits of the whole controversy would be settled. It was not safe for any one who had anything to hide to appeal to any court. In my days extortioners could recover in courts, but nowadays the extortion would have been reduced. Knowledge that cases would not be limited to special technical points kept off practically all unrighteous prosecutions — as in a case I knew of where the inventor of a duplicating process was legally hounded to death by the people who had stolen his patents. Strike suits were rendered impossible by refusal to dismiss any cases till fully ventilated. As all cases were conducted at the cost of the state, without any expense to the parties involved, the state had the right to refuse consideration to any but the most meritorious. Besides, as the state had monopolized all opportunities of "making money," people spent

their energies not so much in cheating each other, as in achieving excellence, with a view to a higher salary grade; and one of the requirements of this was peaceableness, and refusal to hold controversies. These therefore were limited to the inevitable. The abolition of private capital had removed the cause of more than half the legal actions. For example, when during the world-war the government took over all the railroads the numerous suits between the railroad companies dropped automatically. Money was the very reason of my own law-suit, as it was the last surviving aggregation of private capital.

The proverbial delays of the court had also disappeared, for it had been psychologically established that the corrective value of a punishment disappears in direct ratio to the delay in its administration. Sometimes trifling ramifications were purposely omitted, so as to render substantial justice within the psychologically punitive period. In my days frequently a man's claims were adjudicated only after his death; much good the vindication did him! Postponements were no longer a recognized means of defeating the ends of justice. This energy in the administration of the law could never have been effected by any balancing of statutes; it depended entirely on active public spirit, inspired and kept alive by the religion of democracy.

Insanity excuses were no longer advanced. Why? Because such an excuse meant life-long surveillance by the municipal authorities. In my day it was accepted as an excuse, but the alleged "demented person" was allowed to go free. This life-long incarceration in a hospital factory proved a far more efficient deterrent from crime than a fine, which meant practically nothing to a rich man, or to one with friends, while imprisonment was reserved to the indigent. Even in this case it was a farce, for by good conduct commutation of life-sentence might let a man out in a very short

time; and, as a matter of fact, such sentences proved no deterrent to crime, and produced repeatedly old offenders. Nowadays criminals were considered material proper for psychological clinics, and none could ever hope to escape to any part of the globe, however distant, because of the universal world union. When I told Orchid how in my days bank cashiers need do nothing but take a comfortable Pullman berth to cross the Canadian frontier she was horrified at our immorality, and emphasized for me the insanity of individualism. While therefore criminals could not escape anywhere, nevertheless efforts to turn over a new leaf elsewhere were most zealously promoted.

Among judicial methods of my day that had now disappeared was the jury trial, whose miscarriages of justice were so frequent and grotesque that they furnished the plot of numerous magazine stories and summer novels.

In my day the chief qualification for a juror was that he must be an ignoramus; and indeed, the majority were. Frequently expensive trials had to be repeated over and over because some one juror got sick, or some one who was obstinate or worse hindered unanimity. When they did work according to their conscience they would be scolded like school-boys by the judge. The theory was beautiful, and as such it had survived; but jury trials were optional, at the discretion of the judges. Unanimity was no longer required, and their decisions had only advisory force. In this way all its good points were retained, without ever being allowed to interfere with substantial justice.

Nothing worth while had been eliminated. They had retained habeas corpus proceedings, and every safeguard for the presumption of innocence, and the defense of the individual. Moreover, the many social organizations of my day had become semi-legalized, so that in any miscarriage of justice public-spirited citi-

zens would at once have a recognized voice in the readjudication of the case.

Orchid and I had so much to give each other, she in modern improvements, and I in the practices of the Greeks and Romans, that we developed in the matter a genuine interest, which consists, as is well known, of "seeing the new in the old, and the old in the new." What inspired us most, however, was when we raised the discussion of these earthly conditions into that of the kingdom of heaven, whose basic principles must ever remain the human normative ideals. I even gave Orchid an account of such books as St. Augustine's City of God, and Mulford's Republic of God. In this both of us acknowledged that the ideal must ever hover above and inspire and guide the real, so that any institution whatever, however perfect it may be, would be deprived of its best possibilities if it were considered perfect or final. Such a conception could exist only in a dead state, or this would preclude any growth of young people, or development among various nations and races of the earth, not to mention discoveries, or cataclysms of nature. We realized that no codification of laws, like that of Manu, Lycurgus, Justinian, or Napoleon can be of more than temporary significance; and that the crystallization of a law automatically makes it obsolete, if the state is still to grow.

EPISODE THIRD

SOUTH AMERICA OF THE FUTURE

CHAPTER XIX

FLIGHT

It was about the fifth of November when we received the news of the decision of my law-suit. Instead of a victory for either party, the court terminated the affair in the interest of democratic civilization, by confiscating this last accumulation of private capital, with a lecture to both parties, emphasizing that the old proverb about "money being the root of all evil" had in this matter been once more justified by the bitterness aroused by this difference between both parties, who had revealed themselves most unworthily. As I was not mercenary, and would myself probably not have profited thereby, I was the least concerned by this unfavorable outcome. As to the museum authorities, I cared nothing, especially since Lilac's death, which broke all personal ties between us. I was soon enlightened as to how much gratitude they, not to mention Dr. Policiver, deserved.

That very evening, as Orchid and I were sitting in the gloaming, looking over the ocean, the latter came out of his room in a very business-like way. With a sneering expression, and in crisp sentences, he announced that he and Orchid were leaving in the morning.

The latter uttered a cry of dismay; but at once she repressed it and grew pale. Her suffering stirred me, to the fury of a lamb. At least I turned on him and demanded knowledge of what power he held over her. Why could she not stay with me, even if he desired to abandon me?

"Because she is my wife!" stabbed he brutally. "Do you suppose that I have been caring for you because of any talents or charms of yours? Ever since my childhood I have seen you sleeping like a log in the museum, knowing that you had deprived me of the inheritance that was mine by right; for I am the eldest descendant of Mrs. Parker."

"Cease! Be still!" in vain pleaded Orchid, blushing furiously. "If you go on, I must leave; I cannot stand it!"

"Do not stand it!" growled he. "I am tired of having my wife acting as servant to a museum freak."

"Your wife?" blazed I. "I thought she was your sister!"

"We wanted you to think so!" laughed he; "and you did!"

Then I understood why Orchid had been in his power; why she could not face me during the revelation; and on reflection, why he had wanted her to do so! They had also wanted to hold me by my affections, and it was surely not his fault if she had succeeded. Now that my money was gone, and there was nothing more to lose, he did not hesitate to make the revelation; in fact, he insisted on doing so, to free his wife from my influence. As I was of no further account, they would leave me to my fate. — But what was that fate to be?

With a sniff of scorn, Dr. Policiver turned to leave me. I begged him to stay a moment to give me some advice. He sat down with a bored expression. It seems that I was to receive from the state an ample pension

for the rest of my life, which they did not expect to last very long. I might find out from the chief administrator of the town, whom it would be well for me to consult at once. I asked Dr. Policiver what he knew of the intentions of the museum authorities towards me; I knew I had not much to expect from them, for they had been entirely mercenary; and Lilac's death must have embittered them, besides. As Dr. Policiver was very inimical to them, he might, out of spite, warn me against them.

He did. He explained that as they had nothing more to gain from me alive, they might try to do so from me dead; especially as they already possessed all the documents and mementos of my living self, or to use my body for scientific experiment, before or after my demise. It seems that some such proposal had already been suggested by some curious person, in a local ward-meeting. "A pleasant prospect!" sneered my tormentor, as he turned to leave.

"One moment more, for the love of heaven!" pleaded I.

"Well, what is it?" fairly snarled he.

With a prayer for divine assistance, I pled, "Have mercy on Orchid. Twice she saved my life by offering her own life-blood, and I cannot do anything to show my gratitude . . ."

He thundered. "Do not worry. She does not care for you any more than I. You are the most gullible individual I ever met! You were conceited enough to think the museum cared for you personally, and now you think Orchid saved you for yourself. She saved you because I made her serve my financial prospects; and that is all."

"But you say she is your wife!"

"What do I care? The sooner I am rid of her, the sooner I can get another, and one that will serve me more loyally. I wish you luck!"

With such a monster there was nothing to do. He had gone anyway. But what about poor Orchid? I had to leave her in God's hands.

As to myself, I had never been entirely alone in the new age. Ever some gracious woman had stood between me and the stern realities of the world, modern and humanitarian though they were. Now I must not only shift for myself, but I must evade plots of influential enemies. This was real loneliness, such as that of a dinosaur waking up in an age of Browning societies, or of a cave man meeting with an aeroplane; and yet how long I had boasted of being a light-bringer of the "nineteenth century and after!" However, I felt assured of my sanity, because I bore with me two gracious memories: Orchid, the eternal passionate feminine, and Lilac, the angel. Still neither of them could I ever again meet; I must do them credit by finding my way successfully; I must demonstrate that I belonged to this age by coping with all its dangers.

Orchid I did not see next morning, — was she ashamed of the vile uses to which she had been put, of the contempt in which her tormentor held her, or was she forbidden? However, I afterwards found a note under my pillow, and I read it through a mist of tears and with palpitation of the heart. Evidently tragedy still haunted humanity.

"Friend, think of me as well as you can. Remember my good deeds, and forget the evil, if any; although it is rather myself who would forget them. My duties have been my lodestars; and when they have conflicted, it was I who paid the bills. That they clashed, was my fate. You may forgive me for any apparent disloyalty, remembering how much I am to be pitied, and that the shame that keeps me from you is the feeling that should most recommend me to you. What pains me is that I twice risked my life for you, at the behest of one who scorned me enough to expose me to it for his own base purposes. But I beg you will believe that I would not have done it, except out of sympathetic kindliness for you; otherwise I would not have done, what in modern times you could not have got anyone else to do. Though I began to profit by you, never-

theless out of pity I continued to save you. If I continue under the power of the husband who scorns me, it is not that I fear him, but because though he does not know it, he needs me; and this is my mission, my cross, my opportunity. The memories of the pleasant hours we have spent together are inalienable, and no doubt helped both. I recommend you to the mercy of the God whose minister you are. In prayer at least we may meet; and in time perhaps we may see each other again. Which of us most needs prayer, I do not know. Happy are those whose careers are single, whose head and heart are not divided, who are not torn between higher and lower duties. You are fortunate, for you have but one: that is, to survive. By undivided prayer, therefore, you should succeed. That is my wish for you! — Orchid."

When I had done reading, I revered her; such power has self-sacrifice. Why should I fault her for not solving an insoluble situation? Hers was one of those puzzle-destinies that must be worked out by rule of thumb, by doing the next daily duty, praying for the daily guidance, leaving the future to God. Perhaps, indeed, that is also the case with the world's incredibly confused and complicated issues, and the reason why God does not seem to be able to settle questions as rapidly and as clearly as we would like.

At any rate, she had given me the golden key to my situation, prayer. She had also pointed out to me my duty, to survive.

The latter I recognized to be one, because it did not harmonize with my inclinations. Only the most unthinking tigers and rattle-snakes really insist on surviving; an unselfish disposition is the most ready to resign its existence. Our life must be something infinitely more precious than we can understand, for God's most salient characteristic is that of being the comforter. Elijah on Horeb had no desire to live, but was by the Inner Voice compelled to continue promoting God's kingdom. So I also must go on surviving, not for myself, but for ends beyond my ken; and if I lived for those purposes, it was only fair to assume that I would be supported by the Unseen Powers

behind those purposes? That is why faith is founded on unselfishness; and that yields peace, even in the lion's den.

If survival was my duty, the means to it was prayer; the result was guidance in the feet, if not in the head. Clear vision is not always necessary, and perhaps not always possible; for our destiny may depend on other people's yet future feelings, intellections, and decisions. But to the next step's guidance we have a right.

After the carriage of my late protectors had disappeared, I roused myself to take this next step. I went to seek the director of my ward-meeting, in the next town, and I laid my case before him. He communicated with San Francisco, and found that by the court I had been granted a handsome life-pension. On the first day of each month (which, for astronomical reasons, corresponded with our ancient twenty-second), I would receive a credit booklet made up of coupons representing a sum which I could spend in any way I preferred. My allowance was double the usual amount, as was done for the sick, who might need special care. To avoid malingering in most cases, this entailed weekly medical observation; to which indeed I did not object, as it was to my direct advantage.

After purchasing provisions I returned home, as I called the now empty cabin, and which I was permitted to continue inhabiting at least until the end of the month under the lease granted to the Policivers, who had abandoned it. There, for several days, I faced my situation as completely as I could. I decided that I must leave North America at once, before the museum party could lay hold of me, and have me interned anywhere. Lilac was gone, and Orchid was beyond my reach, even if I had remained in her proximity. Indeed I might only be complicating her sufficiently troubled life.

One year of existence, at least, remained at my dis-

posal, in which to form new relations. These would be much more easily made in new surroundings, where my pitiable story might not be property so common. While of course the public news service daily covered the whole world, yet local news was confined to its own locality: provincial to its province, national to the nation, and continental to its continent. While for purposes of identification, a world card-index located in the world-capital in Asia Minor, no doubt retained all the facts of my career, yet in a different continent I would have an at least greater opportunity of beginning a new local, provincial, national, and even semi-continental career.

Such fresh opportunities were well recognized in modern times. In the German police card-index system of my day, there was no such loop-hole of mercy. After fourteen years of age, attendance on the gymnasium irrevocably decided a child's career. To his dying day, if a boy committed an indiscretion, it permanently remained chalked up against him; and a failure in any profession entailed a life of disgrace and dependency. This indeed was the nearest human approach to a day of judgment. But it neglected the equally true and important element of mercy. Now this mercy is not only a divine trait, but good business for the race, inasmuch as the failures in one profession may be, and often are the geniuses in another. Now the world in some way or another made use of all of its elements; and "good for nothings" were practically an obsolete tradition.

After all this curative aspect of change is not only of divine authority — "when they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another," — but well recognized for valetudinarian, social and amusement reasons, — the climate invites to northern residence in summer, and southern in winter, — as the birds have long since suggested. In modern times, at least, this migration

is recognized as a duty; not as a single event, as the Mecca or Jerusalem pilgrimage of medieval times, but an annual sanifying treatment.

If I was to survive, I would have to form new relations of a nature such as would induce some person to offer his life-blood for transfusion; and if this was to occur at all, it would have to be under auspices that were friendly; certainly not here, where, so far as I could ascertain, enemies were waiting to torment me. It would be better therefore to take the fortune of the unknown, which in any case, even if I was to gain no further respite from dissolution, would yield me twelve months' observation of another civilization.

As rapidly as possible, therefore, I had to make the best possible preparations. By redeeming the furniture I got some money to help me on my trip. Within a few days I departed, taking with me one of those small amphibious tricycle motor cars which would give me the maximum of freedom, with the minimum of responsibility. I took no baggage, leaving my precious manuscripts of the Modernized Mysteries and other notes of my recent career in a municipal storage warehouse in Los Angeles, condensing all my belongings in preparation for extensive travels.

CHAPTER XX

THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

My first decision was to take the air route to South America. I could, no doubt, have motored along the inter-continental highway; but in the first place speed was of prime importance; then, for distances so great, this means of locomotion seemed inadvisable; and in spite of the perfection of both roads and machinery I might have break-downs, and those in countries unfamiliar to me. Then I might have chosen the inter-continental railroad; but that was used mainly for freight, and local passenger travel. So I chose the air-route.

Another consideration weighed with me: my health. While yellow fever had even in my day been cleaned out of Havana, the tropics had not yet been entirely hygienized. There still lurked malarial and dysenteric disorders. Their eradication was yet one of the tasks of Pan-American authorities, and in this direction much progress had been made; but the task itself was admittedly one of the most superhuman in the world. It implied the digging of artesian wells everywhere, the extermination of not only the anopheles, but of other forms of vermin also, and the accurate study of more recently identified diseases, such as, for instance, affected one of the ex-presidents of the United States, who explored the Brazilian River of Doubt. Probably the most praiseworthy actions of one of the American

trust bandits had been a promising world-wide campaign for the eradication of hook-worm disease, which to a great extent had underlain the ineffective indolence of Southern races. This had indeed been one of the corner-stones of the progress of South America; and while the younger continent had outstripped the elder, yet it was to the elder that the progress was originally due.

After having made all arrangements, I made sure of all necessary documents: my pension order, my matrimonial school certificate, my credit booklet, paper for sketches and notes, and a map of the world. Then I secured passage on the regular weekly intercontinental air-plane that stopped at Los Angeles, and went on south via Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama and Colombia, landing at Bogota. The latter had become of great importance as the switch for west and east coast routes. The former went on down the coast through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile on to Punta Arenas. The eastern was the longer line, through Venezuela and the Guianas past the mouths of the Amazon to Para, Pernambuco, Bahia, Porto Alegre, to Rio de Janeiro, and continuing down to Buenos Aires. On the way I had carried out my purpose of conversing with my fellow-passengers about the southern continent, and getting suggestions about my future course.

It was inevitable for me to compare the two parts of the continent, the northern and southern; but what took away my breath was to have to acknowledge that the northern was the poorer and least progressive of the two. While in the former century a great deal of civilization had been established at the north, its forest and mineral resources had been criminally wasted, due to the unrestricted plundering of private corporations. The remaining resources were indeed husbanded and restored by municipalization and fed-

eralization; but it was already too late. On the contrary, South America was socialized (municipally, by states, and as a continent), before this devastation had really depleted the national resources; which, because of the equatorial productiveness, were relatively greater than the northern; so that in the long run the southern half, being the richer, became the better equipped, and finally entirely outstripped the former.

The second most interesting reflection on the conversation of the natives was the advantage of co-operation. In the past, at the beginning of the development of the southern nationalities, those naturally separated whose interests differed, while those whose interests approximated, united. Mountain-countries like Peru and Bolivia separated from the fertile jungle-plains of Brazil. Chile, a coast and mountain country opposed a nation developing pampas, or flat lands, like Argentine. What was the result? Chile needed grain and cattle, which was imported from the north and west, while Argentine needed minerals and coal, which were imported from Europe. Since the federalization of the continent, the Transandean railroad was made practical, and both countries support each other's needs, eliminating all the former long-range transportation. The same, though in a more strictly modern sense, holds good of Bolivia and Brazil. Bolivia, being at so great an altitude, can supply unlimited air-power for carrying out the agricultural exploitation of the Amazon valley, which before had remained inactive for lack of coal power. In this way all the South American countries, instead of opposing each other, form a complete whole, with the result that the southern has outstripped its northern rival, which, however, had a much earlier start, and that chiefly because of earlier unification, or socialization. "United we stand, divided we fall."

The Pan-American capital, of course, was Panama,

whose very name suggested this. For South America Bogota, where I was, was the junction point for North America, and the seat of all specialized industries, as well as a sort of information bureau. Here my problem was which coast line would I follow. This decision had to be reasoned out according to my needs. On the western coast I would not find a great variety of conditions, and my presence would easily be detected. On the north-eastern coast the same held good. Consequently I took the direct air mail-plane diagonally across the continent to Rio de Janeiro, which, as a metropolitan centre, would of course afford me a greater variety of opportunities than any mere country place, where gossip is rampant. Then I imagined that I should find myself more at home in a city, as I had all my life-time haunted the centres of population. In a city my personality would raise the least comment, and there I could best master the language problem.

These considerations seeming decisive, I embarked on the first plane. While of course these aeros were sometimes delayed by atmospheric conditions, nevertheless their schedules were pretty well supported, and one was always kept in reserve, to continue the sailings in case of accident. The motors had been so improved that they were nearly silent, and rarely missed fire; an equilibrating apparatus made them as nearly fool-proof as in the nature of things could be expected. Passengers, however, were expected to refrain from sudden and unnecessary movements, and their attention was distracted by mechanical music played for them. They carried sufficient parachutes to insure the safety of the passengers. They had established themselves, while the lighter than air-ships never proved a success, their inevitable size exposing them to chance air-currents contrary to the desired course.

When I arrived in Rio, I found that the architectural features still showed the benefits of the municipal supervision evident in my own day; it was a sort of modernized Paris, chastened by American neatness and practicality. At Bogota I had always been able to find sufficient English-speaking people to carry on the conversation, and so was comparatively at home; but here the difference of language compelled me to realize I was in a foreign country. In California I had of course heard of the international language, but as I had had no need of it, I had paid no heed to it. Here, however, I understood that I must bestir myself and complete my modern education by mastering it.

I went to the local Lincolnian agent, formerly called "consul," to present my credentials, and to ask for help. This was cheerfully given, and I was very soon located in a very reasonable travellers' boarding-house, and directed to a night-school language-class that initiated strangers into the international idiom. The teacher was a certain Rose Determinabash Samericarionos whose name explained that she was born on the 27th of May, 1996, in the South American town of Rio, in the south-western quarter, in the second-last of its six sections in the fourth ward. As I did not relish delays, and felt that my maturer years would enable me to master the language quicker, I succeeded in getting her to give me daily three hours of instruction, in the afternoon, to clinch and prepare what I studied in the mornings. I prevailed on her to take me on short excursions around the town in the evenings, so that during the month of November 2026, I managed to acclimatize myself.

While the detailed events of this time would not prove of much interest, as I purposely saw few if any outside people, the general outline of the international language may not be useless.

Why two languages, instead of one? It has been

said that he who knows only one, knows none; you do not understand your own language until you compare it with some other. Besides, such is human nature that even in a single language country, such as the France of my early days, there was a local "patois" beside the official speech. And lest this be blamed on old-world traditions, even in the United States, beside the Bostonese jargon, there was negro dialect, creole speech, cowboy talk, and Chicago diction,—not to mention the Kentucky "colonel's" "you-alls." In Cairo, there were as many kinds of Arabic as there were suburbs; and in Paris the polished diction of the Halles differed entirely from the salons in the Faubourg St. Germain. Even in books there was a familiar and a formal French or English; the familiar and intimate, and the more correct official forms. In Lincolnia there was the baseball lingo, the sports dialect, the golf gibberish, and so forth, not forgetting the Bible diction. In a living language, therefore, the attempt to have none but a single form of expression is vain. To have but one single exclusive universal language, therefore, would be as impossible as undesirable.

To begin with, family traditions imply the language of their ancestors; and good literature is untranslatable. Each race should take pride in its greatest authors. The English neither would nor should lose the language of Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson. The French could not forget the tongue of Corneille, Racine or Victor Hugo; and so on with all the other idioms. Indeed, so long as the human mind is civilized, it will want to read Goethe, Dante, not to mention the ethnic bibles, in their originals. French prose poetry and religion are untranslatable. The Romanist church saw that, and attempted to stem the progress of humanity by prolonging the vogue of Latin; but the stars in their courses fought against them; and

they had made the fundamental error of prolonging the language of the Roman empire, instead of the Hebrew and Greek of the originals of the Bible. Besides, in a republic, or democracy, everybody should be permitted the freedom of his speech, so long as he is not excluded from the great international bond of sanity. Therefore in the modern states the old languages have not died out, but every person is, in addition, familiar with the universal international speech, under pains of being politically disfranchised; and, after a certain age, being interned in an institution for defectives; for the religion of democracy would demand a new religious language, one in which Eskimo, Bushman and mountaineer could join.

The need for a universal language is too great and well-known to bear repetition. It is, however, not generally realized that every race has treasured its own language to some extent under the delusion that its own vernacular was destined to become the universal medium of communication. In my early days I personally remembered such beliefs in France, England, Germany, Italy and Russia. The pre-Babelite tradition of such a tongue was spread by the Bible, and the philologers seconded it by insisting on the Sanscrit Indo-European source of most of our cultured idioms. Then after the disappearance of Latin the Romanist church kept alive such a tradition by the language of its ritual; and since that time French had been used as the universal language of diplomacy, and as the official medium of the universal postal union.

Why should not such an artificial language as Volapuk, Esperanto, or Ro have prevailed? Because they had no literature, no clientele, and no authority. Why, of all nationals in the world, should a Pole impose cacophonous sounds and complicated characters on more refined and civilized nations?

The choice of an international language must there-

fore have lain between the great cultured languages already established. Was it to be English, French, German, Italian or Spanish? Now it actually became not so much a question of choice, as one of the developments of events after the world-war for democracy. Russian was condemned by its shameful collapse, its barbarous alphabet, its multiplicity of sounds hard to distinguish and pronounce, its relatively unimportant literature, and its being limited to its own people or to their exploiters. German was condemned by the imperial military failure, the world-wide hate aroused against tyranny and its atrocities, not to mention the difficult Gothic letters, the many irregular verbs, the strong and weak declensions, the inverted and transposed word-orders, the bristling capitals, and the inchoate sentences, in spite of its wonderful agglutinative power. English failed for several reasons: its ridiculous orthography, which remained a monstrosity in spite of the public efforts of a United States president; its inverted word-order after "whose" and "how?", its indefiniteness, and the multiplicity of its undistinguishable vowels. Italian never stood much of a chance, because of the opposition of the Romanist church, the weakness of its world-influence, and the remainders of Latin crabbedness in accidence. Spanish was well known in South America, except Brazil, and had a wonderful literature, but it was not universalized because of the political weakness of its home country, and its leanings to autocracy. There remained therefore but one possibility: French, which besides its famous literature, was already the most officially recognized international language, diplomatically and postally, and in the Levant and in Russian polite society. Then France's own misfortunes in the world-war taught it to the foreign defending soldiers, who returned to Italy, Russia, Portugal, Brazil, Australia, New Zealand, Argentine, and Africa. Besides, the

French Revolution and establishment of a republic, together with the "Marseillaise" hymn, had spread it to every progressive country.

Another important decisive factor was the ease of learning. English, next to Chinese, which also was in the analytic stage, was the most difficult language to learn. The German verbs and declensions and order condemned that language. Spanish had certain distinctions like *"ser"* and *"estar,"* and Italian many syntactical difficulties. French was not only easier, but had been made so. The nasals had been dropped, and the three *"e"* sounds united into one. The *"oi"* was spelt as pronounced, *"wa,"* and the letters *c, g, k,* and *t* had but one single sound apiece; this had been effected not merely by spelling reform, but by keeping the same sound all through the same verb for *c* or *g*. The irregular verbs had been forcedly regularized. The agreement of the past participle was of course destroyed, along with *même, tout, quelque,* and all adjectives. There were no more irregular plural or feminine forms, and the latter was no more the unpronounced *"e"* but the sounding *"a."* The only order-eccentricity, the ante-verbal position of the pronouns, was of course reduced to the normal SVO order. What was left was a pellucidly clear, harmonious and simple language, written exactly as pronounced, with all the variants which Esperanto had proposed. In its favor was the accent on the last syllable, the easiest rule to follow, and the only language of that kind in the world. It was easily understood and learned by the English speaking, because of the latter's Latin roots; and it was kindred to all the other Latin tongues, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Roumanian, and all other languages derived from the Sanscrit.

There was, it seems, one interesting circumstance about the adoption of the French as the "international." It was adopted chiefly because it was the

only one that had the courage to achieve universality at the heavy price of suiciding, or of improving itself. While English had really had more chances than any other languages, because of the spread of the British Empire, the American reluctance, and the English refusal to reform itself, were fatal. They had rather remain provincial than cease spelling "enuf" "enough," and so on. No, they unblushingly insisted on the universe swallowing such monstrosities, which of course the universe refused to do. But, as was shown at the time of the first Revolution, the French possessed the courage and heroism of self-sacrifice; impelled by logic, they had disestablished superstitions, effaced foolish heathen deities from their calendar, and geographized all their countries. Not lightly indeed did they make the above changes in their language; only with genuine sorrow did they part from their eccentricities; but they did not flinch at the scalpel when the time came for choice, realizing that through those changes, which were genuine improvements, they would endow their literature with immortality, and embalm democracy in the language which had produced it. So they fitted themselves for the greatest reward open to humans since the time of the tower of Babel.

As in the long ago I had spoken French, this new "international" was quite easy to me; but I had to establish new habits of pronunciation and expression, particularly because of those pestiferous pronouns, and I began to understand the difficulties that their old orthodox position must have caused learners of the old French. But the unfailing patient persistence of my teacher won the day, and I was soon able to speak fluently enough to avoid comment. Then together we took some sunset excursions; and while she would hang back so as to throw me on my own resources, though ready to help in time of need, I

would bravely tackle chance passers-by, asking the time, or the way, and later make more important remarks. Then my teacher would criticize my performance, and with the next person I would try to do better.

Thus pleasantly and instructively we spent the evenings, for we visited the National Museum, with the tree growing on the left roof, the Sugar Loaf, and the famous panorama of the hunch-back Corcovado; we sailed in a small motor tricycle "beira mar," down the Rio Branco Avenue at the time of the fashionable promenade; and last to the theatre opposite the Art Museums; — so I saw all the sights.

Later we went up into the Therezopolis mountains, with the queer peak called "the Finger of God," and up to Petropolis, with its imperial memories. Then we fared south to the beautiful suburb of Sao Paolo, with its snake farm; and further on through avenues of royal palm and bamboo to Santos, the coffee terminal.

CHAPTER XXI

FARMING REFORM

Originally Rose was to teach me only for one week, the evenings of which were devoted to the city itself. Then her help was extended for another week, during which we visited the above mentioned neighboring sights. Then I was faced with the problem of what I should do, for in traveling I had used up my pension very fast, and I must provide for the year that still remained ahead of me. Inside work did not attract me, and I doubted that my health could stand it. This sedentary indoors labor gave too much scope to reflections, which were harrowing; the death of dear Lilac, the disgrace of Orchid, after I twice received life at her hands. Social entanglements were repellent to me, and I felt that as I must die, I preferred a serene sunset, far from the madding crowd. I longed for the peaceful sojourn in nature, feeling that, like Antaeus, my strength would be refreshed by contact with the soil. I thought I should enjoy gardening, seeing pretty and useful things grow.

Although I hesitated to betray my real object, it could no longer escape the sympathetic interest of my kindly teacher; and while I had planned merely to keep my eyes open for any vacant agricultural opportunity, she suggested far more effective methods of discovering what I thought. We made a round of all the ward-meeting intelligence bureaus, and I finally

found what I desired: a small house, with a little orchard and vegetable garden.

Such a place was rather difficult to find, for many reasons, of which the chief one was that work in the country now was as popular as in my days it was unpopular. Then the movement was towards the cities; now it was again towards the country, where all the conveniences of life were to be had as easily as in town, in addition to the enjoyment of nature. In my days, of course, the rich had already started back to the country; but the upkeep of these country estates amounted to fabulous sums. Up to the time of the world-war, the popular movement was away from the cities, and statisticians wrung their hands about it, instead of doing something to relieve the situation. Of course it was none of their business, and in those rudimentary democracies there was nobody who cared or who could do anything. Consequently the population continued to move, until change of conditions had reversed the advantage of living, and made it both more profitable and delightful to live in the country.

In my days the lot of the farmer himself was not so bad, for at all times he did get to the country-town; but his wife rarely did, and statistics showed that the strain on her was so great that many of them went insane. To alleviate her lot she was given vacuum cleaners, electric washing machines, and ironers.

Her husband's lot was alleviated by a greatly improved telephone system. The old familiar separate receivers and transmitters, which were the most inconvenient devices possible, and kept up only by the interests of the greedy private monopolies, had long since disappeared before the combined instrument. To enjoy the telephone lectures and concerts it was only necessary to fix over the head an adjustable receiver, similar to that used by switchboard operators,

but so arranged that one could comfortably recline in an easy chair, or on a couch, on which one could be played asleep. These instruments did not deface the room, but stood in small closets, which minimized the danger of falling asleep. Furthermore, these instruments were located with a great deal of forethought, where they could be most convenient to the users, and not to the company that installed them. Municipalization had entirely changed the view-point of everything, without any appreciable increase in cost; under individualistic administration it was always the tail that wagged the dog. Moreover, the telephone wires were used along the fences, and there were cheap interruption points in each field, to which, on signal, the farmer could hook his miniature pencil-size receiver and transmitter, and so saved a great deal of time formerly wasted. In the same way, it was possible, in case of break-down or accident, to summon assistance, from any point on the road. Not only telegrams, but letters would be telephoned in to the farmers from the post office, so as to minimize the waste of delivery time. However, the evil of "listening in" by neighbors was done away by a tuning device; and excessively long chats by a more efficient supervision.

This telephoning was a great cure for unnecessary brutalization. In one sense, this could not be avoided; for when one is physically exhausted he sleeps heavily and long. This is healthy; but it must be counteracted in two ways: by limitation of working hours, and additional cultural opportunities. The latter were made accessible by the telephone. In my days efforts in this direction had included victrolas, rural free delivery, and moving picture shows. But this was not of great avail; and the state had put on the telephone system public and college lectures, concerts, theatrical performances, sermons, candidates' speeches, and even legislative proceedings; and, by a microphone attach-

ment, all the private conversations in the legislators' offices.

Then the farmer was by the telephone in constant touch with his agricultural college. Any information needed could be secured by a farmer without leaving the field in which he was working. Indeed, he had a good deal to study, because from year to year there were many changes in method and results. The farmer had to follow department publications, attend department institutes, be ready to undergo weekly inspections, and visit and receive the visits of his neighbors. Some of these duties, of course, were more or less of a trial at the time, but they bore good fruit in efficiency, and raised a public spirit.

Another advantage of the farmer's profession was the shorter time of work. Pleasant work, such as that in offices, meant long hours; while the more unpleasant work was, the shorter the time of labor required. Many poets and artists who desired to complete some great work of art made every effort to get the most repulsive labor so as to enjoy the most leisure.

Another evil from which the farmer was delivered was the uncertainty of the weather, to the extent that on rainy days, and during winter's enforced idleness he was given some collateral occupation, such as making watch-springs, or other small mechanical task, that could be done indoors, as indeed the Swiss even in my own day used to do.

Then the farmer was freed from another difficulty: the disposal of his produce. The commission business had been municipalized, under a supreme distributing committee which received reports from every section of the country, and was therefore able so accurately to allot everything that there was no waste, superfluous materials being distributed to drying houses and canneries. Only a farmer will fully appreciate this feature at its revolutionary value. No more rotting

of fruit on the trees while fifty miles away people were starving of hunger. Also, there were no millionaire commission merchants coining fortunes off the hard-working man in the fields, who had borne all the burden and heat of the day. The government disposed of fleets of swift auto trucks which every evening called for the gathered products, gave a receipt for the material, allowing the farmer to go in, clean up, and turn on a lecture or a concert, in full confidence that the best possible would be done by him. Also picking gangs were appointed by the local agricultural expert from the schools and colleges, the children thus in part paying back for their free education. Moreover it was the business of this expert so to arrange for the rotation of crops, and the distribution of the harvests, as to avoid all conflicts of the picking-gangs.

What became of the commission merchants? Did they starve? No indeed! Those that did not receive positions in the state distributing service joined productive industries, and themselves became farmers. This was no degradation for them, but rather a coveted opportunity. As there was no waste, production was plentiful, and the hours necessary to produce it were shorter for everybody.

Two more evils of the farmer had been done away; mortgages, and the failing of the banks in which he had deposited his savings.

First, mortgages. Whatever capital was needed for seeds and hiring of tools from a public tool warehouse was secured on standard terms from the nearest land-bank. The day of absurd mortgages was passed. In my days they expected the poor farmer to lay a wager against the universe, and its assorted weathers. That in itself was a form of insanity, almost as great as the delusion of "owning" land. Think of it: a field which had lain there since a couple of billions of years, and

which would remain there until Gabriel blew his trumpet was supposed to "belong" to a human being who probably could count on no more than thirty years of effective life, at the utmost! It was humorous; and yet lawyers argued so many cases about the ownership of land that they actually convinced themselves. Evidently a human being can get out of a field no more than its usufruct, guaranteed by the state. Were I to use the words, "state ownership," one-half of my ancient contemporaries would have shouted "heresy" and grown green in the face with fury.

I was made a life-long land-nationalist by the following incident. There is really nothing more excruciatingly funny than alleged "ownership" of a lot in a cemetery. In my childhood I once visited the grave of my little brother Georgie in the cemetery of Barrie, by Carnoustie, near Dundee, in Scotland, about the year 1883. Facing the entrance, standing up against the sweet ivy-covered church, where the soulful Calvinist worshippers might prayerfully meditate on it when entering or departing, was a large white and black sign, reading: "Lot-holders are reminded that unless the dues are paid promptly, the bodies will be disinterred." Probably the bones would be sent to a flour grist-mill, as was done in the Crimea, after the British war there!

Second, the failing of banks. Elsewhere I have already acknowledged that it passed my comprehension why an honest banker would throw a fit at the prospect of the depositors being guaranteed from loss. But here the question was of "higher" finance. For instance, when a certain trust wanted to gobble a southern rival, all that its leader had to do was to precipitate a panic and ask for a private interview with a prominent official who in public swallowed swords and ate hot coals, but in private cooed as softly as a sucking-dove, to be allowed to ruin thousands. The

same thing happened when one eastern road wanted to digest a competitor, and when certain orthodox financiers, who had had their fingers pinched in stock, wanted to take away a fleet of boats from a perfecter of their own methods. So panics, being profitable to "big business," were allowed to ruin the middle classes every seven years, because protected by Republican majorities; and this iniquity did not stop until the first Democratic President for half a life-time thought of something as simple as pooling all the banks in a Federal Reserve system. Was it any wonder that all the "respectable" Republicans hounded that saviour of the people by private inuendo, against which there is no defence?

Under these conditions the "gentlemen farmers" found their lot rather pleasanter than bookkeepers, salespersons, or factory workers; and those who could get farming appointments sought them eagerly; indeed, instead of the presence of abandoned farms, the whole effort of the state was to fill abandoned tenements. Farmers had all the healthful physical exercise they wanted, and were not, like city clerks and bookkeepers, compelled to perform state athletic manual labor, such as unloading freight-cars or ships, road, subway and bridge building, sewer construction, and manure hauling, for a certain specified time daily, monthly, or yearly.

Having explained the pleasant position of the private farmer, I must hasten to add that there were very few of them. The state had transformed agricultural conditions. Even in my day it had begun to dawn on farmers that produce could be produced far cheaper wholesale, and in the most favored localities, than individually, in unfavorable ones. The continental agricultural authorities therefore assigned the distribution of crops intelligently. This meant, for instance, that Brazil was mostly given up to the culture of rubber,

while Argentine still raised herds innumerable. These staples were then transported by freight even to the ends of the world, for indeed rubber could not be produced cheaper anywhere else.

This scientific distribution of crops was necessary because in my day the farmers also impoverished each other by the Master Fallary of mutual cheating. For instance, supposing cotton was low, and the state advised farmers to stop raising it. The result was that, on the expectation that his neighbor would obey the state and stop raising cotton, so that cotton would go up, each farmer raised more cotton than ever.

This transportation was perfectly proper and unavoidable; but when these staples were transported to certain central factories, from which the finished articles were once more distributed all over the world, there ensued a second universal transportation which was sheer waste. Even in my day large concerns had begun to see this, and erect factories nearer the ultimate consumer. The end of this process was when every city, as mentioned above, had a full standardized set of necessary factories, to which the raw materials were brought. This not only did away with waste transportation, but also with those private factory settlements which threatened to lead to a recrudescence of feudalism.

Applied to food, this could apply only to the staples and to special fruits like bananas, pineapples, oranges, figs and raisins. For market-gardening, fresh eggs, milk, and other perishable foods, every city depended on its own efforts, relying on the distribution board to dispose of any excess, or supply any unforeseen deficiency. However much the community culture standardized this local production, there always remained a certain amount of individuality and specialty; and as in a democracy tyranny will be reduced to its minimum, wholesale methods would be enforced

only so far as would be absolutely necessary for the welfare of the community, and would leave freedom to men with aptitude or talent to raise or produce whatever their special genius made most excellent. In the large wholesale production the individuals and families lived in hotels or community houses; from which rapid transportation took them to the scene of the next day's labor, which altered continually, as with steam plows and harvesters local work rapidly shifted, even in my day. But the irreducible minimum of the social structure is the home, and for specialties, or for particular small favored localities where alone certain things could be grown, individual homes and settlements were still in vogue. This was especially true of broken ground, while the communal culture was most in vogue in immense plains where the power plows could do great execution. Along with the trend to large wholesale production there was also a tendency to small settlements, not too large for cultivation by the members of that family, because hired labor was no more to be had, and each family of specialists had to shift for itself.

This specializing was the kind of work I undertook. Competition with the Brazilian staples was out of the question; I could make good only in some specialty in which I would have the field to myself. So, with the aid of the local agricultural college, I introduced the pea-nut I so loved in my circus-visiting days, and whose crushed butter was as nourishing as delicious. As this was little known in Rio, I was very successful. I soon built up a trade limited only by my inability to hire assistants. Later I had the satisfaction of seeing the municipality undertake my specialty in a wholesale way, so much was the emperor among nuts appreciated. Then the trade was organized; several individuals, all receiving the same pay as a banker, subject to promotion in the efficiency grades, allowed

those who would not under any circumstances have worked for any other man, to undertake the common culture of this specialty.

Such encouragement of specialties led to improvements of various kinds, which would have been impossible under quantity production, where all the advantage lies in standardizing processes, and the eliminating of all individuality. Here were tried out all sorts of experiments. The songless cats of South America were bred to develop respectable caudal appendages; and everywhere else in the world betailed felines were rendered songless at birth by a very simple operation on their vocal chords, as was also done to mules so they could not bray, to cocks so they would not crow, and dehorning cattle, so that they would no longer figure in the comics. These operations all took place as soon after birth as possible. This process was extended even to the human race, so that their baptism was forbidden until the unfortunate youngster had been deprived of his appendix, his tonsils, adenoids, and pubic over-growths.

Beyond such matters of taste as color, individuality in dress was also decried. They wore a general uniform, and they as little objected to the most practical sort of garments as in my day anyone would have seen individuality in refusing to have bath-rooms, water-connections, drains, and the like. Though still existing and claimed in my days, the "right to dirt" was no longer recognized, and sad was the tyranny of the compulsory tub, was it not?

In spite of the individual holdings mentioned above, the state had introduced universal communal culture; and the first great improvement that resulted was universal irrigation. In my days, there was a double evil. In one year out of five, the average field experienced a drouth, while the stream would be rushing away headlong, at that carrying away the most

precious elements of fertility. This had to be stopped scientifically to preclude two dangers, irrigation from streams that contained harmful minerals, and the rotting of seeds and plants through over-irrigation. Irrigation had admittedly saved Egypt, Mesopotamia, and the Lincolnian Death Valley; why not all valleys, and all deserts, like the Sahara, Arabia, Turkestan, Utah, Arizona and Australia? Planting was no longer laying a wager with the clouds. Streams were no longer said to flow through a valley, but to fertilize it.

Irrigation, however, affects streams in two other particulars. Full utilization for fertilizing diminishes the volume available for transportation; but that was replaced by monorail electric traction on every highway. Moreover, cities which used to grow at the foot of navigation on the sea-shore now grew half-way down-stream, in the strategic centre of the valley, and nearer the source of electric energy, which now lay no longer in irregularly situated coal-mines, but in the wind-power mills on the highest mountain-peaks. The standard use of water-power was one power-station to six feet of level-fall from source to ocean-level. This power was used to pump water for irrigation, where necessary. Streams were no longer used as source of drinking-water, except on useless mountain park-areas, and it was forbidden to use them as sewers. No self-respecting city would befoul a stream; it had its own sewage-disposing plant.

All these problems had strangely affected the landscape value of streams. Picturesque shallows had disappeared. Everywhere the banks were artificial, with locks, intakes, turbines and docks. However all this was parked, with asphalt walks under trees, so that on the whole the change was a gain, rather than a loss.

This comprehensive utilization of all mountains and valleys had dealt the last death-blow to migratory people like the gypsies, the Indians, and the Eskimo

tribes. In my own days the Indians were gradually shut up in Reserves, and these later thrown open to settlement. Even in my childhood there were but few left. The gypsies first took to the cities for the winter, limiting their tours to the summer. These had again grown more and more restricted, as vacant lots disappeared, as hen-roosts ceased to be private, and individuals ceased to be weak. Every one worked for himself, and lived by his own credit-card, so there was no more ready change to waste. Hoboes found no more free rides to steal, and tramps were put into the observation-ward. Beggars were considered self-confessed rebels to scientific organization, and were immediately clapped into the city citizenship college, where their cases were scientifically investigated.

Many were found to be idiots, or "morons," cases of development arrested at various ages. These then were carefully diagnosed, the cause discovered, and the remedy applied. As democracy was not interpreted as a right to idiocy, any more than a right to dirt, to crime or ignorance, hopeless cases were promoted to the incinerating plant, rather than fed for fifty years in childish idiocy. Where, however, the least hope of improvement was left, the patient was treated most intelligently, for the physician's salary-rating was dependent on the number of cases he cured.

While therefore shiftlessness and insane *wanderlust* were most fiercely repressed, the proper migratory instinct was not merely tolerated, but even enforced. The human animal was by nature designed to run not less than seven miles a day, and in my day the sedentary life of clerks and of family-mothers almost inevitably led to some chronic disease. The examples of the birds, and several species of fishes and animals shows that nature intended some such sort of traveling, which indeed the rich of my day carefully imitated. In the modern times this traveling instinct was even

enforced, on the plea that seeing other places and people was necessary not only to physical health, but also to mental balance, that is, to sanity. Therefore the state gave to each person a traveling credit of about twelve hundred miles a year, that is, a hundred miles a month. If they were not used up during that month, an arrangement could be made by which they could be saved up for one longer trip once a year; but if they were not taken then, the case was brought up before the Traveling Board. In this way the farmer was compelled to travel enough to correct the isolating tendency of unrelieved country farm work.

The idea was that democracy demanded familiarization with every part of the country. Indeed, before a young person received the franchise he or she was compelled to take a trip around the world, as once Locke proposed, and as the German apprentice was supposed to do around his smaller universe, the Holy Roman Empire; and as, in a certain way, the Mormons demanded of their young men. The trip, of course, was not for pleasure only. The youths travelled in groups under teachers, with laborious written reports to make during the evenings. Nor did the state, in conducting these tours, fail to make use of them; first to complete the education of physicians, engineers, artists or architects. Each student not only had to study on the spot every noteworthy achievement in his line, but he had to meet personally one hundred colleagues, or specialized experts. On their return home, they were expected to study home conditions, for the purpose of introducing whatever improvements had been suggested by their travels. These world-tours were considered essential to the perpetuation of an international democracy. Thus all the legitimate traveling needs of the individual being provided for, all unnecessary and unlawful *wanderlust* was sternly repressed, treated as a disease, and corrected by experts;

and the raising of a family soon anchored the young citizen.

When I first learned of these various provisions to soften the lot of the farmer I thought that the pendulum had swung too far in the opposite direction; but after I myself had become thoroughly exhausted in field-labor I realized the necessity of making his lot compatible with progress, if genuine democracy was to survive, or if the movement of the population was to flow back to the soil.

Shirkers, of course, there were; but an intelligent system would not permit vicarious suffering for them by the industrious. This evil was very well reached by the three-fold grades of efficiency classification of every man in the state, which decided of the amount of his salary. Any one who fell below the lowest rating had little sympathy to expect, because every one worked. In my days, tramps got sympathy mostly from wives who lived on their husband's salary, rather than from the workers themselves.

Then, a healthy man cannot shirk. Even in my days the shiftlessness of the South was found to be chiefly due to hook-worm disease. So shirkers who were recognized by failure in efficiency-ratings were immediately studied medically; and as the ultimate destination of hopeless cases in the citizenship colleges, universities and hospitals, after a most strenuous course of sprouts, was the incinerating-plant, the mere threat of such an institution was in almost all cases sufficient to produce an immediate conversion.

There were nowadays far fewer shirkers than in my early times; and this was due to two very sufficient excuses. In my days, the social conditions both encouraged parasitism and heartlessly abandoned the unfortunate. When millionaires were seen to spend their lives in idleness, you could not blame men for trying to live by their wits. Again, men had to work

for others, and however much they will shirk under such circumstances, they will not be likely to shirk when working for themselves. So true is this that in Roman times the only way to make slaves work was to give them an opportunity of earning their freedom. Slavery is contrary to the divine law, and is suicidal, as well as murderous. Democracy, on the other hand, was vindicated by nothing so much as by the virtues it produced in its citizens.

CHAPTER XXII

SCHOOL TEACHING REFORM

At the end of summer, in March, I had practically forgotten my own troubles, and was disagreeably reminded of them by failing health. On my weekly report-visits to town, I never failed to drop in to pay my respects to Godmother Rose, as I called her. Inadvertently I had confessed to her attacks of heart-failure. Immediately I regretted it, and soon I repented of it; for the official physician immediately started to visit me. He was all the more solicitous as the authorities pretended that I had deserved well of the state by my good results in domesticating several Lincolnian vegetable specialties, and I felt ashamed at causing so much anxiety. I knew very well that his skill would prove vain, and I pitied his confident manner as he began. I tried to laugh off the matter; for in the modern world health is a matter of duty, rather than of fancy. I was now under supervision; and however kind they were, they gave me clearly to understand that they would permit no nonsense, especially as I had been caught attempting to minimize matters. No doubt, as I later found out, some of their official solicitude was due to the influence of Rose, who, accompanied by her friends, would visit my small plantation, and give me good advice, not only about the climate of the country, but also as to the times and kinds of assistance I might secure from govern-

ment agencies. Her help was so valuable, and given so discreetly that I neither desired, nor could refuse it.

Yet I felt that I was hindering Rose's own future. In response to my requests for friendly information, I discovered that she had completed her studies in the matrimonial school, but had not yet graduated from the selective classes, because of continued procrastination. She had, it seems, made every kind of excuse, and advanced every possible technicality; her health, her teaching experience, her social relief work, her parents' health, and what not. She had been given notice that she would have a husband selected for her, next spring, about September, and she was being compelled to receive the attentions of several other members of the selective class. They would accompany her on her visits, and highly disgusted were they at her solicitude for an old stager like me. As I was out of the running, because of age, and of my mourning for Lilac, they did not scruple to suggest to me to try to persuade Rose to make some decision; assuring me that, in case they should be successful, they would not object to her continuing a pedagogical interest in my career. I did indeed summon the courage to broach the matter; but she rebuffed me by asking why I myself did not join the selective class? I reported my failure to the suitors, and they evidently grew suspicious of the Platonic friendship which, however, they could not break up.

In the modern world it was considered against public policy to have any unmarried women teachers. Teaching was very properly considered an extension of the parental office, and the educational experts spoke with contempt of the ancient practice of having unmarried teachers. Such a practice removed from motherhood the intelligent girls best fitted for the bearing of the best children. Then it was considered impossible for any but a mother or father to have inside influence

with children. As a fact, even in my own days, married teachers had far better discipline than the unmarried, and they avoided the unseemly "crushes" that the youth frequently "had" on the unmarried teachers of both sexes.

Rose, therefore, had not yet been given a permanent position; and that was the very reason why she had been free enough to take charge of my progress, which a regular teacher neither could, nor would have done. Nor was I entirely to be blamed for her hesitation, as it had begun long before I had appeared on the scene.

While education is a blessing, and no one can have too much of it, the further it goes the greater are the dangers thereof to a useful career in general social relationships. Witness, for instance, the proverbial absent-mindedness of college professors, and the apparently failed career of a friend of mine, who had earned two degrees in philosophy, and one in medicine, not to speak of three post-graduate degrees, of which one was from Harvard. Education must be limited to the specialty, unless a man is to be a failure in practical life. The more varied the education, the broader the generalizations, but also the more different from their neighbors, and the more difficult to find a position in which this broad talent can be satisfactorily exercised. Now this peculiarity is harmless, so long as it does not interfere with the practical conduct of life. This indeed explains the strange phenomenon that among the Greeks and Romans, and even down to my own day, the pedagogical profession was practically enslaved.

It had been respected among the Hindoos, who, however, achieved little in the way of progress; but it was popularly scorned among the Yankees who had achieved so much. In the modern world, a true balance had been struck between both extremes. This had resulted from the realization that teaching was

only a specialized form of parenthood. This employed many parents after their children were out of the way. As the state expected parenthood from everybody, and later also some teaching, the result was the elimination of the hiatus between home and school noticeable in my day. Moreover, it broke up the high school fraternity difficulty in the only proper and permanent way, by the application of mother's or father's hand-cure. The gang-spirit thus never got a chance to start; and if started, was either ruthlessly eradicated, or transformed to higher uses.

It must not be supposed that there were no educational experts; but these had undergone the universal training first, and then had specialized later on. One principle, indeed, was held sacred; that parenthood must precede educational expertry. Another one was, that classes should not, in size, exceed a very large family; and sixteen was considered as large a class as it was possible to *teach*, though of course not to *instruct*. As teaching had become a civic duty, such as jury service now is, and among the Mormons the two years' missionary duty, and part of every person's education, there was no lack of teachers for classes so small.

This extension of teaching had occurred in pursuance of a further insight, that almost all social work partakes of some form of teaching. This was, to some extent, always recognized in respect of the clergy; and later of physicians, and even dentists and nurses; further of life-insurance agents, salesmen, travel-guides, and artists. In respect of these, however, development had been very slow, in my young days. People would rave about art for art's sake, without realizing that the only master-pieces of sublime permanence have been those that have inspired the race. But of this enough here. Even factory-work had been educationalized, and led to improvements and progress, as soon

as municipalization had taken the sting out of the relation between capital and labor.

She Rose, therefore, had been an example of the dangers rem over-culture, a sort of recrudescence of Bostonian- She was a born teacher of the higher reaches of culture, but hesitated to pay the price demanded by the state; without which, however, she could never have reached her present attainments. Faithful to this one great master-passion, her friendships had been mainly of the Platonic order. She did indeed imagine that she had once been disappointed in love to a youth who, as in these days was very unusual, had died early. Since then she had imagined herself somewhat out of the running, and had resented her compulsory attendance at the matrimonial school, although her unusual culture fitted her exceptionally to bear children of the most desirable type. That was the period in her life when I had appeared on her horizon, and had been recognized as a first-class reason for further delay and shilly-shallying in her life-settlement.

Of course, at the very beginning I had not fully understood the situation; a certain amount of healthy egoism had succeeded the stage of educational dependence; but, as I have explained, her parents and suitors did not fail to emphasize it, and she too acknowledged it. Like an honorable man I had both intended and had begun to join her suitors and parents in urging deference to her own life-interests, when my unfortunate languor began once more, both arousing her sympathies and making me more than ever dependent on her good nature.

At first the doctors thought that they could treat my case, like any other; but when they observed that I was getting weaker and weaker in spite of every tonic in their armamentarium, they began to lose self-confidence. My story I had never told to them or to anybody else; so that, although my body presented

the natural symptoms of acute senility, this had of course never been defined in their text-books, and they had no name for it. But they soon realized that they were dealing with something unusual, and they despaired of reaching the cause of my condition without knowing the full history of the case, which was obscured as much as possible. In their extremity, I later found out, they turned to Rose, who had originally interested them in my case. They asked her to find out the cause, and gave her official permission to take a month or so to do it. As this retarded the date of her compulsory marriage, it was very welcome to her; and so, besides the natural dictates of humanity, she had every reason to interest herself in the matter.

Fully to measure the kindliness of her disposition, it must be remembered that we were not in Lincolnia, where even in my days young ladies were willing to go out socially with young men, unattended by a chaperone. I was in Brazil where, in my days, even a bechaperoned visit was a favor, and where meetings in the park promenades were all that could be expected. Of course, things had everywhere moved fast; but nevertheless social prejudices survived locally, in spite of the official introduction of matrimonial schools, which had been introduced everywhere, by decree of the world-congress in Asia Minor, as a sequel to universal woman suffrage. Successful completion of their selection classes was of course the norm of social habits; but these varied in every country and climate. In countries of Iberian traditions local sentiment differed from Anglo-Saxon or Latin districts. Besides, as Rose was trying to evade marriage, she was all the more ready to manifest freedom in her movements. Whatever the cause, and my gratitude to her would willingly ascribe only the best, she must have undertaken the task of bewitching me with siren arts at the behest of the attending physicians.

With art more consummate than that with which Delilah once befooled Samson, she charmed and lured me without arousing my suspicions. To begin with, she took me into entirely new surroundings, so as to remove me from any associations in which I might have formed resolutions of secrecy which might support my obstinacy. So I was removed to Mar del Plata, on the ocean near Buenos Aires. Lying back in an invalid's carriage, with friendly Rose by my side, I forgot myself in the enjoyment of la Rambla and was frankly interested in the trip to Cordoba, and its higher health resorts, and to Tucuman, the place where the Argentinian Declaration of Independence was signed. Gradually my nerves were soothed in climate more moderate than Brazil, among less exciting farming scenery.

As we smoothly bowled along among fresh pastoral scenes I could not help expressing associated reminiscences from my earlier careers, and before I realized what I was doing or grasped Rose's object in all this sweetness, I was uttering my sorrow about Lilac, my indebtedness to Orchid, and the amusing Policiver complications; thence to the Parker slumber experiences, and their origin on the European battlefields, and furthest away of all, my ministerial career in Brooklyn. I indulged myself in these reminiscences all the more that I imagined myself at the end of my earthly existence, and I was comforted by the long perspective, which enforced on me the educational significance of the totality of my travels.

Rose was an accomplished artist in conversation and social deportment. She did not question my story, which might well have seemed of the cock-and-bull variety to a healthy-minded person of more common education. She however had progressed to that realm of thought where man is conscious that there are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamt

of in every-day philosophy; and she asked for light in a way such as to draw me on to further explanations. She used all feminine wiles, enthusiasms, scepticism, pouting and witticisms until she had sucked me dry as an orange, and then kept me off my guard by serious and helpful suggestions and comparisons anent the old and the new world-order.

With my whole story off my mind, I was feeling noticeably better, albeit somewhat weaker, when we had returned to Mar del Plata. Expecting imminent dissolution, I had made my confession, and was at peace with all the world. I did not even comment on meeting there one of Rose's preferred suitors, Laurel Visionistaber Sameribahianif, who had often visited my little farm, and had been the last to plead with me to urge Rose to fulfil her duties at the matrimonial school. Feelingly he inquired after my health, and though most sympathetic, was not actor enough to hide his intense satisfaction at my approaching demise. Indeed, after having ascertained this, he became most solicitous about my daily weakening. Then Rose was called away to consult with her parents, and Laurel naturally assumed the cares Rose had vacated. He was more interesting than could have been any nurse, and showed himself willing to discuss modern conditions, though it was evident this bored him, as he took them for granted, as if the world had never known any others. So we passed the time pleasantly, although I missed Rose's willingness to let me confide in her the faded secrets of my world-weary heart.

Still I had a compensation, for by telephone I heard from Rose every day, and she had for me always some bright, unexpected, pleasant observation, or some interesting piece of news. Still, as two weeks slipped by, I began to wonder whether I should see her again before passing away; for a weak person does not realize how much weaker he is capable of becoming before

actually passing out. Gradually official hope oozed away, although I never failed to accept the tonics and condensed foods that were being forced on me. It was in this matter that Laurel showed himself most heroically indefatigable. He never left me, but spent the long afternoons sybaritically by my side, sipping lemonade, or nibbling at dainties, yet never for a moment relaxing his Argus-like watchfulness over the nostrums he speeded down my now often recalcitrant throat.

Then happened the unexpected. From a deep nap I woke up gradually as if after some anæsthetic, going through that terrible valley of thirst. I missed Rose's presence as much as a child would have missed its mother, although I dimly perceived that she had been near, on which account I was the more insistent for her presence. When I recovered I was very feverish, and had wild fancies such as I strangely remembered having dreamed at the sanitarium, and in the ocean-side cottage.

Accustomed as I had been to friendly treatment I was actually frightened at the fury with which, in the afternoon, I was greeted by Laurel. When he simmered down to intelligibility, he revealed to me what he had just discovered to have been the real purpose of Rose's trip home, namely, after having wormed out of me the whole of my story, to consult about me with the specialists there. Then she had taken the heroic resolve to give me at least one more year of life, by the gift of some of her own life-blood. While her parents were naturally enough bitterly opposed to this, the physicians were frankly interested, and welcomed her sacrifice in the interest of scientific research. Transfusion of blood had, in those days, almost entirely died out, for the reason that as everybody had the right to work, and thereby to a living, no one could be induced to undergo such an operation; and without

any doubt whatever, except for the generosity of so lovely a being, I should certainly have passed away in the very midst of so many entirely good-natured persons.

Rose had come back several days ago, but by the telephone had hid her proximity. She had been preparing herself for the operation, intending that I be left in ignorance that it was she who had saved my life. But, as might well have been expected, Laurel, angry already at having been left in the dark, was more royalist than the king. He decided that this philandering must come to an end. He revealed the true state of affairs, and put it up to my honor as a gentleman that I close our mutual relations, even in spite of Rose. As she knew I was old, and a widower, he assumed I was out of the running for her hand, and that therefore further intercourse could not possibly lead to anything; while retarding, if not preventing, her happiness in life. He insisted I ought to be ashamed to hinder my benefactress; and that if I possessed any decency, I would, before her recovery, efface myself from the situation. This delay might be of about two weeks, as she did not intend to see me until she had so perfectly recovered that I would not suspect the identity of my savior.

"And I am not even to thank her, or say farewell?" quailed I.

"That is the very point," threatened he. "The interview can lead to nothing, and should not; and knowing her good nature, you know that if you do see her, she will want you to stay where she can watch over you. Out of sheer pity she will now actually love you, which would mean the ruin of her career. You must leave in any case; you better do so before you further injure her prospects."

"What will she think of me?" moaned I; "will she consider me ungrateful?"

"That we can avoid;" responded he. "I can tell her that you left out of gratitude."

"Do you promise that whatever you do will be done for the welfare of her, and not of yourself?" challenged I.

"That is certain, that I can assure you!" asseverated he so genuinely that his words carried conviction.

"Then there is nothing left but for me to efface myself, and at once!" decided I. "But you will have to make the necessary arrangements; for I am yet dizzy, besides being a stranger to the locality."

"You may depend on me!" agreed he, sadly.

CHAPTER XXIII

OCEAN VOYAGE REFORM

Laurel proved as good as his word. With the utmost care and thoughtfulness he arranged for my immediate departure. It was decided that the quickest and most radical change would be for me to cross the Andes on the way to Valparaiso, and thence embark for New Zealand. The advantage of this move was that this sail would be along one single degree of latitude, and would not entail any heart-strain on me during my recovery, by the change of climate due to an immediate return to the tropics. I was given a small but efficient motor tricycle of the amphibious variety, to enable me to travel at will by land or water; and it was so arranged as to be able to take the air, for minor distances up to five hundred miles, by unfolding wing-planes. I was not sent over by airplane, which was judged to be too much of a strain on me under present circumstances; so that my route was mapped for Auckland and Melbourne. Because of influential backing, Laurel was enabled to make all arrangements for me very quickly, and he accompanied me across the Andes, to be sure I got off safely on ship-board.

My feelings can be better imagined than described. The only thing that supported me in facing the unknown was that I thus was making the best possible amends to my generous benefactress. I did make it a

point of honor to hold no further communications with her. I had to endure her thinking me ungrateful, and I was compelled to take it out in prayers for her welfare. This time I expected no further reprieve from nature's condemnation to extinction; and the fact that my pilgrimage could not be for long was also an element of courage. I anticipated a slow progress around the Polynesian islands, and looked to find some quiet hermitage where in secret my supreme agony might be accomplished, as do the wild beasts who seek a quiet spot to die.

Laurel had respected my feelings; so that when we had safely embarked in the Transandean high speed train, I was not hindered from communing with the unseen source of strength. As the the road began to climb, the grandeur of the scenery, naturally bade me "sursum corda," my only regret being that my benefactress was not enjoying this grandeur by my side. I imagine Laurel must have understood my feelings, for he was as tender as a brother, though as unflinching as an executioner, when I involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, if she was only here to enjoy that!" He nodded, sharing with me the awe at the Creator's sublimity. He added, "I shall bring her here sometime!" As a seal on our friendship, and on his promise faithfully to fend for her, we soon came in sight of the colossal statue of the "Christ of the Andes," whose benediction of international peace has since been amply realized, not only by Argentine and Chile, but by the federation of the whole continent, in the wake of the League to Enforce Peace at the close of the world-war for democracy.

The train soon descended, and the new glory of the Pacific, to the feet of which we seemed to be descending, distracted our thoughts. Indeed, at the last our parting was so hurried that my only feelings were those of a traveller's natural interest in entirely new

surroundings, and I did not realize what had occurred until at the ship's first gentle motions Laurel's form began to diminish in size.

Then suddenly I felt that, by him, I should have sent a last greeting to our mutual friend; and I tried to shout it. He heard the general drift, and tried to listen more carefully; but it was in vain. His facial expression showed he had not caught the full import of what I tried to convey. Then I saw him give up the attempt, and by gestures he tried to console me, and assure me he would act for the best. Tears blinded me as I realized that this experience must be similar to that of a soul passing into the Beyond, still able to see the actions of his beloved ones, yet unable to reach them or their minds.

Of course the whole ship's company hung over the rail until out of sight of land, and the sunset was over. A bell rang for supper. I, however, felt too much overcome to partake of a feast in company of the gay crowd around me. Swiftly I retired to my comfortable cabin, to face myself and my only Support within me, until the beneficent mists of sleep readmitted me to my own private world, peopled by Mrs. Parker, Lilac, Orchid and Rose.

I reflected that this my interior happiness no one could take from me. Here Dr. Policiver and Laurel were powerless, and I might go in and out with my dear ones without let or hindrance, as when fully released from the burden of the flesh I should really do. The chief thing that surprised me, however, was that from within I could get no word from Lilac, who, I felt sure if she could have done so, would have tried to make me aware of her continued solicitude and love. With dismay I wondered whether in her last moments her parents had been able to wean her away from me; but that I could not credit. All I could do was to commend her to the care of God, and to reaffirm my

heart's loyalty to her, the soul that had met mine most closely, although my double debt to Orchid demanded from me unflinching gratitude to the end of my life. Then I reflected on the strange chance that I, who had unhesitatingly devoted myself to the cause of democracy in the most terrible war the world had ever known, should have owed my preservation chiefly to women. The most pitiful thing was, in addition, that to each of them I had brought unhappiness. This new year that I owed to Rose should be devoted to a career such as Rose would have approved of; it should be my "Rose year;" the gift of life I should try to pass on to someone else; and even if she should never know of it, her influence should nevertheless continue onward in a golden chain.

Then there closed in on me disordered phantoms, and suddenly I was aware of being examined by the ship's doctor, who had been called when I began to show signs of brain fever. He recognized the lucid interval, and spoke to me in a friendly way. It seems that Laurel, on seeing me disappear in the offing, had been impressed with the thought that it might be well wirelessly to warn the ship's doctor that I might need his care; and as it happened, that considerateness proved a golden key to my future. Dr. Willow Socialiset Sazealdunedinok — which name implied that he was born on the 31st of January 2001, in the New Zealand town of Dunedin, in the 10th radial division, fourth ward — was kindly, gave me some sleeping potions, bade me be of good cheer, told me of Laurel's friendly message, and let me sleep out my anguish.

In a few days I was on deck, in a steamer chair, being revitalized by the sanifying swish of the ocean waves, the blue sky, the occasional storms, the old friendly stars, whose southern constellations I had already learned under the kindly tutorship of Rose, — how a good deed does twine itself around one's heart!

— all these eternally human realities had kept up the unity of the human race through the procession of the centuries; I felt grateful for their stability in a world whose changes, to me at least, had become so kaleidoscopic.

Although sickness is not amusing, yet there are compensations. It enabled me to enjoy the social activities, without being compelled to take part. I could sit back and judge the whole proceedings from the comparative standpoint of the life on ship-board during my earlier less civilized days. I remembered the routine of a transatlantic trip pretty well. First day, shrewd judgments passed on each other. Second day, acquaintance plus phosphorescence and whales. Third day, shuffle-board and *tête-à-têtes*. Fourth day, public games. Fifth day, wire-pulling, gambling, concert with graft collections not one-quarter of which ever reached the ghost "orphans of Liverpool." Sixth day, announcement of engagements among the young, and social schemes among the charming mammas. Seventh day (if any), packing, distribution of snapshots, and vows of eternal friendship, with return of engagement rings. Then, dash for the customs, empty compartments, and exchange of impressions of the travellers by the stewards. That is the kind of trip I was expecting.

On the contrary, I found that, like everything else, traveling had been educationalized. In my day the University Travel Bureau had already begun to give educational lectures on their private steamers. In England, the Midland Railway had put in their coaches colored views of the points of interest along their route. That, however, was only a trifle in comparison with what should have been done. To begin with, Satan finds plenty mischief for idle hands to do. This evil, on board the steamer, used to take, for men, the form of gambling; and for women, that of slander; and for

both combined, that of flirting. All three were of evil.

At the very first world-congress, the educational authorities of the various countries took possession of this idle time. First they established travel lectures illustrating the countries between which the steamers plied. The next step was an extension of the subjects to all the various continents. Systematized lecture-courses, with standard slides, were established at the world-capital, and distributed to the various ports of entry. Then the captain, assisted by the more educated higher officers, showed them three times a day, so as to form a complete whole, during the trip. Those who did not care for recognition, merely attended them; those who wished home credits received certificates of attendance, and by writing up the notes and outlines on standard-sized paper, handed them in to the captain, who countersigned them, and forwarded them to the proper authorities, and issued a certificate. Later on there arose the idea of utilizing these trips to hold meetings of learned societies, educational congresses, and so forth. This combined the pleasures and benefits, both physical and mental, of traveling, with the right, instead of the wrong social environments. Besides, it did away with the pernicious practice of speakers arriving by the last possible, and leaving on the earliest train, which practically ruined the benefit of the meeting.

Sessions of the selective classes of the matrimonial schools were also held here, which thus regularized the inevitable meetings of young people, supervising them scientifically, and introducing the element of responsibility, as everything was carefully recorded, and reported to the home towns of both, and so regulated that every girl on ship-board got an equal number of callers and dancers, and every youth got his chance at every girl. This did away with all rivalry, jealousy, and unkindness, such as ruled in the olden

days when the hindmost was thrown overboard to the devil. Engagements, tentative of course, were duly recorded, and counted towards the standard number prescribed by the home school authorities.

On ship-board were also held classes of navigating schools. In my day the ship conditions were so bad that there existed in every port "pimps" who "shanghaied" the unwary, at so much a head. Such a scandal was never touched by the authorities, because it was convenient to the ship-owners. The profession of being a seaman was educationalized. In my days Secretary Daniels made such an effort, and he was immediately blamed by unthinking aristocrats, who cared nothing for democratic progress. But that profession could not prosper except under a naval civil service system, which gave intelligent training to apprentices. As all ownership was vested in the state, there were no more appointments by favoritism or nepotism of the majority of stockholders, and no longer did older men have to serve under younger men, all of whose nautical work they had to do, and whose errors they had to correct. No longer did captains flirt with millionaires and politicians; no longer occurred collisions at sea. In my day the chief naval academy of the United States had been on land; nowadays that would have been considered a joke. Was it any wonder that these idle naval students hazed each other, when their energies were not adequately employed in mastering their profession? Indeed, it was no wonder that such officers had to be court-martialled for letting their ships collide, or go on the rocks. It would have been much better if they had spent their years of training on ships as apprentices.

But still further use was made of the time on ship-board formerly wasted. Even in my day tuberculous children received their education on old ferry-boats. In modern times regular college courses could be taken

on board ship, which applied not necessarily to short trips of a week, across the Atlantic, but to longer trips across the Pacific and Indian Oceans (although the Indian Peninsula was now preferably reached overland by train via Mesopotamia and the Beluchistan coast). These educational features had been introduced also on long railroad trips, such as the Indian and Trans-Siberian.

Superficially, it might have been supposed that such educational features would have injured the present delightful social features of traveling. Just the opposite was the real state of affairs. Cicero had long ago pointed out that the most compelling element of friendship is common educational activities; and this had been verified by college friendships. Consequently on these journeys also the educational elements only increased the pleasures of traveling.

This educational system on journeys lent itself most readily to the "finishing" round the world tour exacted from every youth and maiden preliminarily to graduation. Personal leadership had become rare, inasmuch as the ship's officers were in charge and handed the pupils over to the new captain at the next port. Railroad conductors acted in the same way, and for the stays in towns, the Traveler's Aid societies supervised the students, who had their traveling books punched and signed up, so that the whole course of the travels could be regulated. I need not, however, add that all this entirely arrested hotel robber barons, whose establishments were taken over by the state, so that before starting out the traveler could purchase complete tickets for board, lodging and transportation all around the habitable globe, including cartage, porterage, and all minor expenses. No more extortion at Jaffa!

For me, sitting aside from the stream of life, watching the seriousness with which the various groups carried on their work, the scene at first was diverting;

but just as soon as I was well enough to attend the travel-lectures, with all their practical suggestions of routes and facilities, I did not miss a single one. As to the notes and outlines, I did not consider them in the light of an infliction, but as a great privilege to have the opportunity of crystallizing this knowledge, and having it corrected by experts.

As I was a stranger and a convalescent, early in the trip the "social committee" came to ascertain whom I wished or needed to meet, and submitted a list of those on board for me to examine. So I was not left alone, and made some very charming acquaintances.

Seeing I was languid, they did not pester me with questions about my aches and pains, but tried to distract me. They represented to me what the modern "lady" and "gentleman" could be. They were not richer than anybody else, because everybody in the whole world was on the same salary schedule. It was not the chivalry of my early days, in Germany, with low bows from the waist, a little swagger, and a little swinging of the cane (the remainder of the sword generally worn in the previous century). Even in my day, in the United States, where theoretically all men were equal, a certain democratic culture had arisen among such as desired culture for its own sake. Yet even so there remained a certain respect for crests, titles, money and position. The new culture rested not even on the desire for social advancement, but on inherent fineness; a fearlessness that was good to see, a certain serene, unafraid clear-eyedness that our artists used to associate with angels. The dignity of labor shed a radiance which was the very thing whose lack was deplored by Edwin Markham in his "Man with the Hoe;" for overmuch labor is worse than none at all. In their conversation there was a racy tang of unaffected internationalism, and a breadth of humor, which was lacking in the national type of my day. In my days many gentlemen were unthinkable

apart from their palatial homes, country seats, art collections, which they exhibited with some slight condescension, their family trees, their government relatives, and so forth. Of all of this, modern people had nothing to boast, for mere possessions were considered as vulgar as they were selfish. In international translation, if not in the original, they had read the poetry, drama and romance of all literatures. The scenery of every continent was familiar to them, so that their conversation was free from bragging of having the tallest building in the world, the most expensive city hall, or the most extensive stock-yards. They had met the great, good and wise of every continent, and showed neither prejudices, nor snobbishness. The "simple life" was the most stylish; and to teach it, it was not found necessary to have liveried flunkies, as did Pastor Wagner. Nor were they proud of this culture, because it was supposed to be the heritage of every individual. Their attitude was one of counseling with you, for every person was considered an oracle of God. Of everyone there was expected a certain amount of psychical research, and all lived as in the shadow of the unseen. One of the topics of perpetual interest was the most recent news of communications with other planets, and of itself that implied a new conception of the soul, and of the destiny of the universe.

What struck me most perhaps, was the unconscious appreciation of the comparative view-point. By this I mean the opposite of the medieval view-point in which were laid down as verities certain things which had to be learned without any deviation, usually memorized, like the creeds of the churches. In my days the comparative view-point began to arise; namely, that you do not know any one thing until you know several. For instance, prayer is often considered a single action, whereas it really is a habit. I once heard the story of a country person at a party who was asked if she could

play the piano. "Of course, I can play as well as anybody else, but I have never tried." For instance, supposing that at a party mental transference should be tried. A and B succeed, and for the rest of their natural lives claim successful ability. C and D fail, and for the rest of their lives think themselves failures. Now if all four had each made a hundred trials, and taken the percentage of successes, it might well be that C and D might have a higher one than A and B. Again, in my days "comparative literature" meant a comparison of half a dozen authors, chosen at random, or the comparative literature of some one language, but not, as it should have been, and as one unrecognized author in my day tried to point out in his "Spiritual Message of Literature," the comparison of the literature of all languages. It was this international viewpoint in every department of life, that impressed me. This was real sonship of God. These then were the human race's first real representatives, impossible before the "parliament of man, and federation of the world."

Historically, this internationalism had been founded on the misfortune of various races. The enslavement of the Greek philosophers broadened out their masters, the Romans and the Celtic races spread as far as Asia Minor chiefly as slaves. Then there were the Hebrews who learned culture under compulsion in Egypt, Babylonia and the Roman Empire; and achieved a new prominence by the victory of Christianity at Pentecost. Later they spread through the Holy Roman Empire, the British Empire and the United States, their financial success laying the basis of international finance. There were other international influences, such as the Poles, the Gypsies, and Buddhism, whose chief success depended on their being dispersed. Then there was humanism, the reformation, philosophy, and scientific specialties, and officially, the universal postal system.

Strange to say, the most impotent international influ-

ences were the religious, which, if they had possessed any vitality should have prevented the world-war; but Christianity defended slavery and German autocracy just as cheerfully as it was later claimed to support democracy. Still its influence spread certain common words and conceptions, which, after the war, healed its wounds. But of all the alleged influences of internationalism, the most inefficient were the "Socialists," who permitted themselves to be used as the tools of autocracy to ruin democracies, as they did in Russia, for pay. The German Emperor William had encouraged them for many years, because he had understood how ignoble, stupid, and infamous a lot of cowards they were; and he knew as they later showed, that they would, like Judases, betray humanity at the first call for soldiers for autocracy. Had they not been blinded by conceit, they would have reflected that encouragement by their arch-enemy the autocrat was no compliment; but perhaps they were conscious of being traitors.

Dr. Willow came to chat with me every day, and with him I discussed all these matters. I asked him definitely whether, in the new civilization, there was any recognition of a class of the better men and women, as in our "ladies" and "gentlemen." He said that this refinement could not be produced by any external order or garb, but that it was, as in my day, something which any person, at any stage of his career, could become; and the uniform conditions of life permitted many to attain to it. But it could not be a recognized rank or order, for then people would again mistake the outer for the inner. Of course the three grades of efficiency, distinguished by red, green and blue trimmings on the mantles, did emphasize this character-development. But it could not be incorporated into that system, for many gentlemanly and ladylike persons were not endowed with an extraordinarily keen and efficient intellect, and conversely. In my days, many were refined because

culture had a cash and a social value; now it had no value except its own reward, — that is, unless we counted the highest reward of all: selection to be a sage, by the International College of Sages.

This honor was organized somewhat on the model of the Romanist cardinalate. These were chosen not merely among the bishops, nor even merely among the priests, but even among the deacons. It was a recognition of the truth that the kingdom of heaven is not organized on the same lines as the earthly governmental civil service systems. Many who cannot be advanced among men may be saintly and wise; indeed, of the saviour of humanity it was said that others he could save, but not himself. Human judgment is fallible, many are born among the wrong associations, who even under intelligent modern conditions could not find their best sphere of action. So the international council of sages chose its members from all over the world by unadvertised inspectors, and by intuitional and inspired insight. These were invited to the capital where they were initiated into sageship, and henceforth they wore a wreath of flowers, and returned to live in their old home, there to keep alive the tradition of an invisible realm of wisdom. Their qualifications, of course, were not advertised; but it was understood that they had to have fulfilled all parental, educational and social duties, to be instinct with sacrificial spirit, and to have achieved some private contact with the invisible world, and above all to typify ideal courtesy and honor.

On ship-board was a group of these sages, holding a council. They were so revered that few ever mentioned them, considering them a fortunate race of geniuses, or semi-divinities. Personally, they were friendly, unassuming, helpful. They were admitted to any group with welcome, and needed no introduction. If anybody had some grief or aspiration he would confide it to some one of them, and was always sure of sympathetic advice.

Some of them belonged even to the lower efficiency classes; but they were just as satisfied with the lower salary as others were to forego the approval of the sages' council.

In dealing with all these modern people I felt at first very much cowed; but I later discovered that by merely judging of everything naturally, with good taste and modesty, I could keep up my end of the conversation, or rather, of my instruction; for although the physical inventions of the modern age had indeed interested me, it was this cultural progress that made me most feel how much of a savage I was, and that the chief progress of humanity must be along cultural and spiritual lines.

This boat-trip, therefore, was one of the most important educational experiences of my life. That was one reason why when Auckland finally rose out of the ocean, no one was sorrier than I; besides, it meant the completion of definite separation from my benefactress Rose. She was ever present to my spirit, and I wondered whether by this time she had reaped the fruit of my self-effacement, by a happy life-settlement. But in useless remorseful dreaming of that lost paradise lay madness. I knew that we must part, for between us stood the flaming arch-angel of her welfare.

CHAPTER XXIV

INTERMARRIAGES AND MISSIONS

On arriving near land I was compelled to come to some decision as to my future course. Dr. Willow Socialiset had invited me to visit his home at Dunedin. I imagine that he also was interested in me from a medical standpoint, for he had read of me in professional journals; and he could have had me under observation while showing me the wonders of his country. On my part I should have liked to see the glory peas and tree-fern, and eaten the edible fern. More important, I would have liked to see at first hand the descendants of those who in my day had formed a state which, like Switzerland, was a model of good government, and considered one of the most enlightened countries. Dr. Socialiset told me that this was partly due to his home's secluded nature. But seeing sights, or studying politics, were not my object.

For this same reason I did not accept the invitation of my cultured friends the Socialibuns, whose home was in the comparatively recent capital of the Australian federation, and who were anxious for me to witness the pulsing heart of one of the most favored continents of our globe. None of the elements of greatness, success or culture were missing. A temperate climate, flat lands, undisturbed ocean communications, and good old English stock without unnecessary and hampering aristocratic traditions had produced political poise. I was indeed later to discover that this was practically the only

remaining stronghold of the Anglo-Saxon race, about the miraculous destiny of which commencement orators used to indulge in pyrotechnics.

What was the most striking difference in the civilizations of New Zealand and Australia? Australia was the busier commercial place; its democracy had to solve problems far more varied and difficult, and it was far more international in tone. Local patriotism was here far stronger than in many other continents. In the world-parliament Australia was known for making the greatest number of protests, and proposing the greatest number of innovations. Though in size it was the tail of the political canine, this same tail never hesitated to try to wag the whole social organism. I felt that if I was to enjoy a trip anywhere, it would be here.

However I found the strength to say farewell to all my friends, and took the high-speed train on the eastern coast, past Sydney, Melbourne and many other places to Somerset on the extreme point of the Cape York peninsula. From here I intended to start my private flying trip among the Polynesian islands, to find a peaceful refuge for the declining months of my career.

I was put across Torres Straits in the regular boat that crossed weekly; and I found myself in New Guinea, no longer a Joseph's coat of spheres of influence, but an international administrative unity. I was not interested in ethnology, or I should have studied the natives, who have all been civilized, and who have here, in the largest island in the world, bar Australia, created a very prosperous state. I was mildly amused at the natives' woolly hair, the acacia, the ebony, the palms, the pigeons and cockatoos, the birds of paradise, and the tree-kangaroos. The Papuan civilization had improved. In my days the tribes lived in the separation of enmity; and missionaries were scandalized that these separate tribes did not have any satisfactory notion of a supreme divinity. How could they? The Hebrews

themselves clung to their teraphim until after their dispersion among highly developed civilizations. In my days the official German Lutheran God was appealed to by the chief autocrat, in federation with the Mahometan Allah, resignation to the tyrannous rule of whose viceregent was the chief doctrine of that religion of the murderous tribes that slaughtered the non-resisting Armenian Christians. Here was a veritable Moloch, who could in no wise be identified with the divinity of the democracies. Not until the world was federalized did a practical universal divinity exist in the souls of men; and now that this was universally recognized, modern thinkers felt incapable of absolving of hypocrisy, or of a mental "blind spot" those who claimed belief in a universal divinity, while keeping up all sorts of divisions national, sectional, racial, and social.

This great union did not, however, imply intermarriage of races. There was no more incentive to do so, as the unified state forbade any mutual scorn or jealousies; so that every one was free to follow his fancy, and it is evident that every race would prefer its own ideals. Nor, with the wide opportunities for selection, did any white girl, for instance, ever marry a man of another race merely because that was the only opportunity that had, or might come to her. In most cases of intermarriage it is not the victim of circumstances that should be blamed, but the undeveloped social conditions that drove her to despair. Logic should have shown my contemporaries that it was unreasonable to expect ideal love marriages in a world whose guiding principle was money, cheating, influence, and abandonment of the unfortunate. It was as foolish as Hobbes' plan of producing an honest state by perfectly balancing the interests of rascals.

It was only the inspiration of ideal democratic religion that could supply the main-spring of ideal love. The famous (or infamous?) passions of Abelard and Heloise

were sickly, etiolated plants that could bloom only in places so unnatural as monasteries. The loves of Dante and Petrarca were merely fictitious poetical rhodomontades. Mrs. Browning's version of the Portuguese nun was certainly not manly, and her husband's cacophonous lucubrations were mostly unintelligible, as Whitman's should have been, more's the pity! But what could you expect under the sway of chance and sinister social taboo? When the only happiness possible was superficiality or despair? The new age had aroused greater, broader poetry, and love ditties were no longer sickly, mawkish effusions, but master-songs of the kind of Bayard Taylor's lines to the Mistress of Cedarcroft. There was also a famous drama of the developing forms of love by a celebrated Lincolnian author.

The greatest problem in the civilization of Papua was of course the education of the woolly-headed Papuans. When we speak of democracy, we mean the equality of the equally educated, married, and productive human being. It was part of the missionary activities of the youthful college student, during his vacations, to lure the less educated into the intellectual pleasures of the civilized condition. The missionary fervor of the Christian religion had not, by any means, been lost; it had only become systematized and clarified. Originally, of course, the chief object of missions had been to obtain lip-confession to a creed; and, if indeed eternal torments had thereby been evaded, the tortures of the inquisition had been favors, and St. Francis Xavier had been right to pass a cloth over the heads of babes exposed on the banks of the Ganges. Later in my days, missionaries had carried to the benighted heathen medical, educational and social improvements.

The religion of democracy had caught the fire of the self-sacrifice of the Christian missionary, for without a soul any sort of establishment, even a commercial or educational one, must perish. However thorough the

establishment of any financial, social or cultural activity, the New Jerusalem can never persist statically; and that is why it is best represented as a bride descending out of heaven, not as a matron. The reason is that the next generation is ever afresh born ignorant, and in each new soul must be lit the sacred fire. This cannot be done by any routine machinery. As fire is started only by friction — of matches or stick-drilling, — so human aspiration and unselfishness can be gained only by personal influence. Desire for education may, to some extent, be aroused by making dependent thereon all political advancement. This was most definitely done in Germany, in the case of the *einjahrige* soldier service; but what was the result? After the passing of the gymnasium examination the youth went to the university, where he was not strictly supervised, as before, and the average youth sank into several years of intemperance, until the suddenly emancipated youth, if he did not sink, found his own bottom. Mere egoistic advantages, therefore, are not sufficient to attract the ignorant to the Pierian spring. So long, therefore, as new generations arise, there will be need of missionaries, apostles of true culture, messengers of sweetness and light in the service of the "Missioner of Eternity," as Gerald Massey puts it.

What was to be done with the Papuans? In Lincolnia, long ago, we had the problem of the redskins. At first they were slaughtered, shut up in reservations, and victimized by disreputable government agents, until the popular conscience was aroused. Then the reservations were opened, and the only Indians who survived were those who settled down to agriculture, bead industries, newspaper reporting or baseball. Carlisle and kindred institutions developed those that were assimilable into union with the white race, allowing the Ramonas to degenerate into extinction.

How did the modern world improve this problem?

In my days, there had been organizations to clear certain tracts of country of certain pests, by offering bounties for the pelts of certain undesirable animals. In Europe, for instance, wolves had been exterminated, except in the Ardennes and Russia. In Lincolnia, rattle-snakes had gradually been eliminated, then certain pests, like the wheat rust, that had invaded the barberry bushes. Rockefeller had established international destruction of the hook-worm disease. Such international quests were in the purview of the international government; but every state had charge of its own undeveloped races. As among the Mormons, every youth was expected to spend his college vacations as a friendly missionary to the undeveloped races in his own country. This not only educated the hopelessly backward, but brought home to the young progressives who till then had accepted all the benefits of civilization as their right, without much appreciation or gratitude, the need of development, and the largeness of human charity. Also, the lazy were thereby warned that their only claim to superiority — and higher salary, — was the higher education they failed to appreciate. These undeveloped people received therefore only the salary of the lowest efficiency-grade, which was considerably lower than that of the higher. However, they could not entertain any bitterness on this score, as the way to higher rating lay as open to them as to descendants of other races.

This university settlement method was the way in which the negro problem in Lincolnia was finally settled. To have two races live in the same country, the same towns and streets, and yet remain separate in caste, was unthinkable; and it led to riots, which could never claim to be the final solution. Doing away with all causes of intermarriage, educationalization of the differences between the races set the problem on the stable basis of every other institution, and cleared away all antagonism.

In Papualand, therefore, the state had organized a sufficient number of "university settlements," through which the aborigines were being reclaimed to a brilliant future. Moreover, many of them showed great ability, and the greater number of the leading public men were descendants of that race. In New Zealand, the state mission was to the Maoris; in Australia to the bushmen; but here in Papua this mission was of far greater importance, because of the greater number of the aborigines, and the smaller numbers of the white race.

In Papua I was well received, for my snow-white hair harmonized with the local racial peculiarities, as also did my dark, wrinkled skin. Nevertheless I had no desire to re-engage in the warfare of civilization, as would have inevitably taken place, had I remained. I felt that I owed it to myself to find a quiet retreat, where for at least some months peace might lull my senses to a final rest. I therefore visited the Moluccas, Celebes and across the straits of Macassar to Borneo, and then to Java, where I hoped to find a refuge in the gigantic Boro-Boedver Buddhist pagoda. But this was too populous a place; so that I retraced my steps towards the Sulu Islands.

EPISODE FOURTH

THE COMING WORLD-CAPITAL

CHAPTER XXV

FUTURE TRAVEL AND WAY-SIDE INNS

I had arrived in Siassi, in the Sulu Sea, and enjoyed my journey very much in this land where the birds have no song, and most flowers no fragrance. This is the home of orchids, of all colors, red, purple and violet. Here nature seems upside down; the deer are so small as to be called the mouse deer, while the cockroaches are three inches in diameter, and the bats as large as young eagles.

It was my habit to run along in my tricycle from dawn till the heat grew too intense. Then I would get into the shade, and lie down until the cool of the evening. In this country the food problem was not serious, for I could find ripe fruits enough to carry me over until the evening. It was in this way that I passed through island after island, directing my course by map and compass. I would then arrange to pass the night at a government rest-house, such as had been erected every ten miles along the government highways all over the globe.

Of course, these were not elaborate affairs. Often there was only one attendant, who combined every

necessary government transportation function: telegraph, telephone, mail, savings bank, express, and ticket office for the government alcohol tricycles that daily passed over every inch of post-road in the world. In them rode a government messenger who visited every station on his route daily, keeping record of the keepers' attendance, acting as a reporter of all local events of significance, and as fire inspector and policeman. This arrangement extended over all inhabited countries, and allowed the central government to keep in touch with every spot on the globe. Of course, where business warranted it, there were several attendants, and elaborate buildings; but the minimum served to make travel over the whole world safe and comfortable.

As to police, it became largely unnecessary after the establishment of world-wide prohibition. That was indeed the state of affairs in many "uncivilized" countries before the alleged "civilized" white man insisted on introducing fermented liquors, not to mention opium, at the point of the sword. An armed force of some kind was, of course, necessary, for people will always get angry, fall in love, become sick, go insane, or be careless enough to have an accident. But this police was more of a medical patrol, rather than a gang of club-smashers. These government guards were always accessible by wireless telephone, which operated through the helmets they wore, which were small receiving stations. This was far better than have them wander around aimlessly, by their uniforms frightening away offenders, where they should, on the contrary, be detecting them. While waiting for calls, these officers were engaged doing useful clerical work, for the government, instead of, as in my days, playing cards, billiards or nine-pins, wasting their existence, breeding idleness, superciliousness, and imbecility, not to speak of evil habits.

In my days, people would have mottoes painted on

their walls, in imitation of the medieval piety of the Swabians. Later, during the postal card craze, the motto habit spread to individuals. Then, after the federalization of the world, on every milestone was a proverb, or quotation, for the traveller to meditate on during the next mile. Psychologically, the potency of these suggestions was increased by being revolved in the mind by walking. The whole road was composed of a systematic connected sequence, so that a journey often consisted of a curative train of thought, which was far more intelligently efficient than a *scala sancta* progress consisting of a repetition of the same prayers. These trains of thought were adapted to the special cultural needs of the neighborhood, so that whole districts were thus corrected of their local deficiency; and as this changed, so were also the mottoes. Even in my day, inscriptions on fountains and monuments were common; but now they had become universal, and it was found that in thinking of them while drinking the water, they penetrated into the very recesses of the being. Principles of democracy, self-control, charity and culture were generally chosen, and without doubt they formed one of the most potent dynamic springs of democracy, and political liberty. As in my days the Lincolnians had learned to doff their hats, and stand up during the singing of the national anthem, so it was now a principle of good breeding, and a sort of recognition of the religion of democracy for persons, on passing these inscriptions, to stop, uncover, repeat the sentiment, utter a short hymn to liberty, and pass on reverently. These places were therefore very carefully chosen, where there was shade, or good views. Here were found tablets containing extracts from the writings of great men, as well as historic generalizations, or helpful outlines. They were changed as frequently as the location of the departments in the Wanamaker store, and the parties of young people who changed those signs thor-

oughly enjoyed their trips. These were utilized by couples temporarily engaged to get acquainted with each other; which was much better than aimless spooning on park benches and vulgar Hudson River excursion parties, sandwiched in with a maelstrom of yowling rowdies. All these signs were written in both the local and international idioms.

One thing which I, as an ancient Lincolnian, did not regret, but was glad to miss, were the blatant advertisements. In my days people were so gullible that they did not stop to reflect that if you buy something that is advertised you are of course paying for the advertisement also. Personally, I do not think that I had ever bought more than half a dozen articles that I had seen advertised; but judging by the millions spent in advertising, Barnum must have been right in claiming that there was a "sucker" born every minute. In modern days, all necessary news, novelties and notices were standardized, and promulgated at the weekly ward meetings, so that in modern times it was no longer necessary to think of Schenck's Mandrake Pills while reviewing the Palisades, or of Larkin's soap in gazing at the rapids of Niagara. I remember, from my childhood, in English Hadleigh, seeing painted on a rock by the roadside, in red letters, "Are you sure that you are not going to Hell?" This of course was not mercenary, but in execrable taste.

It was in such pleasant observations that I spent the months of September and October 2027. When I came to a narrow strait of the sea, I would fly over it, and start my trip on the next island. I did not stop anywhere, because it seemed to me that I was too near the equator. Also, I felt lonely. Strange perversity of the human heart, that when I was invited by those charming Australian friends, I refused, wishing, as it were, to be alone with my dead: my own wife of the long ago, Mrs. Parker, Lilac, Orchid, and Rose. Now that I was alone,

I was unhappy at my solitude. I began to suspect that I would not be happy anywhere, and that I should make up my mind to sail for the Fiji Islands, and take pot-luck; but I promised myself a last choice of hermitages in the Philippines, which interested me because of their once having been under the influence of my old home, Lincolnia.

I was resting under a palm-tree, preparatorily to flying across the straits to Zamboanga, the most southern extremity of the Philippines, when I happened to notice one of the common little motor tricycles like mine coming towards me from the other side. Hardly had the occupant risen, however, that he madly swayed and lurched and turned, twisted around by a tornado, whose outer gusts bent the trees down over me too. From the east an angry black cloud was careering. Then the ocean churned and roared. The frail air-craft soon disappeared from view entirely, and I reflected that even if its occupant had safely made a landing on the water, he could never float. As never before I was praying, thinking I was interceding for him, when, as will later be seen, I was really praying for myself; but then, we never know for whom we are acting; so that the safe rule is to do good, regardless of the recipient. As suddenly as the hurricane had arisen, so suddenly it disappeared. Although I could not see him, I started on my tricycle, on the chance that, in some unknown way, I might be of service. Even as I did so, I was quite convinced that any effort would be useless, as I was still very awkward in making landings on the water; so I expected to be swamped in making the attempt under the present circumstances.

To tell the truth, I realized that, in any event, my life was forfeit, and a little sooner or later did not matter. In risking these last few months of my doomed existence, I was at least fulfilling my resolve to pass on to some one else Rose's gift of life. Then I was struck

by the strange coincidence that Rose should have suffered in Buenos Aires, so far off, that salvation might come to this unknown individual in the Sulu Straits. But I laughed at the thought for it was by no means sure that he would be rescued, though it was my part to make the desperate attempt.

Only with difficulty did my quivering machine take the air; but by main force and awkwardness I got off to a fair start. Too low I did not want to fly, lest I take the water before I was ready; nor did I want to soar too high, lest I fail to perceive any possible wreckage. The latter, indeed, I succeeded in observing, and I noted a human being struggling to get into a life-preserver. Immediately I manœuvered to alight near him; I threw out the water-shoes under each wheel, and was just about to effect a landing when from the side opposite to where I was looking surged up a long comber, throwing my machine on its side. In view of just such an emergency, I had unstrapped myself, and I managed to grasp my own life-preserver as I was being carried away. Then the machine righted itself, and I tried to climb back. For some time I could do no more than hold on, while it bobbed around with its water-shoes half deflated by the impact of the first wave. Of course the wings had been snapped off; but the rope-guides dragged them along, and bid fair to entangle me. But this very danger saved me, because unintentionally I pulled the boat sidewise enough to throw a leg over the bar, and then slowly to drag myself over the swaying side.

Seated once again, I ventured to try the steering apparatus, and the propeller; and against all expectation I found that, though very slow, the craft was still under control. Quite a little spying around was needed before I again located the life-preserver with its precious human freight; but just as I had decided to give up hope of finding it, — though not my intention to con-

tinue searching for it, as I felt I could not find a better way of finishing my existence, so fateful had it proved to others, — when I almost collided with it. Enough unconscious presence of mind to snatch after it was left; and I was rewarded by feeling the pull of a cord. As I held on, I heard a cry, and saw a yellow face in the very midst of the canvas circle peering at me.

Though there was no time for reflection, my childhood prejudices about, and antipathy against the yellow Orientals, wrenched my heart; but after all, he was a human being; and as I had jeopardized my life, there was nothing to do but to consummate the sacrifice. Besides, I was startled by the apparition of Rose standing on the waves beside him, and beckoning to me. As I realized the supernaturalness of this hallucination, and scanned it anxiously, it disappeared, leaving me the spectacle of the yellow form waving at me his arms, whenever he could release one of them from the life-preserver he was clutching. So I tugged away at the rope till my machine bent over. Gradually he approached, and had just laid hold of the bottom rail, when unexpectedly something gave way. Entangled in the silk parachute that had without my knowledge unwound itself, it tore, and I found myself once more struggling in the waves, with one hand on the rail of the opposite side. We were now evenly balanced, he on one side, and I on the other. Apparently it was a choice of lives, for the machine was frail, and would not be likely to support us both. Which was to survive?

Such problems are not unknown; witness the celebrated case of the preacher Talmadge, who, while sailing in a row-boat in the Philadelphia Fairmount Park Spring Garden water-works dam-reach, with his wife and sister-in-law, approached too near the dam, so that the boat capsized, and suddenly he was faced with a "lady or the tiger" problem: which of them should he save? Of course, it was the sister-in-law, whom he later

married. On us both, me and the despised Oriental, had come this choice. Whichever one of us climbed in, would draw the other one out of water, probably force him to let go, and be lost in the welter of the waves. A gleam of recognition of this problem flashed in the yellow face, and I heard him, in the international language, shout for me to hold on; this meant, that he himself was ready to commit the supreme sacrifice. However, to be balked at the last moment, after having risked so much for him, did not suit me. The vision of Rose had decided me to hand over the torch of life, which to him might mean years, while to me it meant at most a few months. Screaming good-bye, I threw up my hands, and resigned myself to the current, which swept me away with a rush, a roar and a choke, and a burning of my eyes.

This seemed to result in a suffused purple glow through which sweetly smiled at me Rose, who extended one hand, and with the other pointed to a spirit train consisting of Lilac, and Orchid, and, strange to say, Dr. Policiver; only this time he was not scowling, but welcomed me to the friendly circle. Yet, the instant he laid his hands on me, all around me rose up from the ground the same German soldiers who in the long ago had broken into our Red Cross hospital, and had infected me. These began pummelling, squeezing, and hazing me. At the point of the bayonet they compelled me to do the goose-step all around the ward; they made me dance and do vaudeville stunts, — and then their faces dissolved into those of active, friendly Filipinos, who had placed me over a barrel, and were heroically working over my resuscitation. Behind them was staggering around the yellow man who had clung to the opposite side of my machine. Himself supported by rescuers, he was anxiously watching the progress of my recovery, giving directions nobody heeded, peering at me with a fierce intensity, as if boring through my form

to reach my consciousness, to draw it back from the limbo of dreams. As soon as he saw he had succeeded, he uttered a great cry of relief, and himself fell into a faint. I too once more lost myself, but under the urge of compulsory respiration I greeted the blue sky and golden sunshine with a spell of sobbing, repeating over and over, "Why did you not let me die?"

My next meeting with my yellow friend was in the white ward of a Zamboanga hospital. From neighboring beds we exchanged smiles of recognition, and friendly good will. Then followed a few trite inquiries, and a metaphorical hand-shake, before our nurses hastened to interrupt us, gave us light nourishment, and compelled us to sink back into the creature comfort of sleep.

Soon, however, we were allowed to sit up on a broad piazza, overlooking the straits in which we had so nearly ended. Piecing together what I heard from him and the nurses, I gradually discovered what had happened after I had lost consciousness. On seeing me relax my grip on life, my yellow friend, whose name was Acacia, had climbed in, and had momentarily managed to grip the rope of my life-preserver. I slipped through his hands, but not before this short hold had pulled me through the impetus of the wave to which I had relinquished myself. By the time I had sunk and come back to the surface, he had recovered control of the machine. He succeeded in keeping near to my floating form until reached by boats that had set out from the shore, attracted by my spectacular swoop into the waves. These boats picked me up, and brought us both back to safety, so that, after all, my efforts had not been in vain.

The scene before us was so new to me, and so beautiful, that I lazily postponed all inquiries and explanations; but he, proving himself the stronger, entertained me with an account of who he was: a "federal inspector," sent out by the Asia Minor world-government

centre, to keep these island communities in personal touch with the means, methods, aims, and ideals recommended by the central authorities. While this government inspection was world-wide, it was more needed, and therefore more minute in this Malay archipelago. Because of the geographical location, centralized government was here very difficult, and home government very imperfect, because of the difficulties of the reclamation of the formerly savage tribes. Acacia, therefore, was an important official, as was shown by his intelligent dignity, his quiet authoritativeness, and the universal respect he elicited.

For so many months had I ceased to talk of myself, that I might never have revealed my checkered career to this friend, — for such he proved himself, as indeed had been sufficiently vouched for by the repeated apparitions of Rose, — but for a very pressing practical necessity. In the accident all my papers had been lost, and I needed a duplicate of my very unusual pension order, my other identification cards, the wherewithal to procure a new outfit to continue my journey, and settle for my hospital charges. About the latter he told me I need not take any anxiety, inasmuch as in modern times the state gratuitously cared for all genuinely sick persons. But in the natural course of events I would be discharged, and would need an identification card, even to prolong my present sojourn, let alone continuing my journey.

To my intense surprise, therefore, I found myself telling this stranger a story which, had it not been recounted to me, I would have characterized as of the "cock-and-bull" variety. This comparative stranger, however, was most sympathetic; and his intelligent questions not only helped me over rough places, but supplied details that explained circumstances which I myself had never clearly understood, — as, for instance, the legal points involved in the museum-Policiver law-suit, and to

give me late news of personalities of whom I had excellent reasons to lose sight.

Lilac's parents, for instance, had been demoted from their supervisory position, both because of their misuse of their daughter's affection, and their attempt to retain control of my private fortune. They had been set to arrange collections, and, to fill their cup of bitterness, to take charge of the relics of my strange career. Even though in modern times all work was counted the same, yet the evident disgrace of demotion from director to subordinate was sufficient to break down their health, and soon to follow into the Unknown their daughter Lilac.

I realized how fortunate I was in having for listener a man of such culture that my unusual story was received with credence. An uneducated person would have immediately dismissed it as impossible; only to a cultured person do subtler philosophic realms exist. That is no doubt the reason why God alone can understand us; He alone could believe the incredible and fatal coincidences of life, the continuous good intentions, no less continuously defeated, and the temptations that are secret and incommunicable.

Besides my friend's ability to grasp my century-long obsolete attitudes of thought and expression, I found him so well informed about many of my circumstances that after I had finished there arose within me the suspicion that he had all along known who I was, and what had happened to me; and I told him as much. In a quiet way he smiled, and said that of course in the current world-news he had heard of the museum story, but he had not heard the episode connectedly, and he wished to hear it from my own lips, now that Providence, — and as he uttered that word he spoke reverently, as if in the presence of a higher power, — had brought us into personal relations of friendship.

As he said so, I made a wry face, for I was conscious

of very mingled motives in connection with my present attitude of life. As I sought from the solace of friendship the interior relief of a luxurious self-expression, confession being good for the soul, I told him that while I appreciated the honor of his friendship, nevertheless I could not leave him under false impressions. I explained to him that if I had flown to his rescue, it was chiefly because I was tired of living; that I had accepted it as a good means of paying off the old score I owed to Rose; that, as a matter of fact, if I had managed to save him, it was rather in spite than because of his personality, although now that I knew him personally, and valued him as a friend, the reason would be reversed. Nor must he consider me brave, because in the first place, it had needed a sort of special vision of Rose to make me embark on the adventure; and then I revealed to him how I had always considered myself a coward, and that the successful completion of the undertaking was not only a surprise to me, but really an intense relief,— to discover that, under stress, I could have been as cool as anybody else, if not the coolest.

I did not make this rather painful confession without tears, and he, too, the slant-eyed Oriental, as he gazed away over the azure straits, with a far-away expression, showed a suspicious moisture in the eyes.

When I had done, he took my hand, and said that he could understand my feelings, and respected them; but that if the truth were known, even the bravest are not such in their own right, — unless foolhardy, or ignorant, rushing in where angels fear to tread, — but chiefly because of an unrecognized divine afflatus. At any rate, the very bravest had never hesitated to acknowledge that the praise was due not to themselves, but to the divinity. This insight fused the oriental and occidental view-points; and I began to feel what the world, for a century, had begun to acknowledge, especially since the diminution and decadence of the white race, — that

indeed God is no respecter of persons, and that He accepts whoever worketh righteousness.

Thus unexpectedly was formed an international friendship, and I realized more than ever that I was living in a new age, wherein counted nothing but personal loyalty, culture, and spirituality.

Life, however, is formed of contradictions; for no sooner had we sealed our compact with a right vigorous pressure of the hand, when he besought forgiveness for apparent desertion. As he had measurably completed his recovery, he must now complete his tour of inspection. For me it would be well to stay on this hospital porch, to recover my vigor. During this time my identification papers would be replaced. When he returned, he would take me with him to visit the world-capital, Concordia, if I so desired. Then with another hand-shake. and a friendly nod, he was gone!

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DOOM OF THE WHITE RACE

For the next six weeks, during November and December, my time was spent on or near that friendly porch, gazing at that glorious view, until I knew by heart all the phantasmagoria of tints from rosy-fingered dawn to rainbow sunset; and in the moonlight the ever rolling tide glistened and glowed, the moonlight path leading straight to the picturesque and fantastic shore opposite. But this gorgeous spectacle was only an accompaniment to meditation on my fate, my new friend, his words and deeds.

"Concordia," the name of the world-capital, appealed to me. For there are all kinds of peace, which word would have been the first one to suggest itself as a name suitable to the capital of the federated world. An American iron-master, whose industry profited by war, had once built and endowed a Hague "Temple of Peace." But of peace, there are all kinds. Besides the biblical variety, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, there is the *pax Romana*, where the swallowed lamb shall lie down within the lion's gastronomic cavity. Then there is the "peace at any price," even of dishonor. "Peace," therefore, is both indefinite and static, while on the contrary "concord" is dynamic; for where the hearts agree there is no difficulty in harmonizing conflicting interests.

Another matter which forced itself on my observation was the thinly disguised contempt for the dwindling and degenerating white race. I who had been accustomed

to look on them as the destined and actual lords of creation was intrigued to discover any reasonable grounds for such reprobation. The physicians and nurses were so considerate that they never broached the subject; and I knew that I would not discover their real thoughts if I introduced the antagonism of discussion. To hear the truth I would have to draw them out, entirely repressing my own feelings. Painful as this was, I succeeded in getting them to talk freely and frankly.

To begin with, the white race had dwindled, after committing suicide during the war for democracy, in 1914. In many lands they had become the minority, and therefore were compelled to fit themselves to the thoughts and habits of the other races, which had gotten the upper hand. It was the case of the picture painted by the lion, in which man was always conquered, instead of the men's picture, which generally depicted the debacle of the lion. This was reminiscent of my childhood's arguments about the future of the red race.

Second, if no longer feared or hated, they were scorned for the barbarities they had practiced on each other, as well as upon others. How much easier sticks evil, than good! The whole white race was disgraced for the infamous barbarities of the Germans in the war for democracy. My defence that the rest of the race loathed and opposed those methods was met with a reminder of history, both contemporary and ancient. Contemporarily the English races enjoyed the sports of slugging; the Spanish, bull and cock-fights; and the Germans eating and drinking contests. In the past, I had to admit that things were pretty bad, in all countries and times. To begin with, the Lincolnian treatment of the Indians, and of the early Pilgrim persecutions of other religions, and the Salem witch-burnings. The Romanists had their Inquisition, the Protestants their treatment of the Romanists, wherever they were in the ascendency. The Hebrews were tormented on all hands.

The Huns and Vandals had made their names synonymous with robbery, murder, and desecration. The wars of religion that raged for over four hundred years had made wounds that never healed. The crusade against the Albigenses was pure fratricide. Napoleon betrayed democracy, and thereby lowered the army standard of France by a foot. The French and Russians, as soon as they dreamed of democracy, fell into the Red Terror. Alexander destroyed the chief dynasties of the East merely to die from indigestion. As a race I could not deny that they had showed themselves quarrelsome, cruel, vindictive and hypocritical; they had crucified their own saviour. It is a mistake to suppose that saviours have to be crucified, except among the white races. Is it any wonder that the race had committed suicide under the leadership of William of Germany?

Of course, I tried to point out that liberty would never have won the day if the rest of the world had not joined in repressing the Huns; but they pointed out that it was only by overcoming these white Huns that the federation of the world had been accomplished. I realized that it would be useless for me to try to change the whole world's opinion. What a pity that one evil deed makes more of an impression than a thousand good ones!

Another accusation against them was that while one-half of them had made a business of warfare, the other half had made a warfare of business, so that where the former claimed its thousands of victims, the latter claimed its millions of sweat-shop degenerates, tuberculous and rachitic, not among the strong, but among the children and the women. The industrial warfare in factory, mine and sweat-shop was inseparable from competition, where the devil took the hindmost. Under slavery, the master at least cared for his slave, as his property; but in the competition of my days there was not even that protection to the producer, as in the

occupational diseases of the match-makers, the painters, and miners. The murder and rapine in America by Columbus and his successors had been avenged by the introduction into Europe of syphilis, one of the greatest centres of which, before the war, had been Berlin.

Another serious accusation had been the spreading, even by force of arms, of intoxicants, opiates, nicotine, hashish and chloral. This had entirely ruined many friendly, gentle, communistic aborigines, such as, for instance, the Aleutian islanders. The late growth of prohibition during the war was commented on as a confession of the evil permitting intoxication; and I had little desire to answer.

What hurt me most of all, however, was the statement that even after the federation of the world, the chief necessity for the state's keeping of an armed force was to keep in order the white members of the community. The old League to Enforce Peace had received its strongest support from among the colored races, and the only country whose inhabitants had had to be deported and cowed were the white Germans.

The crowning insult, however, was the patronizing assurance that gradually the white were being improved; and as the modern regulations for marriage and peace had increased their numbers, there was hope that the white race would retrieve itself, although there was an expression of fear lest they should ever return into ascendency, and again introduce slavery, religious persecution, intoxicants and competition. That was the skeleton in the closet of the modern world.

It is only with sincere grief that I record these prejudiced views, probably the only instance of survival of intolerance and error I met in the modern world.

When such topics of conversation finally lost their zest, I could not help taking and expressing a genuine interest in the organization of the hospital wherein I had experienced so much kindness.

I remember very well my experiences in the richest, largest hospitals of my day. I shall not even mention the German hospitals, where the sick were considered just so much clinical material, to whom anæsthetics even need not be given. Other European hospitals were not much better. While no purposive cruelty was practiced in American hospitals, the absence of any religion of democracy left the young internes careless, and inclined to flirt with the nurses. The latter, on the other hand, though refined and educated, were compelled to scrub floors, which did not help them at all to nurse the sick. If you were a pay patient at ruinous prices, too much could not be done for you; but if you paid the reasonable board, you were hectored around remorselessly, exposed to drafts, and treated like cattle.

In modern times, there was only one class of patients and all went into wards except those whose diseases demanded seclusion. The wards, however, were small; never above six patients. There was only one class of food, and that was plain and good. As the doctors were paid, not by the number who were sick, but by the number of those who got well, it was to their interest to cure their patients as quickly as possible. Healing had also become religion, and both nurses and doctors daily joined in prayers to be led to do the best for their patients, to affect the latters' unconscious self, and for their eventual recovery. The rooms and wards were hung with helpful mottoes and pictures, so that the inner man was encouraged and consoled at the same time that the outer man was restored to health. Telephone connections to every bed with the public concerts and lectures distracted the sick during those terribly long nights when the shadows seem eternal.

The superintendent was no jack in office, but the father of every patient, and it was his duty to hear and listen to the troubles of every patient daily. How did that happen? Because his reappointment every year

depended on a re-election by the patients that had been under his care last year; so that it was to his practical interest, to please the patients.

Of course in my day the ruling authorities were boards of trustees who had no interests, other than financial, in the institution, and who knew nothing of what went on under the surface. Under such a state of affairs, therefore, things could not go other than wrong for the patients, in whose interests, however, all the money was supposed to be collected. Now the state had full control, and insisted that the institution be run in the interest of the patients, not the management.

In my own case, of course, I could not tell if the solicitousness with which I was surrounded was usual or exceptional, inasmuch as I had been introduced by so influential a friend. Still, from all that I could see, I came to the conclusion that the care and thoughtfulness were general; for even my friend the federal inspector received a treatment studiedly similar to that of everybody else, in food, bedding, nursing and medicaments.

When the time came around for the return of my friend I was just a little afraid of meeting him again; would he have changed? Would the pressure of business have dulled his good intentions towards me? Fortunately his return was sudden. I had come to watch every land-boat-plane that came across the straits, morbidly trying to examine every passenger; but my friend did not come that way; he had been touring the Philippines, and had returned to me from behind my back. The unexpectedness of our meeting allowed no time for any artificial resolves, and curiosity added to my affection made me insist on a very full account of his doings.

I found that the pleasure of reunion was mutual. His position brought him in contact with many people, but also erected a barrier between them. There can be no intimacy between the cat and the mouse. In these

modern days there was little chance for him to remarry merely for money or position; and personally he was so old that the authorities of any matrimonial school would have advised, nay, ruled against him. So for him I was as much of a god-send as he was to me; and he chatted with me most chummily and unreservedly; but . . . .

"Do you know," observed he with a covert glance, "that in the Fiji Islands, on the western coast of Viti Levu, I have found the hermitage for which you were seeking? While on the eastern coast the vegetation is tropical, on the western the scenery would remind you of temperate climes; there are meadows, sweet potatoes, acacia and fern trees, as well as orchids and bananas. The rivers are full of edible fish, and the temperature remains mild. Why do you not go there to end your life? I can give you recommendations, and you will make friends, for the society is of the most charming. The native question is well advanced, nay, they are the most enlightened race in Polynesia, mingling the best characteristics of the Papuans you so much liked, with those of the Tongans and Samoans; while the whites there have allayed the natural prejudice against them by intermarriage; consequently most profound concord reigns there. (I noticed that he preferred to use the word "concord" rather than "peace.") And then," added he significantly, "among their flowers are the lilacs!"

From the gleam of his eyes as he used the word "lilacs," I grew certain that he had an ulterior meaning, one that I had already suspected, when he had mentioned the orchids. So I countered, "And you say there are also acacias there?"

"Yes," rejoined he, flushing imperceptibly.

"Well," retorted I, "I am content with acacias!"

This time the flush was noticeable, for I had decided to stay with him. This was a genuine sample of the way in which Providence treats us, giving us what we

seek after we have ceased to desire or need it. No, the gods are not jealous of human happiness, but they seem to look on this life as an education, as a prelude to higher things, while we persist in considering it an opportunity to enjoy these means of education as ends in themselves. So later Providence does offer us the very fulfilment of our wishes as temptations, to see if we have sufficiently advanced not to desire a return to them. By the same token they should be considered happiest who least receive satisfaction of their desires, and those who can easiest satisfy them, and need never lack for anything, are most unfortunate. That is why it was a real favor to humanity, a genuine step forward in evolution, when privileged classes ceased to exist, and when no one need ever be deprived of proper and helpful opportunities, on the merit basis.

We therefore agreed to remain together. I said, "You are no doubt quite able to manage successfully without me, as you have done till now; but even an ass was once useful to a prophet; and if in no other way, I shall act as a counterfoil; or, what is sometimes still more helpful, as a good listener. Other than yours, of course, I have no interests; and even if I am of no use, I shall be no hindrance; yet I shall surely be of some use, for the unexpected still arises even in your modern civilization, does it not?"

"I accept the companionship, and with great happiness," responded he. "I feel sure the blessing will prove mutual. In its individual form, the divine Presence is always near the listening solitary heart; but its congregational form is dependent on human solidarity. This is a privilege so inestimable that for its sake even the wisest, when in despair, have been known to marry fools, and to burden themselves with heavy crosses; and this you shall apply to me, though without the cross. The many scenes with which I am familiar I shall now see with my own eyes, glorified with the rainbow of

friendship. In describing to you our achievements, I myself shall all the clearer revaluate them, thus returning to my youth's first vigorous sensations of color and form. In this manner Providence has unexpectedly answered prayers of mine that I deemed unanswerable. That is how we know there is a Providence, because the unexpected plays so important a part in our lives. That we are ministers thereof endues us with the greatest dignity, and this constitutes whatever divinity we may claim!"

"As St. Athanasius used to say," added I reminiscently, meditatively, and dreamily, as if in a trance of revelation. For it was an initiation into a year of miracle for us both. We tasted the purest joys of friendship, of which Cicero and so many others had written, without any of the dangers and bars which Emerson had so unworthily emphasized; youth, with its impulses, and chances of separation by divergence of interest; material interests, since I could not look forward to rivalry, and we were independent of income; sex, with its weaknesses, its passions, its excesses, it physiological culmination in a family; boredom, inasmuch as each of us belonged to a different age, a different race, and different funds of knowledge. We traveled over grounds fresh to me, offering to him that purest joy of life, impartation of knowledge, — and it turned out, as is usual under such circumstances, that he later repeatedly thanked me for having compelled him to study points which he unintentionally and unconsciously had neglected. To the best of my ability I assisted him, and was able not only to enrich his impressions by mine, but to suggest minor improvements, some of which he had too long delayed, or forgotten. We were also united in prayer. Though of different race and personal language, we translated to each other the great facts of life, and we drew up a list, as it were, of the great significancies of our existence. Then he introduced me to his friends,

who formed a good commentary on his interior aspirations, some of which I would otherwise hardly have realized.

Last of all, he introduced me to his twin brother, of whom he always spoke with the deepest affection . . . and pity. Here I had a further opportunity of verifying that interesting fact of human nature, the interior change effected by our occupations. In my youth I remember knowing two sisters, one of whom had married, and graduated into a broad, catholic, charitable and beautiful woman. The other one had remained thin, intolerant, troublesome, self-righteous, and comparatively vulgar. So here Acacia's brother Acacian had retained all the intolerance of the yellow race, — for in these days the latter had not only grown conscious of its numerical superiority over the white race, but had entirely outclassed it in progress of civilization. With him I could not have become an acquaintance, let alone friends. When we choose an occupation we are in more than one way really creating a destiny. I could now clearly perceive an incarnation's possibility of improvement for a soul, and equally the seriousness of an incarnation's waste. In his environment Acacian had merely vegetated, though in a blameless manner. In fact, of the twins, he was generally considered the more honorable, in that he had made greater local achievement, while his twin had become a rover. So fallible are human judgments! There is infinite value in even the most trifling choice, for there is nothing so small that through it God cannot speak.

CHAPTER XXVII

ASIA GEOGRAPHIZED

I said that the yellow race had outdistanced the white. Why? Because the white had been so busy cutting each others' throats, not only on the battlefield, but in industrial competition, that in the meanwhile the yellow race had occupied every coign of vantage. It is well known that the Chinese had invented the printing-press, spectacles, gun-powder, and other achievements before the white race; and even in my own days the Chinese were economically penetrating all of the Malay and Australasian world. Practically every field of endeavor had been opened to them by the diminution of the whites during the world-war, and the latter had never been able to catch up because of the economic equalization of the merit civil-service system of world-federation, which was founded on efficiency, and not on the development of the personal equation and comfortable living distinctive of the oriental whites. The idle lives at high salaries incident to the British civil service system had disappeared. Merit equalization of salaries had left the whites who insisted on remaining in the east no alternative but to live on the same plane as their more efficient Asian human brethren. In the Lincolnian Southern States after the war many of the old families remained in proud isolation; but in the modern state this, which was the breeding-spot of misunderstandings, prejudices, and caste-feeling, was no longer permitted; so that the Asian

whites who objected to be reorganized on the basis of efficiency had to emigrate. Many of them therefore left the Orient for the few countries where the whites were still in the ascendant; but here the quarrelsomeness and mutual victimization characteristic of the race soon made an end of them as a distinctive class. This was especially true of white girls, who had to be transferred to matrimonial schools in white districts; and this ultimately led to their families following them.

China had become one of the most populous and flourishing parts of the globe, yearly sending out flocks of colonies to every under-populated district, so that the Orient was practically closed to the whites, who now had to earn their living like everybody else. Like the "poor whites" of the Lincolnian Southern States, those that remained betrayed the ancient Irish preference for fighting, even above eating, with the result that the League to Enforce Peace had committed the great majority of whites to the state penal universities of citizenship, where those who were amenable to redemption were taught the blessings of industry, and socialization.

The Chinese had taken very kindly to the socialized institutions of the federalized state. From time immemorial they had been accustomed to an examination system, and to efficiency ratings; and now that the provincial bars had perforce been raised, and that the whole world was their field, they had, in a state in which brute force was eliminated, shown up well. A similar state of affairs had existed in Palestine, where the Hebrews could not enter till the more physically powerful Emims and Zamzummims had been eliminated; whereafter, however, their industry and adaptibility had overwhelmed and displaced the Canaanites.

So little do we realize the results of our actions! If Scrap-of-paper William had realized that he was destroying the white race merely to hand over the world's

destiny to the yellow, and that he himself constituted the "yellow peril," he probably would have desisted from his fiendish plans; — and yet there is no knowing, perhaps he had rather have involved in ruin the whole Caucasian race, than miss his opportunity of ruling it. There certainly are "rule or ruin" people in the world, and he must have been one of them. At any rate, he became a very suitable instrument for the devil, even though he did not realize that he was, in the person of his tribal god Thor, reverting from Christian ideals, in spite of being the head of the Lutheran church.

Surprising was the beautiful development of the Chinese under cultural opportunities equal to those of the whites. They no longer even resembled the hunted laundrymen with whom I had in my youth been familiar. They were tall, well-proportioned, athletic, and resourceful. Their foolish peculiarities, pig-tails, feet-binding, long nails, birds' nests, and puppy soup, had been abandoned, to conform with the world-standard of culture. Besides, there was in them a great strain of white blood. One-half of the world's supply of white males having been killed off by the world-war, federalization established a world population bureau, — what a joke on the people of my day, who thought themselves cosmopolitan, yet had never thought of a national, let alone a racial, continental, or global population-bureau! — This bureau, then, had seen that, for the future of humanity, it would be necessary to mate the surplus white women with the available males of other races.

Indeed, such intermarriage had been compulsory, in the case of the German and Turkish races. They had proved themselves so blood-thirsty that, though defeated, the purity of their racial existence was a standing menace for the rest of the world. The only alternative to extermination, such as is inevitable in the case of rats or snakes, but which was repugnant to the meliorative methods of the new world, was intermarriage of

some kind. Neither the Americans, nor English, French or Italians would help them out of their predicament. The Africans, to whom they had made themselves odious by their colonial cruelties, positively refused. There were only two possibilities left: intermarriage with the kindly, but weak-headed Slavs (as had already been suggested by Nietzsche, and which strengthened the Slavic softness), and the Orientals, in spite of their bad reputation because of their barbarities connected with the Kiaou-Chiaou colony.

The Japanese who for centuries had excelled by exploiting Chinese literature, science and economics, had correspondingly lost prominence. The Chinese were now exploiting their own achievements, and Japan was faced with the necessity of developing some originality, or turning to a new field of adaptation; and many of them turned to their geographic destiny, that of mingling the civilization of Asia and America, not forgetting Australia. As such, they proved very useful, although this entailed a noticeable change in their national life. No more coolies were there to draw jinrikishas. The geishas had all been turned over to the matrimonial schools, and had graduated into self-respecting wives; while the latter, in colleges and universities, had been put through a course of sprouts sufficient to develop in them parlor tricks, not to speak of genuine cultural achievements, engaging enough to prove companions able to fascinate their husbands.

Returning to China, the admixture of German *gemütlichkeit* had to the Chinese character added a certain solidity and weight that they had before lacked; and the result not only aided in effacing traditional differences between east and west, but developed a nation that achieved the foremost progress in the world. At every ward-meeting on the globe the news most eagerly scanned was that from Peking or Nankin, because of their fertility in interesting inventions. Thence had proceeded

new species of flowers, trees and fruits, as a result of crossing the well-known American, and European varieties with the famous Chinese edible plants so unjustly neglected in my day. It was from here that had originated the new kinds of fruits I had mentioned at the beginning of this account of my experiences.

Another reason for the progress of China had been the devotion to the production of staple necessaries of life of the huge provinces formerly given up to raising useless luxuries. Among such were classed opium, except as a medicament; and tea, which could be easily made synthetically, as a flavoring, for such semi-degenerates as still indulged in non-nourishing beverages. Idle chatter had practically disappeared for lack of leisure. Traditions of the "pink teas" of my childhood period were nowadays looked on as human survivals of the magpie and monkey-stage in human evolution.

Middle China, which in my days was less important than the coast, had grown in influence; for it manufactured its own goods from almost limitless resources. Power was accessible not only from the water-power of the Yang-tse-kiang and Si-kiang, but also from the supreme wind-power from the Himalayas.

The social conditions of China had become standardized to the norms of federalization. Strange to say, the monkey-like black broad-cloth claw-hammer dress-suit, and absurd silk chimney-pot hat, first relegated to museums after the world-war in its European home, had, as usual, longest survived here in its adopted home; but its reign was now everywhere at an end. Native costumes survived only in vaudeville, and there was precious little of that. It had resigned in favor of the universal world uniforms, decreed by the yearly meetings at the global sartorial university at the world-capital.

Leaving China, next most interesting to me was the economic change visible in Siberia. In my days, it had

been a penal colony of the Muscovites; but its vast steppes and inexhaustible forests, watered by its tremendous rivers, had been developed into a high degree of productivity. It had bloomed as a result of the introduction from China of a heretofore lacking cultural element of thrift and industry. This had helped to eliminate the Russian predisposition to intemperance, with the solid growth everywhere resulting from prohibition. While China had assumed leadership, its origins had been traditional, so that they did not introduce an element so novel and potent as the hitherto undeveloped Siberia, which injected into Asia an entirely new element, which was typically federal, or as they preferred to say, "human." Here had been few prejudices to eradicate, and there had been a fair start for the new global principles of social organization. This put Siberia in the van of civilization.

One great element of the miraculous development of Siberia was that through its north-eastern extremity passed the through trains bound for North America. The whole line had proved an artery of development, civilization and culture. Many through travelers would stop off on the way, and thus was reclaimed a territory whose northern latitude would naturally have been retarded. Here was once more seen the strange phenomenon of the greater progress of northern nations that have to develop a strong character by resisting the elements, over the southern, whom climate permits to luxuriate in ease. Siberia was the Canada of Asia. Its commercial importance now more than rivaled that of China, and indeed the water-sheds of the Ob, the Jenissei, and the Lena had developed into three independent states, each of which was an empire in its own right.

The Turkestan republic also was a creation of the world-war, and consisted geographically of the central water-shed without outlets, or dead lakes, such as the

Aral Sea (the Oxus and Jaxarthes), the Lob Sea (the Tarim), and the other seas similar to the Balchasch. Here are found those mysterious ruins of former civilization, the home of Jenghis Khan, and Tamurlane. No longer did the Tartars cook their beefsteaks by placing them under their saddles, and riding them into pulp.

Yet the world-order had here met with considerable opposition in settling the nomads. The League to Enforce Peace had even found it necessary to conduct campaigns to demonstrate to the cradle of historic emigrations that a new world-order had arrived. The settling of the nomad into the agriculturist, which in Persia had been effected as long ago as Zoroaster, in my day had not yet been accomplished here; neighboring states had found it to their advantage to promote it, in order to keep the disunited tribes in subjection. The lesson that "*l'union fait la force*" was however finally learned here, with the result of an unitary state, even in a land where there was no single watershed, with its consequent unified organized communication-system. As it was the most difficult place in the world to teach this lesson, modern economists pointed to Turkestan unity as one of their greatest achievements, as a feather in their caps, as the crowning demonstration of the workability of democracy.

Hither also had retired the remnants of the Turkish state, bringing along an element of European traditions and culture. They themselves had finally become socialized, into a democracy. Their chief communications with the world were by the Caspian Sea to Persia and Armenia, and by the northern Trans-Siberian railroad. They had also built a railroad to China over the passes of the Kien Lung range, and via Kandahar (in Afghanistan) to India. Not until these latter means of communication were permanently established did democracy have a fair chance in this section.

We however negotiated the Hindu Kush in an airship, and descended into the valley of the Ganges. Here the impossible had been accomplished, in that caste-ridden India had been socialized. Of course home rule had come; but when the Indians of my day sighed for it, they did not realize that only under democracy is home rule a blessing. Otherwise it makes for a perpetuation of caste, of provincial prejudice, and war. Indeed, the misguided Irish of my day who were rabid on the subject could not be made to see that if they had had it, their island would immediately have perished in a universal Donnybrook fair, where the shillelahs of internecine warfare would have left nothing but the tails of the proverbial Kilkenny cats, who ate each other. Only because of their civilizing dependency on neighboring progress were they enabled to dream of home rule. Imagine what they would have done under the heel of the German tyranny they invoked! The truth is that the latter form of government was the only one for which they were ripe. They would immediately have become docile slaves.

Here in India all the miserable divisions into native states had gradually passed away. As in the France of the Revolution, the only means possible had been to clear out all the old names, and to introduce districts named after the rivers and mountains contained. The age-long religious feuds between Brahmanist and Buddhist, Jain and Mohammedan, could be reduced by nothing but the religion of democracy. All the old shrines had been commandeered by the state, and whatever new sanctuaries these religions had wished or been able to re-erect had risen; but they were very few. As soon as all political influence had been limited to the religion of democracy, all the old cults had become spiritualized away after the Stoic manner of allegory, and none professed them except Platonically. Moreover, the Hindu is lazy; and it will be remembered that all of

India's shrine miracles were erected by their conquering races before becoming etiolated by the local lethargy. Indeed, that is the reason why the country had submitted to every nation that had cared to take the trouble to conquer them, from the time of Alexander to that of Clive; the great Hindu rebellion being no more than an orgy of religious fanaticism aroused by the stupidity of the British, who could not understand why tallow should not have been used as axle-grease. Really the Hindu was so lazy that he found it much easier to worship democracy, in the old shrines than to build new ones to their old divinities. Public education, universal, free, and compulsory, had, besides, relegated those old cults to their proper primitive stage in cultural development, so that no educated person could be induced to take in them any but antiquarian interest.

The Hindus had lost their servility, and with it their trickiness and insolence. Like all other nations, it was responsibility that had transformed them into their better selves. As the earlier pitiable contrasts between extreme wealth and miserable destitution no longer existed. there arose a general condition of well-being very pleasant to behold. The international language had been of inestimable value especially here, in this land of caste. It had united over three hundred idioms, and had, by translation into uniform words, effectually and permanently disposed of the individual claims to unique divine authority. Nothing so well appraises a writing as a translation; comparison explains and points out the residual value. For instance, Max Mueller's Six Systems of Hindu Philosophy had revealed that they were but steps of a unitary development of thought. It was discovered that all the warring religions practically agreed, and the sects were kept apart, except for real estate interests and personal ambitions, but by linguistic survivals.

The ancient drama of Kalidasa, Kschemisvara, and

their followers proved the basis of a great literary reawakening, which resulted in the most recently admired novel poetry and world-dramas. The influence of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana fructified into a modern world epic of which I was fortunately able to secure a copy, and which I would like to communicate to my friends of the olden days, should I ever have the opportunity.

Here also the white race had practically disappeared. Inefficient as they were in everything except violence and fighting, which in the modern civilization did not count, the whites who had been willing to stay to labor at the standard rate paid to all natives had been glad of the opportunity to allay prejudice born of the memories of their former oppressions by intermarriage; especially with the Parsees, to whom they were attracted by many personal characteristics. I had always been interested in these descendants of Zoroaster since the time that I had translated the Gâthâs into English. Here I had made an interesting discovery. Their apparent confusion was due to a mixture of two duplicate manuscript biographies of the prophet, the priestly and the personal, which, printed on opposite pages, illustrated each other by their coherent differences.

The fusion of Indian castes was one of the most difficult socialization-problems in the whole world. The English had lost hold, not only by their being killed out by the world-war, but by the non-productivity of their manias for golf and cricket. Consequently the global or world-government had been forced to send an armed expedition to introduce uniform education, and to consecrate the religion of democracy. Idleness also had been a serious problem; especially that of the fakirs, whose laziness had been masked by the gloss of sanctity; to them also had been read the riot act of "work or starve," for in a working democracy senseless "charity" is a crime. Fifty years were required to federalize India,

and it might have taken more but that fortunately the more rabid (i. e. orthodox) of the fanatics did the world the favor of suiciding by killing each other, fighting over the spoils which were so worthless that the state had abandoned them. This international invasion of India had been welcomed by the most enlightened, who understood that world-democracy could not survive so long as a single country persisted in mutual divisions and racial hatred. Later on their wise men came to appreciate what the British government had blunderingly tried to accomplish for them; and in sackcloth and ashes they repented of their senseless opposition to their own best friends.

After visiting Madras, Ceylon, and Goa, we came to Bombay, where Acacia's business allowed me enough free time to make an excursion to the caves of Ellora. On returning, I was interested in the peculiar local fusion of races, due to the prevalence of Parsee influence. Here also had been established matrimonial schools, whose creation had made but very little trouble, in view of the ancient Hindu custom of the swayamvara, in which the problem of distributing the marriageable youth of both sexes had been seriously, even if deficiently studied.

Then we took the coast-train for Persia. We passed through Baroda, and rode under the Indus through a tunnel at Hyderabad. Bridges, with their danger of falling, and expense of upkeep, had already become obsolete a century ago, except over canyons, or valleys.

Here we had a choice of travel-routes. We might have gone along the Beluchistan coast, to Basra, Mesopotamia, Bagdad, and Mosul. I would have very much enjoyed seeing all the old religious associations of my childhood, the place where the whale spewed up Jonah, Babylon and Nineveh, where the Hebrews wept because they had to hang up even their harps, and the desert tracts where Abraham's wives stole each other's tera-

phim. All the old places of antiquity had been restored; and with a rehabilitation of the irrigation system, Mesopotamia had once more become the granary of the world. Yet the season being very hot, we chose the inland route via Shikarpur, to Kandahar, Herat, Teheran, and Tabriz. I was very glad to see the restoration of glory to the land of Firdausi, of Omar, and of Jeluladin.

During my childhood times, Persia had been in a bad way, divided up between Russian tyranny, Turkish assassinationalism, and British stupidity. Here also it had been difficult to establish democracy. Not so much, indeed, because of internal divisions, but because of the Islamic slavishness, traditional Sufi secret intoxication, and the shiftlessness of despair. The land of rose-attar needed back-bone, cool-headedness, and industry. The global federal government had been compelled to send hither many educational missions, which indeed had been initiated by the American Protestant boards. Moreover, a past too glorious was found to be a greater obstacle to progress than ignorance or poverty.

Besides, the missionaries were gradually compelled to study Persian literature in order to get any access to those who were inspired thereby. No longer was it possible to send as missionaries youths and maidens barely sheepskinned by fresh-water colleges, whose chief title to a happy life was ability to play tennis, and who spent the greater part of their stay in "heathen" lands in mastering a few conversational phrases to bribe a few outcasts. Henceforward it became necessary to send men and women capable of affecting the mind and heart of the best in the nation; and to do so, they had to become naturalized, and make good as leaders of civic improvements.

The religion of Islam, or "resignation," worked very well as soon as the global federal government enforced its benevolent intentions with the sword; this was a case where war was necessary to enforce peace. How-

ever, in this country nothing was necessary beyond a show of arms; there was no need, as in India, of a genuine slaughter of the irreconcilables. Gladly did the Persians accept education, and within a generation the country of Cyrus and Zoroaster had settled down to one of the most fruitfully poetic and suggestive fields of democracy in the world.

Before entering into Concordia, the global world-capital, it was necessary to report to the consul of the nation from which one came, to explain his business, to legitimize himself, and receive permission from the committee on population. This entailed quite a little delay; of which I took advantage in collating my notes on Asian conditions. While doing so I for the first time realized the colossal fact that Asia had once more become the chief residence of humanity. The successive waves of emigration from the Oxus and Jaxarthes in prehistoric Aryan times seemed to have spent themselves with the decimation and degeneration of the white race. Then had come a new era, when the world was federalized, when, after the suicide of the nomad, free-booter white race, man was really domesticated.

It will be supposed that these formalities were not over-agreeable; and in my days the ideal of license, of "anarchism," would have demanded an organization that left everybody absolutely free. That, to begin with, could have existed only if every human being had been a sage; whereas the task of a real democracy is something very different; it takes the real world as it is and has to transfigure it; making sages, as well as dreaming about them. Now the opposite of anarchism is the reign of law. This also is it that transforms license into liberty; and Spencer, as I have already suggested, was on the wrong tack, when he inveighed against the coming slavery. On the contrary, in the modern world, man had lost many of his "natural" rights, the right to ignorance, the right to dirt, the right to foul language,

the right to intoxication, and the right to damnation. True liberty is service to law. "Come unto me, all ye that travail, and are heavy laden, and I will give you" the true rest of duty, as Wordsworth sang. "Take my *yoke* upon you, and you shall find rest unto your souls." A yoke equalizes two co-operating oxen; and thus the gate to Concordia bore as symbol a yoke, surmounted by a crown.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE WORLD-CAPITAL, CONCORDIA

I must confess to a great disappointment in not finding the world-capital located in Palestine, where, according to all prophecies, it should have been. I acknowledged as much to Acacia, who explained to me the reasons most current anent the matter. Geographically, Palestine was not suited to any large institutions, or terminal transportation facilities. Jerusalem is located on a small elevated table-land, unapproachable from the west; from the north accessible only over a whole series of mountains; from the east, by five narrow valleys, and cut off southwards by a desert. Besides, it is not in a spot located centrally to Europe; and can be reached from Asia only over a desert. The climate is unfavorable for residence or labor; the whole country is broken up into districts of very different character, high mountains, abysmal clefts, small valleys, deserts and small lakes. The coast is unapproachable, witness the Perseus and Andromeda myth of Joppa. The physical conditions always did split up the country into different states.

All these physical disabilities, however, might still have been overcome had it not been for the Zionism that followed the world-war. The Hebrew political re-establishment re-erected intolerance of the most reactionary nature. This was fatal to a cosmopolitanism which Jewish historical experiences might well have taught

them. Moreover, there was a renewal of local traditions, such as of the tribes, the Samaritan temple-worship, the local high places at Dan and Beersheba; and as in the past, these split the orthodox into warring camps, and reacted against the pure theism that the Jewish race had learned only in the dispersion.

In contrast with all this, Asia Minor had been selected for two chief reasons. Firstly, the population and its religious inclinations were friendly. This domain of the "Seven Churches of Asia," which of itself was mystically interesting, had been the site of the earliest Christianity mentioned by Pliny, and the Armenians near by, whose land was included in the capital area, had always been the eldest sons of Christianity, and had never flinched under a persecution of two milleniums, — think of that!

Then, geographically, this was the natural centre of three continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa, to begin with. The through European train went under the Bosphorus in a tunnel to the mouth of the Danube, or rather across the Dobrudja to the Danube and up to Switzerland, whence diverged the trunk lines down the Rhine, the Rhone, and under the St. Gotthard; and England was reached by the Calais tunnel. To Africa, the lines ran via either the coast or Hedjaz desert routes to Suez and Cairo, where was made connection with the Cape to Cairo railroad, with a branch along the Mediterranean to Algiers, and from Khartoum to Senegambia. Asia itself was served by the two great routes to Australia and America. The Australian train went down Mesopotamia, along the Beluchistan coast to India, across to Calcutta, via Burma down the Malay peninsula to Singapore, and via tunnel to Sumatra, Java, and the lesser Sunda islands to Dehli, in Timor, from where ran a twenty-four hour ferry trip to Palmeston, where the through cars were run on to the main cross line to the capital in the South-west and via Adelaide to Melbourne

and Tasmania. On the other hand, the American train ran via Tabriz, Teheran, to Bokhara and thence to the Transsiberian railroad via the Baring Straits tunnel to Alaska, and thence via Panama to Punta Arenas. Thus the whole world was reached by through rail-connection.

Nor was this choice new. More than a millenium ago Constantine, the only historical character who faced this problem, had already made this decision; but he located on the European side, because he lived in the age of the domination of the white race; but now that the sceptre had passed to the yellow, the Asian side was the more favorable. Besides, the Asian location was the more suitable for the terminal facilities, infinite railroad yards and storage facilities for the world's reserves of food and supplies; ample depositaries for the world's scientific and political records, aerodromes for all the world's through air-lines, and unlimited ship-yards along the coasts. Constantine had indeed crossed the Hellespont for the location of the church's premier ecumenical council at Nicea, in the very centre of the plains from Scutari to the ruins of Troy, dominated by the twin heights of Olympus and Ida, with the mystic Aesculapius temple location of the Ak Dagh in the distance. If ever Washington was called the city of magnificent distances, this capital plain, extending as far as Ararat, was the most superb of all.

We were kept in a sort of quarantine for six weeks while our business was being quietly and efficiently attended to. Every continent had its own town, in which there were separate suburbs for every individual state, which in turn had separate quarters for every province, and buildings for every city, and rooms for every ward, in which were card-indexed duplicates for every official card issued in any place on the globe. For instance, I had the pleasure of looking up myself in the card-index; and by the bye, I found most uncomplimentary reports by my teachers in the matrimonial school. It was from

here that duplicates of my certificates had been sent me to Zamboanga, and I followed my journeys all the world over without a break, having been reported by the rest-house keepers even in the midst of the Malay jungles. I was told that at death of any individual all his papers were condensed on one single card, and all the originals destroyed.

Each one of these towns held the end of a cable to the respective continent, with sub-cables to the nations, trunk-lines to provinces, and wires to every city, so that the central government could at once communicate telephonically with every person on the globe. Here also, in the centre of these continent cities, was a central global telephone exchange, so that anybody anywhere could communicate with anybody anywhere else.

The government capital, as it would have been called, was near this telephone central; and by a mere wire connection these world-parliament proceedings could be made audible to every city in the world; and anybody who desired it was connected to that wire, so that nothing secret could go on; and when a delegate spoke, he was actually heard all around the globe. Whenever a representative's constituents were weary of music, they would switch on his conversation; it was a veritable fad among the rural constituents. There were no more absenteeism, no more evasions, no more betrayals, no more graft, no more corruption!

No detailed Congressional Record was published; but all proceedings were recorded phonographically. An annual publication merely mentioned what records had been made. This enabled the reader to gain an outline view, without being confused by the details. A member's speech was limited to what might be called five minutes. He might refer to sources of information, and other arguments; but he had to learn to condense his material beforehand in perfect shape. Having thus standardized all speeches, it grew to be quite an artistic achievement

to crystallize all desired arguments on to one single phonographic record. This standardized the importance of every deputy.

Moreover, it was not only a privilege to speak, but a duty. Any member who was absent could send in his record, which was then read, if he was sick. This was the only excuse accepted; all other absenteeism involved citation before a court; and for the third time replacement, permanently, by a substitute elected for that purpose. Each speech also contained the vote on that question; so that without any further roll-calling or other such waste of time, every question decided itself automatically. Before the close of the subject opportunity was given for any member who desired to change his vote to do so. Thus legislation went on swiftly and smoothly. As there was no arbitrary closure, there was no need of manœuvres; any question could be reopened within certain limits.

Gerrymandering was a lost art; for there were as many states as riversheds, whose dividing mountain-ranges were the natural frontiers. At the same time, there was a standardized number-representation, not by geography, but by serial birth-number. This was in effect the intention of the American state-framers, the lower house on a basis of population, the upper on a basis of geography, thus making a good compromise between both bases. In the American governmental system, however, these principles were carried out unevenly. With the congressmen, who were to represent numbers, there was, because of the shift in population, an attempt to define districts, which had to be altered continuously, giving opportunities for gerrymandering by the last party in power. The classical example of this was New York State, whose voters, for twelve continuous years, by majority vote, elected the Democratic governor Hill, whereas the same votes, arranged by gerrymandered districts, concurrently elected a Republican legislature;

and so small was the public intelligence that when at last Hill tried to correct this crying injustice by throwing a rectification of the gerrymandered districts into the Supreme Court, the Republicans defeated him by crying gerrymander, against a man who was seeking to effect substantial justice. Such political crimes would be avoided by electing congressmen by the birth serial number of so many constituents as might be agreed on. In thus carrying out logically the intention of the framers of the American constitution, it should not be considered that any criticism is passed on their good intentions. They did the best they could in a time when no one had thought of a birth serial number; indeed in those days they did not even register the births.

Again, in the United States, the intention of the American Lincolnian constitution had most evidently been geographic, two from each state; but they had no idea of a state as big as Texas, many, many times as big as Rhode Island. Of course, suitable provision was made to apportion senators to an equal number of square miles.

This compromise between numbers and geographic climate made a much better arrangement than any single chamber proposal, which at best was workable only under ideal circumstances, in selected cases.

Proposals that affected more than one continent had to receive the approval of the world-legislature; and this was composed of a number of bodies; first, the world-executive, who was ineligible for a second term, but whose term of office lasted six years, or one of the ages of man. He had to hail from each of the continents in turn. Then there was his cabinet, responsible to the president alone. The names of these officers interested me. No longer were the secretaries named of state, of war, of the navy, etc., but of labor, communications, examinations and promotions, agriculture, hygiene, matrimony, communication with other planets, psychical

research, and education; but above all there was a high-priest of the religion of democracy.

Under them was the global senate and house of representatives, already described. The only possible criticism lay against the senators, whose equal geographic districts did differ from the population very much. But these least representative senators were often the most useful, as they acted as land-agents for the settlement of sparsely populated districts, and made every effort to develop their homes, while the senators from over-populated districts did their utmost to encourage emigration. Under these influences the surface of the globe came to be evenly populated.

It was from the summit of Ak Dagh, the ancient mountain of the mysteries of Aesculapius, above the ruins of Pergamos, the highest peak of Asia Minor, from which one could see all the districts of the capital country, that came the hidden spiritual direction that ruled the world. Here was built a sanctuary whose chief hall was round, with curule seats along the wall, and a glassed opening at the centre, where met the elders of the world, in number twenty-five, five from each continent, presided over by a pontifical hierarch, yearly appointed by the president. They were the five men, who, in their continent, had come into most intimate conscious contact with the Unseen World. They perpetuated themselves by vote, which was professedly unpartisan. They were incapable of any political function, and their authority was limited to spiritual matters; and so that tyranny might find no asylum among them, they could be dispossessed by popular vote. As soon as they were by the president notified that any accusation was impending over them, they were privileged to travel around the world to defend the genuineness of their revelations; and none could be confirmed except by miraculous approval from the Unseen, given concurrently by vision, audition, or sense-perception of some

kind. For this many had to wait long; some were dispossessed because this failed to come within a certain number of years. The body acted as the oracles of God, as which, indeed, in lesser degree, every man should speak. No man was admitted who held any office in any sectarian religious body.

I had already come into contact with some of the sages on my ocean trip to Australia; but since then I had barely seen any of them at a distance. I was, however, fortunate enough to recognize one of those I had met on the ocean; and he chaperoned me, offering to instruct me in some of the mysteries of interior initiation. I gladly accepted the offer, for a later period, when my civil standing should have been regulated, and I had visited the whole capital district.

However, I made hay while the sun shone. I insisted on a preliminary lesson. He taught me how to settle any case of doubt or difficulty by the concurrence of three methods of communion with the Unseen; insight, by looking, in the dark, at whatever images persist in forming themselves before the eyes; conscience, by listening to the silent voice which speaks between the ears when the outer mind is hushed; and third, intuition, which consists of impressions of smell, taste, or body-feeling, while sitting quietly or standing. He said that this was what had been intended by Molinos, who had taught the three silences of speech (conscience), desire (intuition) and thought (insight).

He asked me whether I had any ambitions to be selected as a sage. I answered that of course wisdom was desirable, and that for so unattached a person as I no renunciation would be very difficult. He advised me to become personally acquainted with as many sages as possible, so as to earn their approval, and vote.

When I was young, I had been initiated into the Scottish Rite. I asked if it was still in existence. I was told that it had been rearranged on a logical basis. That

name had been dropped, because really there had been nothing Scottish about it. Besides, this would have limited it to a small nationality, while its initiations were really entirely international. It was therefore called the International Rite, and its highest degrees conferred the most honorable human title, that of "cosmopolitan." Each degree could be received only in its own country. For instance, the Buddha degree could be received only under the original Bo tree in India. The Melchizedekian degree could be received only in the Hebrew temple in Jerusalem. In Lincolnia, the national degree was that of Hiawatha, which resumed the best of Indian teachings and practices, including the initiatory fast in the desert. In France only was given the Jeanne d'Arc degree; in Italy, that of Egeria, the forest tutelary genius that inspired the laws written and established by Numa Pompilius.

In my earliest days, in many parts, the Masonic degrees had become no more than a dining society, for Hebrew lawyers in one branch, and for Christian business men in the other. Still, the Masonic influence was one of the greatest powers for the establishment of democracy, and it was remarkable that in the world-war the central powers of tyranny were those among whom Masonry had practically been suppressed. On the other hand, at the close of the war, Masonry spread all over the world, the Grand Orient of France was reunited to the English Masonry and this reunited rite became the backbone of the establishment of the religion of democracy.

What was the prevailing style of architecture? Each continent had developed its own. Every state had adopted a style peculiarly suited to its natural resources. In my youth I had been struck by the remarkable fondness for Greek architecture in Lincolnia, in the land of Hiawatha and the pueblos where the Mayan Indian tepee style should have prevailed. The world-style was an eclectic compound of all the five continental styles, and

one could at a glance tell a global or federal building by its fusion of all five styles. These had been so harmoniously combined that the whole formed a unity of an almost new order. Europe was represented by the Gothic, the conventionalization of a forest of trees. Africa, by the so-called Greek, but really Egyptian conventionalization of forest-leaves. America, by the Mission style, suited to hot climates, and reminiscent of the Spanish missions. Australia had adopted the Romanesque arches, conventionalizing its native palms, acacias and ferns.

On each of the three main peaks of this metropolitan, or rather, cosmopolitan, district stood a separate sanctuary. On Ak Dagh, the mystic and religious sanctuary. On Mt. Olympus, the political centre; and on Mt. Ida, above ancient Troy, the educational. Astronomical world-administration and co-ordination, including marine longitude, was no more reckoned from Greenwich — what argument could be advanced for that grimy, slimy and unhistorical spot? — but from Mt. Ararat, that centre of the earliest traditions of the human race, the starting-point of human migrations, the highest peak of that Nakitchevan district, where the only unviolated tomb is that of Noah. Communications with other planets were held from the comparatively neighboring Himalayas.

Here took place the meetings of the yearly reunion of world-wide scientific societies, transportation to which by air-plane was comparatively easy, from all parts of the world. Though by rail under Baring Straits South America was the furthest continent, yet by air route across Africa and the Atlantic Saragasso Sea it was equally near with Australia; which was no further than Kamschatka. So Ararat really was the centre of the habitable globe.

I was given permission to roam around the central museums of natural history, commerce, hygiene, agri-

culture, biology, clothing, books of art. It seems that every museum on the habitable globe contributed to this central aggregation a duplicate of its collections; so that here in the Concordia world-museums it was possible to study a complete record of human contemporary civilization. Of course, copyright was of world-wide scope. The museum of inventions was thoroughly classified, so that the progress of man in any line could easily be followed at a glance. Prominent among these buildings was the laboratory of biology, in which the problem of life was being studied and developed. It was found that physical life was a form parallel to spirit; that physical creation was impossible and undesirable except in its most rudimentary forms, such as sea-urchins, while through the knowledge gained from anæsthetic conditions psychical causes could be given parallel physical embodiment. The whole evolutional process ought to have from the start made plain that life is a progressive incarnation of mind, and that materialism is both blindness and lack of reflection. The practical laboratory problems remained the perpetuation of helpful forms, and the discouragement of unfavorable forms, rather than any attempt to create fresh living forms. However, success had been scored in the elimination of undesirable vermin, and repulsive rudimentary species.

The laboratory of longevity was much interested in retarding dissolution. Here I recognized Brown-Séquard's elixir, the Metschnikoff Bulgarian milk-bacillus, and the writings of Luigi Cornaro, including valuable modern treatises on the subject. It was found that the principal element of longevity was the avoidance of waste of vitality, in my days prodigally scorned. The functions of the pituitary body, the thyroid and other less known glands had led to valuable progress not only for individuals, but for the whole race. I myself was carefully examined, and studied *ad nauseam*, until my friend effected my release on the ground of sickness;

though not before I had been photographed, measured and recorded, palpated and thumb, palm and foot printed most minutely. Cultures were taken of my blood, x-ray reproductions of every part, with notes of the condition of every organ and gland. However they found everything normal, and were compelled to study the spiritual causes for my survival. It is in the unseen world that are located the genuine miracles.

Historians, from the college of history, also victimized me; and I was put to shame by the very exact knowledge of my own times with which, in many instances, they enlightened me. I was, however, able to do for them something of inestimable value: restore the true perspective of the general spirit of the times. What they knew was most exactly recorded, but what they ignored was of course left out of their judgments. There is where history, even in my days, was at fault. However the modern historian had a good excuse in the destruction of valuable documents during the world-war for democracy.

The central laboratory of psychical research had finally gathered sufficient data to establish mental survival after death for a short period; and its only use was for ever to ruin materialism; although the further curtain was never lifted. It was proved that the more material parts of the soul survived the body, in these surroundings, but a short while; and might never hope to be more definitely dealt with. Many cases of reincarnation had been examined and completely recorded, with the result of the accumulation of a mass of material. Forever disproved was astrology, as through general education it had become possible to prove to the masses that the mere geocentric aspects could never be more than apparent. However, the psychic and fatal influences of the planets and other heavenly bodies were being more accurately gathered and studied than was ever possible before. Coincidences had been carefully

recorded and tabulated, with the discovery of hitherto unsuspected laws of destiny.

Indeed, until the federalization of the world these and similar enquiries could never hope to achieve more than partial, distorted or stunted conclusions. Thus much human ingenuity was conserved and better directed, and for the first time given universal records to study. It was no longer necessary to reinvent discoveries. Every student had at his command the results of every other investigator, with the result that the progress of humanity was as sure as it was rapid. The whole of Asia Minor was one vast work-shop and literary colony. Egypt, Lybia and Macedonia were being penetrated by this culture, and the whole region had once more become the Holy Land of the world. Christianity itself had here undergone a redintegration into the soul life of the world, for the local allusions and temperament interpreted it better than libraries of commentaries.

There was also a college of languages. Here, of course, the international had been perfected and developed, and translations of all local classics were made, corrected, or published. But the chief interest was to compare and explain the ancient tongues, from which the ethnologists had derived many valuable insights, which had helped to explain the nature and career of man. The language of the animals was recorded and explained, with wonderful illumination of human origin and destiny.

The college of comparative religions interested me most. Here all human teachings about the soul and her destiny were collated and illustrated. The department of mystery-rites fascinated me, and here could be seen model reconstructions of the ancient sanctuaries of every rite known to man. They had every rite carried out in schedule order, so that the student learned their emotional values, as well as their literary construction. Here

were found the old church liturgies and the recent rituals of all the modern reformed bodies. It was from these studies that were evolved the new national and international rites of the religion of democracy.

The college of human origins was so well organized that the ascending history of the living organism was diagrammed, and everything ascertained about details of evolution made so accessible that the department of resultant theories was much simplified.

In the mountain-valley above Ephesus, near Hierapolis, were great open theatres, where dramatic art was studied objectively. Besides educational performances of the great dramatists of all times and ages (not merely Shakespeare or Sophokles), there was a school of creative dramatics, whose best results were performed and filmed for all the world; not merely for sight, but with the concurrent hearing of words. By this time the films were all colored, so that with the voice along with them, the illusion was good enough to draw crowds, which in these days of telephones and teloptiphones was quite a feat.

The college of musical art was designed not only to rehearse the best that the world had till then produced, but to create new music, and even instruments. In my days the mechanical pianos had just begun to introduce good music into general appreciation, but the fabulous prices and immense commissions to agents (amounting to often 60 per cent. of the selling-price) made the matter a farce. All this was changed; and no person could lay claim to culture who did not know a standard list of great works of all schools. New instruments had been invented, enriching and standardizing the orchestra, and clearing up the falseness of the brasses. The piano key-board, following the A. D. 1825 suggestion of Phiquepal d'Arusmont, had been made even, on the basis of twelve, so that any piece, once learned, could be played in any key. The musical notation that he had

suggested, pirated by the tonic sol-fa people, was used for much the same purposes for which they had employed it. The old five-line arrangement had been extended to six, allowing for a full octave and a half, the extent of the human voice, without ledger-lines. For music that needed it they added a third staff either above or below, so that those vertiginous flights of the treble were reduced to comprehension. The insane concurrent use of different clefs had of course been standardized into one, that is, none at all were needed. When I asked to see some orchestral music, and saw there was only one system for all instruments, and burst out laughing, trying to explain to the experts how in my day every instrument had had a different clef, and in the case of the brasses even in different keys, they wondered whether any musicians of my day escaped the lunatic asylum. At this I laughed too, acknowledging that many of them showed so much temperament as to betray that there must have been a screw loose somewhere.

All pieces had been simplified to the utmost, so that the least experienced could perform them. For instance, in my day, the only accessible copies of the "Rosary" were in seven sharps, which might just as easily have been raised or lowered a semi-tone, and thus done away with all difficulty. Mere genre-pieces, such as the "Waking of the Lion," by De Kontsky, and pyrotechnics pure and simple, were laid aside as insane and vulgar. I may add that singing was part of universal education, so that everybody could play and sing a little. The stringed instruments had, like guitars, been standardized on their fingerboards, and the seven positions reduced to two or three, so that they were comparatively easy. Even in my day practice on the piano had been standardized by the clavier, and on the violin, by the skeleton. But since then a violinist had demonstrated that better results could be secured by psychological methods, rather than by the ancient purely mechanical atrocities inflicted on

the victim aspirants. This had reduced the learning stage so that playing of instruments also had become common property.

Another interesting change had taken place. Although in literature nobody was satisfied with merely reading, but was expected to be able to write a few connected sentences, so in music nowadays an educated person would have been ashamed to read, without a little writing of music. Moreover, people sang freely, without always waiting for a piano accompaniment. Absolute pitch was taught at once in the elementary schools.

In the college there was also a therapeutic department. All existing music had been graded, not only by difficulty, but by psychical effect; so that the sick, and especially their healers, knew exactly what pieces to play for the melancholy or the insane.

Interesting also was the college of representation. Here were taught, studied and developed drawing, modeling, and painting. I shall not bore the reader with endless minutiæ, but limit myself to a few insights. To begin with, I was much relieved to find that cubism, vorticism, impressionism, and all other freak methods, had by this time been properly classified as painters' technique; which to the student was immensely suggestive, but of course had no significance for the general public, except to cast well-merited suspicion of insanity on the whole profession. The only art that survived was good, well drawn, well colored, and suggestive. This latter principle relegated all nudes and still life atrocities to their proper places as stages in the students' curriculum; but any one who would have exhibited such a stupidity would thereby have been demoted to the primary department, where such effusions, nay, rather diffusions, were necessary.

Connected with this college was a department of costume designing, or sartorial college. Here were studied all the costumes of the various periods, and

here was evolved the modern garb described above. This was by no means final, to begin with; but half-baked efforts were not inflicted on the public by competitive modistes. Costume designing having been municipalized, it was no longer to anybody's interest to change models, unless there was some good reason. Here were designed special costumes for different occupations, climates and ages, and any trifling need of any profession was recognized in some special adaptation of the general garb.

The painter's education had also been standardized. In my day a talented child would go to some eccentric painter and immediately specialize into his worst points, exaggerating them; then he would spend the rest of his life growing more and more lop-sided, like an opium-eater's night-mare. The prejudices of such daubers were no more than organized ignorance; and the worst part was that they did not realize it, and therefore spent their lives contaminating the healthy taste of the average normal individual. Nowadays a painter, before he was allowed to exhibit, had to have painted a picture of every imaginable kind: a still life, a nude, a landscape, a ruin, a portrait, a seascape, a home interior, a crowd, a battle, various country costumes, cattle, an Arabian horse scene, wild animals, etc. There was a standardized list through which every student had to go before he was allowed to exhibit or sell a picture. The reason was that not until so wide an education had been achieved was anyone certain that his "original" ideas were any more than a "mare's nest."

Two more innovations had revolutionized art. To begin with, the comparative method had been introduced. Every picture was simultaneously painted by no less than a dozen students; and their simultaneous exposition taught more than all the ill-humored and fantastic criticisms of alleged "masters." Schools, of course, had dozens of each kind of pictures in reserve, so that even

if they had but a single student, they could still teach by the comparative method.

Another insight was the result of historical art-study. The "ancient masters" then naturally fell into their proper place of the childhood of art, in which they no doubt accomplished wonders, without obscuring the remarkable progress of modern times. A poem may illustrate the point:

Thank God the classic masters all are dead,
Nor any more can paintings perpetrate!
Let none disturb their ashes by his tread,
Lest, by mistake, they should resuscitate!

The only reason that they are masters called
Is that the Grecian painters' works were lost;
Let life-like Greek perspective be recalled,
Then count what mediaeval art has cost!

They were the kind of men who could destroy
The noble statues of antiquity,
Then cherubs paint with violin and toy,
And saints so fat they could not kneel to pray!

Commend me to madonnas muscular;
To angels, peacock-winged, a-playing flutes;
Apostles in cocked hat, with sword and star;
To scanty draperies like parachutes!

I had forgot their one lucidity!
Statue of Zeus, to save their sacred cash
Used for Saint Peter, when to thee monks pray,
How must thou scorn their mediaeval trash!

CHAPTER XXIX

THE WORLD HALL OF FAME

Heady as champagne were to me these new conditions of life. At least, they lulled me into a forgetfulness of my health until one evening, when I entered the room I occupied in common with Acacia. At the door I was rooted to the ground by seeing between Acacia's bed and mine, seated on a chair, a luminous veiled figure, wearing a crown of flowers, with large furled wings, playing a harp, whose soft flowing cadences made my blood run cold, their sound being as unearthly as the flowing of many waters. Still might I have been standing there, but that a step on the back stairs momentarily forced me to turn around; and when I looked back to the vision, it had fled, leaving the room in darkness. I immediately remembered that it was the last day of August, when there remained to me only a few days of life.

So wonderful had Acacia been to me, that I did not dare complicate his existence with all the slow agony of my demise; I remembered how, for the last few weeks of my former agony, I had, out of sheer weakness, wept, even while trying to keep the truth from Rose, — how near to-night seemed she, to whom I doubly owed this delightful year of friendship! Knowing that Acacia would be coming in soon, and that I might not be able to hide from him the ghastly pallor

that the mirror betrayed, I broke our sweet habit of mutual tarrying, for a quarter of an hour's mutual meditation and prayer. Rushing into my pyjamas, I feigned sleep.

When he entered, I felt I was blushing at his scrutiny; he slowly prepared himself to retire, and spent longer than usual in meditation, studying me with a troubled gaze. As soon as the light was out, I silently wept at the first deception between us, I felt as lonely as when on the boat leaving Valparaiso. Yet it was to save him that I was doing this. I must somehow disappear and die alone; I had no right to burden him with my death-agony.

But how should I escape? Certainly not by running away; for I lacked the strength, the knowledge, or a fixed plan. All I could do was to keep him in ignorance of my circumstances, by a cheerful, untroubled demeanor. Then I might in the meanwhile spy out the city of the dead, by the side of the Hellespont; and if necessary, end my life all at once in the waters, apparently by accident; it must be at night, to avoid any rescue. But to accomplish all this, I must, in the morning, deceive him. For hours I tried to summon to my aid whatever arts of dissimulation I could muster; but like lead sank my heart at the realization that my tragic purpose would betray itself before those kindly but undeceivable eyes with which I had freely lived day in, day out for nearly a year. Paper alone, therefore, could hide my emotion; so, before the dawn, I very quietly arose, wrote a little friendly, nay, affectionate note, telling him I was taking an early car for the necropolis I had never visited; that I hoped he had had a good day, and would have another one. I closed briefly if sincerely, "Your grateful friend."

Softly and swiftly I tip-toed down-stairs, let myself out, and hastened towards the local monorail which transferred me to the car that set me down, at dawn,

at the magnificent Egyptian sphinx-gate of the necropolis of the capital of the world.

Knowing that this was my last day, I gazed at my surroundings with peculiar interest. Never had the birds sung more sweetly, and I drank in their liquid notes and tender cadences with an avidity born of an effort to take them with me for all eternity.

The first impression I received was that in modern times there was no more of the revolting decay in the vaults or under the ground of the cemetery, so common in my day. I remember once having taken a funeral at one of the most fashionable cemeteries in Philadelphia, at which time a vault was opened, and the casket lowered into it. I could see stacks of them mouldered down to a quarter of their original thickness, with a noisome stench arising from a mass of jumbled bones, moving as the giant maggots caressed and fought. From that moment I believed in cremation, as the only cure for corruption, whether hidden underground as they did in my day, or whether it was shut off in the Parsee Towers of Silence, which after all was the less repulsive method. But in either case such a noisome horror must be the last insult to a form we once loved, even though we succeed in hiding it.

There was another reason why I had always preferred cremation; and that was those terrible mistakes of burying alive those we love, as has often been proved by the desperate struggles of the supposed corpses in many cases of accidental opening of the grave. In my childhood I had in a newspaper article seen the statistics of bodies found to have been buried alive in the country districts, where embalmment did not insure death. It was so high that it would not be generally believed. In my days the trance state was not well understood, and there occurred cases like that of the pastor of the Tennant Church, at Freehold, N. J., where, after a pastorate of 43 years, the minister was saved from

burial only by the utmost pleadings of his bride Genevra, who had indeed the satisfaction of seeing him reanimated, although his memory was gone, and he had to be re-educated. There is also the historical instance of the Dutch anatomist who was startled by the reanimation of his intended victim.

Such trances were of course common in southern countries; and this accounted for many historical reanimations. That is why they, like the Parsees, broke the legs of those who had been crucified. Embalming of course accomplishes the same result; but that in itself is horribly repulsive; and that practice survives only because it is done secretly. The wholesale embalmments of incorporated undertakers are merciful in that they insure against reanimation; but cremation accomplishes the same result more painlessly.

Cremation is the only decent and safe disposal of the dead; but what about the living? Consider the case of Philadelphia, where the Schuylkill waterworks take in the river water immediately after having flowed over a mile beneath the Laurel Hill cemeteries. Is the putrescence of that city's politics any wonder?

Here in this beautiful modern cemetery the ashes were strewn in the grass, and the mourners planted a flower or tree of the kind that had furnished the name of the departed, adding a plate, bearing the deceased's name and favorite motto. Here were no comic inscriptions of the kind that notified posterity that "Johnny Jones had gone to hell," or that fill the comic journals. They were either excerpts from the scriptures, or reflections of the deceased; but in all cases they were passed on by the local college of sages.

So under beautiful whispering groves I dragged my reluctant footsteps, waiting for the evening hour when I should find release from the burdens of the flesh. Prolongation of existence has always been the most treasured dream of humanity; and while others sought

it, tearfully, and with all the resources of science, here, with all the perversity of fate, I was endeavoring to get rid of it without molestation. I felt like the legendary Wandering Jew; I exulted that this sunset was the last I should ever behold. Slowly I lounged around, waiting for the sun to complete his deliberate progress through the impassive sky.

Having taken no food, in the afternoon I felt faint and sleepy; so I dozed. But I was startled by the strains that ushered in a funeral, and I caught myself envying the deceased. Morbidly I watched the procession approach. Behind the band I had just discerned the figure of the officiating sage when a sudden revulsion of feeling made me shiver nervously, and clacking my teeth, I hastily fled, seeking distraction by a visit to the Pantheon nearby.

This beautiful edifice was built on a rock that jutted out into the sea, not far from the location sacred to Hero and Leander. Inside, it reminded me of the Paris Pantheon; but it was filled with various life-size statues of the departed, after the manner of the Abbey of St. Denys. I found dyptichs to all the great and good of the past. The arrangement of the memorials was so systematized as to mass together all the literary men, the scientists, the philanthropists, and so forth, of all ages and countries. The only famous people I missed were the warriors, who in this day and generation were considered infamous butchers. However, those men who had fought in the interest of the establishment of democracy were remembered as martyrs of liberty, without mention of their warlike proclivities, of which the world was somewhat ashamed. Among these I found the names of Washington, a man who was wise enough to resign after victory, without betraying the cause which had made him, as Napoleon had done. There also I found Lincoln, who had emancipated the slaves; and I reflected how the best things men do often are

only by-products of their activities. Besides the easily recognizable ancients' names I found also many moderns, to me unknown; but in whose majestically serene features I could read their achievements.

Conveniently placed, were seats; and through the radiant stained glass windows filtered the sunlight in such soft rainbow hues, that I forgot myself until the growing shadows suddenly reminded me that it was my purpose to join these great and holy men this very evening. So I said farewell; and according to my ancient habit when I used to visit museums, made a last swift parting tour of the echoing galleries. I felt my heart beat wildly as I returned to the main door. With pontifical solemnity I stood ready to offer up the sacrifice. Prayerfully I placed my hand on the knob, raised my foot to step out, when . . . .

The door was locked! Too long had I delayed. Like Mrs. Schliemann, who had been locked in a tomb at Athens, I was caught. Evidently thinking that all the visitors had issued, the keeper must have bolted the door, and gone far away to his supper at his home outside the gates of the city of silence. What cowards we are! I felt a wild relief. In spite of myself I must wait another twenty-four hours. As with "Robert Harding's Last Seven Days," I had lost nothing by the seriousness of my reflections; and now I might with good conscience lie down to rest within this hallowed fane.

How long I may have slept, I do not know; but when I wakened, I felt myself in an assemblage of ghosts. The immense vault was not dark; each statue seemed to have been reanimated, radiating a soft glow, especially from the face, the breast, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet. On the floor gleamed the planets, among stars in well-defined glistening constellations, while from the dome glowed the forms of flying doves. They seemed to be fluttering downwards from the supreme height, where, like the Shekinah, shone a cloud

through which could be guessed Solomon's seal. My slightest motion re-echoed from every gallery, disturbing faint plaintive wails of aeolian harps at the apex of the dome.

First, I stood breathless, thinking myself already in the realm beyond. Involuntarily my teeth chattered. I ran around in the deepest shadows I could find, groped around for the doors, and tried to beat my way out. Then, overwrought, I sank to the floor in merciful unconsciousness.

When I slowly came to, I found myself in an operating room. The pain in my arm gradually compelled my wandering attention; and, as I looked around, I saw on an operating table next to mine a form covered with white linen, from which through a glass tube flowed towards me the crimson tide that was renewing my consciousness and vigor. A premonition choked me; I strained, so far as the white garbed, semi-masked, anxious, and whispering figures permitted me, to recognize its identity. A sudden chance motion then revealed to me . . . the yellow face of my friend Acacia! It was drawn, as in pain; he seemed languid; but I caught one ineffably serene and benevolent flash, before he fainted. Swiftly the doctors stopped the operation. Into him they injected saline solutions; they brought, opened and used cans of oxygen; they tried artificial respiration; in vain; and the gentle nurse drew the sheet over his face. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." I wept bitterly.

I later understood that in the morning my form had been discovered inside the Pantheon doors by the porter. I was removed; and after telephonic communication with the central information bureau, taken home, still unconscious. Though I thought that Acacia, as thoroughly as I myself, had forgotten my conditions of life, nothing had escaped that keen intellect. On noticing my irregularity the evening before, followed by my

letter in the morning, he suspected that I was in trouble. He must long since have planned to save me in spite of myself; for he immediately made the arrangements necessary, which were not opposed, perhaps because of his high standing. At any rate, I was kept unconscious until every preparation was made, and then . . . he offered up his life for me with a smile that remained firmly fixed on his lifeless features.

I remembered that the warning death-angel had sat between our beds, and that the visitant might have come for him, as well as for me. Had I only had the courage to trust Acacia's wisdom, perhaps the urgency might have been postponed, and turned to a more fortunate issue. Perhaps not; but so long as I may live, I shall never cease to regret my escapade.

My evident sorrow, and Acacia's standing, procured me the most respectful treatment; and his funeral was postponed until I was well enough to attend. Acacia's relatives were summoned from Nankin, because his extraordinary achievements and the manner of his death secured for him a sepulture in the Pantheon among the benefactors of humanity. It may easily be imagined how I shrank from meeting his relatives; but they greeted me with a sweet intimacy, that disarmed me.

The religious funeral took place in a small church; and then was held the state funeral. There was absolutely no ostentation, no expensive cars, no jingling harness, no waving plumes, inverted torches, broken columns, or veiled vases; not to suggest attendants in livery, or dummy pall-bearers: what indecencies! Many people whom in secret he had helped, consoled or comforted, even on his inspection tours in the far Malay islands, joined the serene procession, that started from the Egyptian sphinxed gate-house about night-fall, each mourner bearing a lighted torch of immortality. The choir led, singing hymns of faith and reminiscence of the saints gone before.

I was so affected that I forgot my fear at the ghastly wraiths I had seen; I was too lost in sorrow for my comrade and friend. When we reached the door, however, I was struck by the extinguishment of the torches, which were stacked in racks erected for that purpose. As we entered I was met by the same vision of the night I had spent there; and I discovered that all the statues, as well as the stars under foot, and the doves above, were covered with a phosphorescent preparation. This was no doubt to typify that the souls that rest from their labors shine as the stars in the unseen world.

The procession advanced to the centre of the dome, and there was sung the farewell hymn, between the short verses of which each was privileged to utter his or her personal farewell. After that there was a silence of about ten minutes, during which, if he could have, or if he wished to manifest himself to any, he had the opportunity; and I at least am convinced that I saw his radiant face, shining in triumph, wave to me a momentary private farewell. No doubt he wished me to cease grieving at having unintentionally been the means of his passing on into the Unseen. At least I accepted it as such.

The procession then wound around the side of the dome to the alcove of the philanthropists, where each one of us cast upon his statue acacia blooms. Then the leading sage read aloud Acacia's last will and testament. For the most part, this was an exhortation to bravery and aspiration, since in modern times those who die have no money to leave, but chiefly mementoes. He stated, what very few knew, that for a long time his heart had been weak; and that even if he had not sacrificed himself for me, his sojourn upon earth could not have been much prolonged; yet, said he, he felt it had been an honor to depart in the sacred cause of friendship. He adjured his brother and friends to see to it that his sacrifice was not in vain, and that I might be

given what freedom and means I needed to continue my wanderings and inspection of the modern world. Me he besought to make the best possible use of what opportunities of observation I had, or was to enjoy.

His supreme message then pleaded for a short hearing of his innermost feelings. It seems that he had always most keenly suffered under the ill-disguised scorn of his more successful brother. Though he was an official inspector, and had made many friends whom he sought to influence by love and reason, his great sorrow had been that no one seemed to profit by his earnest desire to redeem and save. This disappointment he had enshrined in the following words, which he subjoined.

I am Kassandra; and I bear this curse
That no one shall my prophecy believe;
And though all Troy avoid me as perverse,
Still must I see, nor succor, nor relieve.

I see the end of Troy: there, Priam falls,
And Hecuba, the mother of her race;
There, Argive Helen to her captors calls,
There, herded with the slaves, I hide my face.

Come on, ye Greeks! E'en drag me by the hair,
And make me serve the bed of Grecian lord;
Yet, I am content, nor ever will despair,
If but Apollo still be my reward.

So long as I may feel his sacred breath
Inform my soul with madness prescient,
So I forewarn of coming chance of death,
And guide his shafts on healing missions bent;

So long as I may see his shining face
Shed sunlight round me in the middle night,
And see the lightnings of his youthful grace,
And hear his voice, and murmuring lyre unite!

He closed with a pæan of faith, satisfied to progress to the more immediate presence of his Father and his God. The choir sang another hymn, during which was liberated a dove that escaped through one of the open-

ings in the dome. Then, still singing hymns of encouragement, we all returned to the door, and lit our torches. I expected that we would immediately return home; but the choir once more formed in a circle, and sang a hymn which I cannot help reporting, so beautifully did it express the only source of consolation we human beings can find for the loss of an earthly friend, namely, the presence of the heavenly.

Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,
Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.

I have made room for Thee, dear heavenly Friend,
Within the silence of my sanctuary,
Where Thou mayest come, and oft Thyself unbend,
And I may always find divinity.

Come Thou not only when with tears I pray,
With Thy most holy touch to comfort me;
Stand near when earthly duties interfere,
That while I labor, I may gaze at Thee.

When I go out, be Thou companion mine,
In every conversation take Thou part,
Deign Thou to sit with me, and with me dine,
And when I write, inspire with heavenly art!

I would be alway what I am sometimes
When Thou art near me, and I taste Thy grace;
So stay near me through all my earthly times,
That I may steadfastly behold Thy face!

Dear heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,
Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore!

Then we passed back to the gate, and returned home in special cars.

Of course, such a funeral was accorded only to those who had been decreed that honor by the President. With others the ceremony was simpler, including, however, the planting of the respective flower or tree where the ashes were strewn, and a night's watch by the sacred spot to allow him who had passed on an opportunity of saying farewell.

As may well be imagined, I did not care to stay in Concordia. I made all the necessary arrangements, procured myself food, identification cards, a new motor carriage boat plane, and change of clothing. I went around to say farewell to all who had been specially kind to me; once more visited Acacia's grave, planted a tree in his honor, and with tears in my eyes got aboard the Bosphorus tunnel train. I had determined henceforth not to tell my pitiable story to any one, and to lie down in an unmarked grave when once more the angel of death should come to fetch me.

At the last moment, however, I received a surprise. I was summoned to the college of sages, and initiated as an apprentice; which gave me the right to wear the sages' robe, and thus gain admittance to many a home and heart that would otherwise remain closed to me. I was deeply grateful for this thoughtfulness, and left that sanctuary only with a heavy heart, being refused permission to stay, on the grounds that the object of being a sage was not a selfish one, but to act as an itinerant redeemer, or helper; besides, apprentice sages could be promoted only after a pilgrimage around the world. So I left, with tears, feeling within myself I should never see those Good Ones again.

As I was proceeding to the station, a girl and boy offered me some flowers they were carrying, wishing me an auspicious journey. In the modern world that is one of the most appreciated forms of charity.

LAST EPISODE

DESTINIES OF EUROPE AND NEW YORK

CHAPTER XXX

EUROPE GEOGRAPHIZED

Being solitary, after a year of the purest friendship possible to man, my trip to Europe was indeed dismal. Besides, there was no prospect of any other friendship; neither did I want any. For the last two years, friendship to me had spelt disaster to others; and I decided that that should never happen again. Henceforward I would try to help others, only in a more discreet, impersonal manner. As a sage, I would be admitted to confidences for the understood purpose of helping others; and I myself would not be supposed to stand in need of any aid. Like a discarnate spirit that had graduated I would therefore prolong the helpful inspecting career carried on by my comrade Acacia. Indeed, I had been given a sort of roaming commission, a kind of secret service, on which I might report to headquarters any possible improvement.

This commission supplied the motive which directed my steps in every corner of Europe. Mostly, I traveled on foot, to enjoy the views; always returning to my

tricycle, which I left on the road, or at some rest-house. The real joke was, — and perhaps that might have been one of the purposes of the Concordia authorities, — that I myself learned more than I taught. Very little did I report. That of which I disapproved I tried to correct on the spot by friendly intercourse. This led me to see the divine significance of friendship. It is a sort of education, and its real meaning is a divine admonition.

The chief difference between the Europe of my day and its modern form was geographization. This had been begun in France at the time of the Revolution. The leaders saw that there was no hope of uprooting royalty and aristocracy without cutting away the local associations that underlay the feudal system, and the divine right of kings. Consequently the counties were named after the rivers that watered the territory. This furnished a fair and impersonal basis for representation. Of course this should have been extended to the whole of Europe; and it later was.

I have already stated that this process was extended to whole watersheds, which then became independent states. Simple as seems so logical an idea, its non-observance in my days led to all sorts of bitterness and heart-burnings. For instance, just before the world-war, Greece was given the southern coast of Macedonia, which meant the lower courses of the Vardar, the Tachyno, the Kurusu, and the Maritsa; while Bulgaria had to be satisfied with the upper reaches of these streams. The result was continual heart-burnings, with serious interference to the country: by damming the lower reaches, the upper country could be flooded, while the river naturally carried off the wealth of the upper fields to enrich the lower. Such a state of affairs was unspeakable, and had to cease before the establishment of peaceful democracy.

What had become of the Turks? During the world-war for democracy they had had the true instinct of

where lay their associates in organized assassination. On their discomfiture, the Turks were compelled to re-emigrate back to the Tartar steppes whence had issued the original Seljukians. Those who elected to stay were absorbed into the former subject populations, and their doctrine of resignation aided them to bow to the inevitable. Education and matrimony were the two hardest points for them to accept, although the feminist movement had already found lodgment among them. Among them there were many lapses from grace; and for many years the international police gathered near Concordia, were kept fit by the sleepless watch necessary wherever resided a Turk, or even his descendants. They had never appreciated the real meaning of *Islam* until they themselves had begun to feel the bitterness of subjection. Then they immediately tried to evade it; but they could not entirely escape it, so indelibly was it engraven in the very fibre and structure of their language. Having been already for a century familiar with the French in the Levant, the international language was easy to them. Their degree of initiation was that of the Kaaba, and it was celebrated in Mecca, so that the Hedjaz pilgrimage was more numerous than ever; and being made by railroad, it was neither dangerous, nor difficult, nor liable to open the door to questionable romances. One of the chief achievements of the international health service had been to free that pilgrimage from all contagious diseases. The Turks had of course been compelled to evacuate Asia Minor, so as to make room for better influences around the world-capital. This evacuation was not compulsory, but voluntary, for they had rather leave than allow others reasonable liberty.

As to the Balkan problem, the internationalization and eradication of all names except those taken from the water-shed was the only even hopeful solution. The Turkish rule had inflamed tribe against tribe, and religion against religion. The mutual treasons of the

Bulgarians, Roumanians and Serbians, not to mention the Greeks, had been such that there had arisen confusion inextricable. Each nation had exterminated some of the other nations in some district; and such a policy could find peace only by the massacre of everybody else. Now that the population was welcome to live wherever it pleased, the political divisions were not racial, but geographical. The Tempe, the Wistritza, the Vardar, the Tachyno, the Kurusu, and the Maritza each formed its own eastern province, while on the west the land was divided up into the provinces of the Was, the Drin, and the Marenta. Above, of course, was the lower Danube, whose alluvial plain, up to the Transylvanian mountains, formed one state, uniting Bulgarians and Wallachians. Serbia became the land of the Morawa, while the watershed of the Save united Bosnia, Croatia and Slavonia. The Sereth gave reason for a modern Moldavia. Greece remained as it used to be after 1848, forming the land of mountain cross-paths, rocky shores, and islands.

This geographic arrangement facilitated all engineering problems of transportation, which underlie even the problems of language. The religion of this group remained so involved and confused, that it emphasized the advisability of the simpler religion of democracy. The local mysteries were the Eleusynian, neoplatonized in the sense of Numenius, Plotinos, and Jamblichus.

Russia, as such, had ceased to exist during the world-war. It was later divided into southern, central, northern and western states. Some of these were of course larger than others; but with the international government to act as arbiter, there were manifest compensations in the small states, in which flourished higher civilization, and where it was easier to achieve positions of influence. It was the problem of the small college over again; so that the smaller states were sought after more earnestly than the larger ones. As a matter of fact, even in my

days democracy had been a success in small states like Switzerland or New Zealand; and the problem was not to create democracy, but to adapt it to large ones. It was in supervision that democracy was weak; and the great achievement of modern times was not the local government, but the central. Indeed, democracy is neither possible nor suitable except in local isolated places, or in world-wide dominion; it cannot survive in rivalry with autocracies. President Wilson uttered world-historical words when he spoke of the world being made safe for democracy.

In the Russian south was Dniester-land, capital Odessa, uniting Podolia, Galicia, and Bessarabia. Next, Dnieper-land, capital Cherson, uniting Volhynia, Little Russia, and the Ukraine. Don-land, capital Tcherkask, uniting to its watershed Turia and Kuban. The lower Volga-land had as capital Astrakhan, uniting the Kalmuks and Kergheses, with its watershed. Ural-land, capital Gurjew, united the Cossacks and the eastern Kerghese. The central state was that of the Upper Volga, with capital Nijni Novgorod (as Moscow had deteriorated, and was avoided as the depository of many historical associations, which were now, so far as possible, ignored). To the north was Petschar-land, capital Pustosrok, uniting Samoyedes, Wogulians and Tundrians. Dwina-land, capital Archangel, was the richest northern state. Wanga-land, next, was governed from Onega, and united the Olonezians, and eastern Finns. The most northern land was that of the Tulom, capital Kola, which included Murmans and Lapps. To the west were the Finns, or lake people, capital Helsingfors. To the south was Duna-land, capital Riga, combining Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, with its head-waters. Niemen-land, capital Tilsit, combined the Lithuanians, Tauroggians and eastern Poles. Weichsel-land combined the Prussians, capital Dantzig, with the western Poles. Thus was the Polish question settled automatically,

whereas it could have found no other solution, so great had been the confusion of successive partitions.

Under these new conditions Russia formed one of the most peaceful states of Europe, for the reason that its simple-minded Tolstoyan peasants had ever dreamed of a kingdom of peace upon earth, this in fact being the reason for their good-natured submission to Germany during the war. Of course, this submission would have been the very last means of gaining it; but Lincolnia's stepping into the breach saved the day for Russia, which indeed hardly deserved this salvation, so unreliable had it shown itself, . . . who anyway does deserve theirs? — But the betrayal of the socialists was the most odious here, and remained so for all time; so that in Russia this name of "socialist" remains a term of opprobrium, which is still resented. The religion of these lands was based on the Greek Catholic church, and its mysteries were those of the Kalevala.

Germany too had been geographized. Oder-land, capital Stettin, united Pomerania, Brandenburg, Posen and Silesia. Berlin had been purposely set aside, because of the hate it had incurred all over the civilized world. Elbe-land, capital Hamburg, united Mecklenburg, Saxony and Bohemia. Weser-land, capital Bremen, united Oldenburg, Hanover, Westfalia, and Hessia. Rhine-land, the lower, capital Amsterdam, united Holland, the Rhine provinces, and Nassau. Upper Rhine-land, capital Mayence, united the Pfalz, Alsace Lorraine, Baden and Switzerland. Upper Danube-land, capital Budapest (Vienna again being set aside), included Wurttemburg, Swabia, Bavaria, Austria proper, Salzburg, Styria and Maehren.

This standardization of Germany put an end to militarism based on traditions; it separated Germany into four states with differing interests, and internationalized the eastern ones, also uniting to Denmark its southern geographic part, Schleswig-Holstein. The religion of

Germany was reformed to north and east, and catholic (not Roman), to south and west. The local mysteries were founded on the Niebelungenlied.

France had already been divided into departments according to rivers, but it had recently been divided into states, according to the chief watersheds. Meuse-land took in Belgium, Artois, Picardie, and Champagne, capital Antwerp. Seine-land, capital Rouen, included Normandy, Ile-de-France, Champagne and Burgundy. Loire-land, capital Nantes, took in Brittany, Poitou, Touraine, Berry, the Nivernais, the Limousin and Auvergne. Garonne-land, capital Bordeaux, took in the Aunes, the Angoumois, Guienne, the Languedoc, and Gascony. Rhone-land, capital Marseilles (thanks to the canal, or it would have been side-tracked), took in eastern Languedoc, the Vivarais, Provence, Dauphine, Savoy, Burgundy, the Franche-Comte, and French Switzerland.

Its religion was chiefly molded by the Masons, who developed wonderfully after the war, as the whole of the republican form of government was put on their shoulders, when the royalist cause was lost in the new regime. They created the local degree of Jeanne d'Arc.

Spain and Portugal were united in Iberiolusitania. Tagus-land, capital Lisbon, took in Estremadura, and western Spanish Estramadura and New Castile. Douro-land, capital Oporto, took in Leon and old Castile. Minho-land, capital Valencia, included Galicia and Asturia. Ebro-land, capital Tortosa, not Barcelona, took in Navarre, Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia. Guadalquivir-land, capital Cadiz, took in Andalusia; while Guadiana-land, capital Huelma, took in Alem, Tejo, Algarve, southern Estremadura, and New Castile.

This geographized Iberiolusitania was a comparatively poor land, inasmuch as the afforestation was very sparse, at the time of the world-war, as a consequence of the insane self-satisfaction inherited from the world-domin-

ion of Ferdinand and Isabella. Even as late as the world-war the country was divided between Sancho Panzas and Don Quixotes, and difficult was the fusion of these into one unified social state. It was, however, later accomplished by the extension of unification, into universal, free and compulsory forms. Its mysteries were those of the Cid Campeador.

Italy too had been geographized. Adige-land had as capital Venice, with the Trentino. The land of the Po included Piemont, Lombardy and Emilia. Arno-land, capital Livorno, took in Tuscany, Siena and Pisa. Tiber-land, capital Ostia, neglecting Rome, of tyrannous memory, to erase that fatal name from the annals of humanity, for it was the cock-pit of kingdom and church, continuing that fight in modified shape for two milleniums. Volturno-land, capital Naples, took in all of South Italy; while Brindisi was the capital of the whole western Apennine watershed.

In Italy, because of the preparatory work of Cavour and Mazzini, the population had become satisfactorily fused; but the temporal power's controversies echoed for a century or more, forcing the Italians to find unity in a national mystery of Aeneas, the site of which was the Styx, near Naples.

England also had been geographized according to the same principles, with the exception that the capital of Thames-land was Gravesend and not London, to efface a name too indelibly associated with ancient historic feuds. This had been foreseen by Macauley, who had pictured a New Zealander gazing on its ruins. During the war the Germans had tried to fulfil that prophecy; and the Anzac soldiers might easily have eventuated that prevision; but it was not so to be. Political decay was more potent than aeroplane bombs. Its end was a great element in the pacification of the British isles; and at the same time England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland as political entities were all wiped out. Thus were ended

the senseless Irish animosities. All old county names had been disused. On a strict geographical basis, and on the autonomy of each watershed, all injustices disappeared. No longer did the industrious Orangeman fear to be absorbed by a numerical shiftless majority that would live off the taxes he paid. The absentee landlord system was automatically ended; but, on the other hand, when the shiftless tenants understood that they must either work or starve, many of them did starve, for they were more averse to thrift, than to starvation. Emigration did them no good, for wherever in the world they went, they had to work, and they lacked the convenient excuse of British landlord oppression. Except for the north, Ireland remained the poorest land in Europe, the most reactionary, and the least cultured. At the same time the equalization of salaries gave opportunity to the development to some of the wittiest writers in the world.

This geographization of Europe insured a peaceful future to a continent which for milleniums had been racked by the quarrelsomeness and ferocity of the white race. Even so, Europe was far behind Asia in productiveness and culture, for these ancient pugnacious traits were not yet eradicated, and from time to time some smouldering feud in the Balkans or in Ireland would arouse a flurry whose dangers caused the wisest to tremble. Because of these lingering animosities local history was a forbidden study. Pupils were taught the general migration of races, but there was an interdict on all historical researches between the fall of the Roman empire, and the world-war for democracy. On this account the international language was here enforced more thoroughly than elsewhere, and all provincial costumes were strictly prohibited, on pain of accusation of treason, as with the Highland costumes during the eighteenth century.

Europe itself was one of the poorest of the continents,

and that for the same reason that Spain's American possessions had ruined the mother-country. Nowadays all the "colonies" had broken loose from Europe's leading-strings. They possessed virgin resources, which were manufactured and consumed on the spot. Population naturally drifted to more favored countries, and every country had to stand on its own bottom. England, for instance, had a distressful climate; and after the disuse of coal had but little water-power, and less than medium wind-power. With the erasing of all the old cultural associations nothing was left but a pasturing country, of worn out fields, barely producing enough to feed a decaying population. The more intelligent had therefore emigrated, leaving only the slow of intellect who could not even conceive the idea of living in a more comfortable climate. Their traditional obtuseness had made progressive organization difficult, and the central government had been compelled to send more social missionaries to the Thames and to Ireland than almost anywhere else. There still existed Little Englanders. They could neither be made to understand internationalism, nor to exert themselves for their own country. In my days, there were workers in munition factories who, while the Huns were thundering at the gates of Calais, struck for a couple of pence more, and could not be induced to turn out munitions until taken to the front in automobiles, so as themselves to suffer from the enemy's explosive shells before they could be made to understand the need of defending themselves. With such dulness even divinities fight in vain, as Goethe said; and this was democracy's weakest spot, that according to the principle of autonomy the stupid claimed a right to blunder. Here, however, was the special function of democracy's new form of missionary Christianity, that the shepherd must go and seek the lost, even if he died in the attempt. Therefore Great Britain, although visited by many missionaries, was slowly falling behind

in the progress of the world, and far-seeing thinkers could visualize the time when it would have sunk to the condition of Iceland or Greenland, except that it supported more flocks and herds. What gave it hope, however, was that the through express train from Concordia reached it via the Calais tunnel, thus continually injecting into it cultural progress.

In spite of the worn out condition of the fields of France, the glorious climate of its greater part attracted a great population, and produced much wealth. Spain was progressive enough, but the problem of afforestation and industry was a heavy handicap. Italy fared best of all, with good climate, a tended land, and an industrious population. The German countries were ruined by the war-debts which they had contracted on the expectation of making other people pay for them, and which ultimately they themselves had been compelled to foot. Belgium had never recovered from her violation, because the populations had been slaughtered, transported, and enslaved. The Balkans had been too restless to make any progress. Denmark, Sweden and Norway were in too cold a climate to prosper, for the more intelligent of the population had emigrated. So, on the whole, except for France, Italy, and what was Austria, and the Danube valley, Europe had done very poorly, in contrast with all the newer continents. The name "European," nowadays, was more a term of reproach, than anything else. The old historical associations were under the ban of progressive opinion, and the quarrelsomeness of the European nations, especially Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey was such an offense to the conscience of foreigners that even after a century those people were inclined to stay at home, where they got on like cats and dogs; although after the establishment of democracy the German kindly "*gemüthlichkeit*" became the seed of the regeneration of that country.

What finally drove me out from Europe was the

modern opposition to the raking up of old sores, — that is, to historic traditions and racial interests. Of course what I did was not due to malice prepense, but to a failure thoroughly enough to realize the modern view-point. As might be expected, when I was walking through Europe, I was moving among enchanted fields, — Rome, Berlin, Paris, London, and their ancient glories. All of them had been scientifically razed, though for a purpose better than that of the Germans at Louvain or Rheims.

What most saddened me, was the degeneracy of the British, whose conscientiousness, practical liberality and seriousness I had always admired above the qualities of all other nations, except my own natal Lincolnia. The smug self-satisfaction of these British herdsmen cut me to the heart; and I conceived it to be part of my commissioner's duty to join in the labors of the government's social missionaries. Only, instead of adopting their methods of merely improving the there existing methods, I thought they might be inspired by a recital of the departed glories of their land: London, Westminster Abbey, Windsor, the empire's navy, the world-wide British empire, Trafalgar, Waterloo, South Africa, and Egypt, and so forth.

I was succeeding finely, and had gotten to the point where a few friends were taken to visit the ruins of London, reconstructing its glories to the best of my abilities, when, late at night, I was called to attend a meeting of the supreme business committee at Gravesend, where I was informed that my activities were against public policy. When I showed my roving commission, they countered by exhibiting to me a signed decree of expulsion. I was then kept incommunicado until my slender effects had been fetched; and at ten o'clock at night I was put aboard the "owl" American air-ship, which duly, about six o'clock the next morning, landed me on my beloved Lincolnia.

CHAPTER XXXI

NEW YORK OF THE FUTURE

The passengers were kept on board until the plane arrived at the large aviation station at Belmont Park, on Long Island. Here my first interest was aroused by the other night-planes that had arrived. There was one from San Francisco, one from Buenos Aires, and Rio, via Mexico; and another one from Uganda, the capital of Africa, via Liberia. These planes were tuned up and reloaded during the day, and returned the same night. There were of course day-planes over the same route, and many passengers preferred to enjoy the scenery; but for rapid business the owl planes were the most popular. They had been made possible by the use of compasses, which in my earlier days the aviators apparently had never thought of taking with them, any more than parachutes, which were not used till four or five years after aviation started, so long does it take for simple ideas to percolate through the intellect of apparently intelligent human beings. They also had an aerial log, which told the aviator just how far he had traveled, and in what directions.

Having had no modern contact with Africa, I sought a chat with one of the operators at the African hangar. He informed me that Africa also had been geographically standardized, with river-states on the Nile, Zambezi, Orange, Congo and Niger; coastal states in Morocco and Somali, and an island state of Sahara, the

most fertile of all, now that wells had been dug everywhere, and their drainings gathered in a central sea, which moderated the aridity of the climate.

That particular morning the African owl-plane was a little late, so that I had the chance to observe what sort of passengers would alight from that district. I was gazing on them with the detachment of sight-seers, when happened the incredible, which in modern times indeed occurred oftener than ever, because of the better communications. As a lady passed by, she chanced to look around. She uttered a cry, and blanched. My attention was riveted on her features, in which I recognized my double saviour, Orchid.

Both of us had changed. I myself, of course, had aged; my emotional tragedies had left me haggard, my snow-white hair completed an unforgettable picture. Besides, I was wearing the robe of the sages, which of course she would not have expected. Orchid, too, was no longer the happy girl that I had first known. Her life with Dr. Policiver had been so painful that when, just recently, he had died of disappointment, — although he had achieved a world-wide reputation as the discoverer of means of combating the African sleeping-sickness, she had experienced the greatest relief. She was wearing the legally required mourning, which softened the wrinkles of pain and anxiety on her formerly sunny countenance. As she was emotionally overcome at this unlooked-for meeting, I offered to see her to her lodgings, an offer which she gladly accepted.

In modern times, the hotels had of course been municipalized. In my day there had arisen Y. M. C. A. and Mills hotels, not run for profit, but for accommodation. Later the municipality had discovered in it one of its most lucrative and socially useful public functions. One could be found in every ward, so as to distribute the floating population as well as possible. Roof-gardens on these sky-scrapers were of course the pleasantest

places; and as we were both travel-weary, we were delighted to sit down where we could get a good view of New York, and at leisure relate to each other our experiences since we parted under such a stress of emotions. As reminiscence brought back to me our painful separation in southern California, my first good-natured feelings toward her cooled off considerably; but her misfortunes and evident sufferings, together with her recent bereavement, disarmed me. I recalled she had been more sinned against than sinning; and that, as a matter of fact, I twice owed her my life.

After their disgrace in California, the Policiver pair had first gone to Liberia, and thence to Uganda, where the doctor practiced as a specialist in the sleeping-sickness from which he had rescued me. Like many people who have lost their position or interests, he sickened and died, so much was this quest for the fortune incarnated in his nature since childhood. She, however, having no rooted interests in Africa, had felt herself home-sick for California. So she returned, as she thought, to her home; but as Providence arranged it, to meet me. I also thought I had been expelled from England; when Providence, on the contrary, wanted to relieve my loneliness by giving me back an old friend. So little do most of us recognize the disguises of Providence's promotions!

As to me, touched by her grief, I recounted all my experiences, from the time her husband had left me to sink or swim. At first I imagined I could on her face discern a guilty look; later, when I told her of Rose's kindness, she colored again. My episode with Acacia elicited from her a kindly smile; and when I shame-facedly recounted my sudden banishment, she laughed significantly:

"They are wise to send you back. With all your childhood's associations, you could not have staid in Europe without contrasting the past with the present;

and it is to the interest of the future that all those miserable animosities be buried. Here in Lincolnia your memories consisted of no more than absurd crudities that common sense would naturally condemn; so that anyone to whom you would relate them would only the more appreciate present improvements. Here, and here alone you are safe. In Asia, you would have been unhappy, scorned by the yellow people; in Africa, scorned by the mulattoes. You should have remained in Australia, or gone to the Fiji islands. Why do you not go back there?"

"Not with the memories of Acacia the immortal haunting every spot. Besides, it is too late. I have only a few months of life left. I am glad I returned here; for after all, as I am ready to pass away, I would like to see my old stamping-ground, where I spent my youth, and from where I set out on my unexpected adventure."

"Do you remember," reminded Orchid, "how in our first retreat in the Sierras, we spoke of trying to find some of your descendants? We did not have the opportunity to do so then; why not do so now?"

"I can, and will," responded I with joy. "But I could not think of further imposing on you. Merely for my own sake your plans should not be disarranged. But I am ever so glad I met you again! It seems almost as if, after the burden and heat of the day, we had made peace."

"Are you glad?"

"I am; it prepares me to die peacefully."

"You did not seem very glad of it, a short time ago!"

"What do you mean?" protested I.

"You seemed too anxious not to disarrange my plans; you never even waited to find out if I had any!" whispered she ruefully.

"I see," apologized I. "It was my disinclination to disturb, which naturally enough you misinterpreted as

failure to appreciate your kindness. Tell me all your plans, and then we shall see what we can do together."

"Of definite plans I have none. I thought that ultimately I would drift back to California, just to see again some old friends, which are the only remaining earthly tie. However, as I never had the time or opportunity to become acquainted with New York, I had thought of looking around a little; and were we to do so together, it would serve the double purpose of showing it to me, and yourself comparing it with the town you used to know, so long ago. Do you agree?"

"With pleasure, comrade of the older and newer days! But honestly, what surprises me is that you modern people allow any places at all to remain unvisited. You have so many facilities to circulate freely, that it seems to me you should be the most inveterate globe-trotters!"

"There, my dear friend, you have touched one of the sore spots of modern civilization. We are indeed compelled to make one round the world tour at our graduation. Afterwards, what with our picture lectures and telephonic communication, we grow lazy, and stay at home. Then we allow the world to get beyond us. Indeed, it has been proposed that every ten years each fit person be assigned a report on some foreign matter; for democracy cannot survive without internationalism; and that is a myth without foreign travel. However, to return to New York, I shall be glad to share the voyage of discovery."

"Then we shall start out to-morrow morning; to-day I shall plan our trips in a systematic way, and attend to a few personal matters. Good-bye!"

Among these personal matters was the hunting up, or rather down, of the descendants of my family, and that of my brother. I went to the bureau of vital statistics, — for by this time the city had become properly systematized and centralized,—and I discovered things strange, indeed!

My brother had had two daughters, Cornelia, aged twenty-two; and Apollonia, aged eighteen. The former was quiet and lackadaisical, the latter bright and energetic. The former married a successful business man, the latter an artist. Cornelia had two sons and one daughter; Apollonia had no children. Cornelia's eldest died; but the second was successful, and his eldest son was the father of . . . Lilac! He had emigrated to California, to take charge of the museum there! So it was the tie of kindred that, unconsciously, had united us; and the search for my kindred, which I had earlier determined to prosecute, but had been compelled to postpone indefinitely, had been unnecessary, for a meeting with the choicest flower of the line must long since have been destined. Did Lilac's father know of the tie of kindred? Was that the reason he had attempted to keep the money in the family, and out of the hands of a human hyena? Was that why he had welcomed me to the family circle? In that case, how I had misjudged him! Or was it merely fate, which delights in playing pranks with human beings? The world is so large, and yet so small!

Nor was the family history without its skeleton in the closet, its spice of romance. Apollonia's husband, the artist, had done poorly, and become the family's burden and disgrace. Then, to the horror of the family, Cornelia's son manifested great talent; talent so pronounced that a wealthy man paid his way to Paris, where he did well, and became acquainted with all the artists of the day. But he was of a practical turn of mind; and when he saw how poorly these great artists lived, he one day suddenly decided to give up art, and to turn to business. But the Muses avenged themselves; and his own eldest son manifested still more talent than he himself had done. But the father would not consent to his son's taking up so poorly remunerative a career. As the son persisted, he was, by his father, disinherited,

but succeeded in continuing his chosen career, eking out a pitiable existence. He fell in love, or imagined that he had been fallen in love with, by a charming millionaire girl; whom he refused with contumely, out of grounds semi-idealistic, and semi-caddish. Then, when he had fallen to depths of degradation, he was annexed by a practical girl, who made him use his gifts in a sensible manner, which ultimately led him to the museum directorship.

Such unregulated lives were a sample of the disgraces which, in the olden days, attended the career of art. Claude Lorrain became an artist only because he had been a hopeless failure as a baker. In the modern days art was carefully nurtured. When a child manifested representative talent, he was given an opportunity to study. When graduated, he was given permission to continue for one year, when his work was exhibited in the local art gallery. If it was satisfactory, he was given permission to go on; otherwise he was compelled to take up some more definitely productive occupation. Indeed, most of the artists were farmers, whose long leisure hours, in the midst of nature, permitted them to cultivate some hobby. Those who had been refused an art fellowship in one place, might travel to some less cultured ward, where there were fewer or no artists. Competition there being less acute, he might yet prove successful. This traveling of artists spread art all over the world evenly, for every ward supported one artist only.

The advantage of such fellowships was double. First, it gave to each ward the artistic inspiration of the presence and conversation of one artist, and the latter was bound to take some favorite student as apprentice, who thereby imbibed artistic enthusiasm in a regulated and recognized manner. The yearly exhibition was a sort of art competition, and brought out all of the local talent, amateur as well as professional. When some building needed to be decorated, and the authorities

knew of some suitable person, who might be engaged in some other profession, he was excused therefrom for any length of time that might prove necessary; but he had to make good by the time of the next spring exposition, or be returned to productive labor. Thus the profession of art was reorganized on lines of efficiency just like the other ones; and while this was not relished by the hazy, lazy or crazy members of the profession, it resulted almost immediately in an unprecedented bloom of art products, such as the world had never known. So the methods were justified by their fruits.

On returning to my room, I was seized with an overpowering desire at least to visit Lilac's grave, and there to offer up some pious family prayers for all of the departed, before I myself should be taken away to join them. This, however, I had to postpone, as I had an engagement with Orchid to visit modern New York.

On the first day we visited the oldest land-marks, which had remained intact; not by chance, of course, but because of a settled policy of respecting the historical monuments of the nation. In my day old St. John's had been demolished just because a new street-line, to widen the street for trucks, would have left the porch of the church extend into the street a couple of feet. That was a civic crime which could not have happened in modern times. So I saw again the colonial City Hall, Trinity and Old St. Paul's, Faunce's Tavern, and all other mementoes of Colonial times, which harked back to the establishment of democracy. Also the tulip tree planted by Hendrick Hudson on Spuyten Duyvil Creek.

The magnificent Aquarium on the Battery, the circular Court House had been built, and the museums of natural history, and of art, in Central Park, had been completed.

Among the historic monuments which were pointed out with reverence was, to my surprise, All Saints' Church, at Henry and Scammel Streets, the third oldest unchanged Episcopal church building in the city. Its

only surviving slave gallery was pointed out as an example of the horrors from which democracy had saved the world, and its three-decker was now the only one remaining in the whole country.

But I was impressed in the change of perspective that had come over the community. The church was preserved as a monument for a reason which would least have commended it to me; because it contained the celebrated scratch made on a window-pane by "Boss Tweed," who nowadays was a municipal hero. In my days he was looked on as merely a looter of the city treasury; but now he stood out as the first planner of the city's future, which was a matter of indifference to my philistinic days. He had been a pupil in the "Rookery on Scandal Street," and here dreamed the first coherent improvements for the city: the park system of Central, Morningside, St. Nicholas, Colonial and Highbridge breathing-spots; also wharves all around the city. A visit to this venerable pile completed our excursions for the day.

The next day was devoted to the general plan of the New York of the twenty-first century. To begin with, those Brobdignagian six-to-a-mile city blocks west of Fifth Avenue had been eliminated, by a comparatively narrow street system which halved them. Then a uniform nomenclature had turned Fifth Avenue into the thirteenth of twenty-seven avenues, allowing a regular numbering system, of 60 or 120 (on the duodecimal system) to the block. They were named after an alphabetic list of heroes of democracy.

The municipal civic centre was now in a square bounded by the old Park and Seventh Avenues, from 34th to 42nd Streets, which had been determined by the old absurd Pennsylvania and Central stations. Northern Broadway had already been a radiating avenue, interrupting the graceless and inconvenient rectangular city plan. Washington had been the first American city on

the radiating plan. In my days Philadelphia had begun the radiating boulevard system, and New York had followed suit by a boulevard from the south-eastern corner of this civic centre, at Fourth Avenue and 34th Street, to the East River, where Clinton Street falls into it, passing by the Williamsburg bridge plaza, with a park to preserve that miracle of grace, All Saints' Church. Radiating boulevards to Greenwich Village and the Kips Bay districts were unnecessary, because of the configuration of the island; yet they had been built, to redeem both districts, and they ended at Christopher Street, and at East River Park. This had stopped the senseless migration of fashion northwards. Central Park itself was not made the civic centre for the reason that geographically the district to the north of it is unfavorable for business; to the north-west the ridge was converted into the park system, to the north-east lay a very much abbreviated low-land, towards Randall's Island. This would have done away with Broadway, and left the southern part of the island, always the most important, a wilderness.

This civic centre had been determined by the two large stations, which now served the community as the northern and southern stations, just as in Boston. The idea of one central station, except for round towns like Paris or London, had been abandoned. This system, as exemplified in Frankfort, Leipzig and Rome, always implied a terrible waste of mileage and space for one of the directions, while all practical advantages of the central station were secured by a connecting subway. Even in London and Paris of my day a belt-line had to be resorted to, and left innumerable terminals, all of which ultimately had to be combined, leaving just one station on each side of their rivers.

We were taken down to visit one of the standard street arrangements, which included four stories. Lowest were the sewers, and standard electric, phone and water

communications. These were so arranged that they were all accessible without the ancient method of tearing up street-pavements immediately they were laid down, and before the luckless property-owners (what a joke that "ownership" was!) had even paid for it. They used to call New York a trench city, for the streets used to be continually in eruption. And that in a country which prided itself on business systematization! Above this were the passenger and business delivery subways, and next, the old street-level reserved for carriages.

In my days they allowed automobile "accidents" to go on happening merrily till in a single city they yearly killed more human beings than used to die at Waterloo or other large battles. Who cared? For the devil took the hindmost; and the giants of industry were too busy establishing libraries or fighting hook-worm disease at the antipodes to save their own fellow-citizens. The officials were too busy working for re-election, and the clergy in getting a more lucrative "call," so the devil had rich innings.

Foot-passengers, of course, had to be deflected to a higher level, along a first-story balcony, so to speak, which crossed street-corners on light bridges. These second-story side-walks had of course been prehistoric in English Chester, and in Trinidad's Port of Spain. Such elevated entrances had once been built at Greenhut's department store, but none of the others had had the intelligence to follow suit; but eventually elementary common-sense triumphed.

How long common sense, that luckless *capo-scuola,* has to wait for recognition, was most impressed on me during the war. Here, on one side, were the Germans resurrecting unmanageable cuirasses; while on the other side, at the Bible House were exhibited Testaments, which, worn over the heart, had, in many instances, held back a bullet which otherwise would have penetrated the heart of the soldier. These Testaments seem

to have been exhibited as a sort of magic protection of the Bible, instead of reflecting that a small metal shield, sewn in the lining, right over the heart or intestine, would have saved the lives of thousands, nay millions. But what experts ever welcomed common sense?

Such standardized streets were graduated to the concentric districts. Manhattan Island, being so small, however, did not admit of this graduation, so that the full system of four-decker streets was complete.

The beautiful round semi-global arrangement of San Francisco, with the tallest buildings in the centre, and growing regularly lower in the measure of distance, could of course not be carried out in narrow Manhattan; but even here was an orderly arrangement of concentric districts.

Outermost were the wharves which extended regularly all around the island. Delivery tracks and trucks came in on the lower levels, which were all roofed over, so that to the outer view it seemed as if a park-like green extended to the roofs of the wharves, which were pleasure or amusement gardens. These extended all around the city, affording so much space for enjoyment that very few people went away for villegiaturas at summer hotels. As to there being too much room, that is nonsense in view of the millions of the inhabitants who were only too glad to enjoy the coolness and view on the water, if they could do so respectably, and without being jostled. Every group of city blocks had one special recreation pier, so that there was no crowding, and everybody knew just where to go to get the pleasures of a neighborhood party.

On the water-edge, therefore, there was a band of green all around the island, extending for about half a block. Then came a band of residences facing this park, all around the island. The business houses that had lined West, East and Water Streets had all been concentrated into store-houses further inland, to which the under-

ground delivery system brought everything from the ships. These residences were ten or eleven story apartment houses of the best type, so that many might enjoy the river front, much as used to be the case fronting the lower reaches of Riverside Park. As they were all similar, and belonged to the city, the rent was stabilized, and moderate; so that the majority of the city residents enjoyed air and view. Formerly these choice locations were taken up by gas houses, stores, storage warehouses and dumps, while the residents had to take refuge on inside, viewless and airless streets; evidently a senseless arrangement. This concentric residence band extended for about two blocks in width, the inner block-band being several stories higher than the outer, so as to give as much of a view as possible.

Inside of this higher block-band ran a business street all around the city. This was standardized, so there were the same kind and number of stores in each block. There were the catalogue stores, to serve the small and common needs of the neighboring community. There were barbers for hair-cutting (though not for shaving, as everybody used small 25-cent safety razors, such as the Mark Cross variety, certainly not the kinds that cost more, which practiced on the ignorance and credulity of the people). Here were sold the package lunches, which had to be put up fresh, and arranged according to the local needs. Here were sold stationery and writing supplies, books and newspapers, medicines and candies.

Except for the contents, all the stores looked alike. Being in standardized order, everybody knew just where to go, there being simple but tasteful signs to guide the newcomers. The window-displays were frequently changed, for there were inspectors for each kind of stores, and each one contained a box for suggestions, which were acted on wherever possible. Above the stores were the manufacturing lofts, so that there was abso-

lutely no waste in delivery or distribution. These were not the factories for the standard goods, only the novelties, the printing outfits, photographic development, etc.

Inside of this band of retail business was a band of real factories for staple goods. These were arranged according to the world-wide circular arrangement, divided by twenty-four avenues into twenty-five standardized sections. These were connected with the wharves and railroad stations by business subways.

These were arranged as follows: To begin with, the crazy patch-work of railroad and steamer piers of my days was eliminated. No longer were there passenger docks in Hoboken, where there were no passengers, except by ferry. On the contrary, these were all arranged systematically. The New England boats landed on the east side of the island, in geographical order. Then the European lines landed along the East river, from Corlears Point to the Battery. All South American and South Coast and West India traffic landed on the Hudson River. The Jersey coast of course was devoted to the American transcontinental railroads. As the wharves were all of a standard design, there could be no motive for choice except logic and convenience.

All around the island, just inside the wharves, and under the green parked belt was a belt line, which acted as a universal switch arrangement, and sent all the materials to its special factory group, by a direct network of feeders.

Port-charges had of course been reduced, and that for the good reason that under the old corsair system the port of New York had so declined that radical changes were imperative. First all through traffic had been deflected to Montauk Point. Later, the international government had routed through trains to Halifax, reducing the European ocean voyage by at least two days. Later yet, common-sense directed through traffic down the left bank of the St. Lawrence via Quebec,

and under the Saguenay via Mingan to Cape Charles in Labrador. This avoided all the treacherous banks, and supplied a splendid ocean ship base in the straits of Belle Isle. From there the run to England was of not more than two days. The New York barge canal then turned its freight north to Quebec, instead of south down the Hudson, except for local freight. The New York route had been long bolstered up by the separation of nationalities, and as soon as that had been wiped out, freight sought the shortest routes.

This diversion of through traffic, so elementary in common sense that the sailors used to laugh at the circuitous New York route of my day, had of course diminished the importance of New York, which had also for half a century been supported by the incompetence of that private monopoly, the New Haven road. Limited excess fare trains running slower than many freight trains, and only half a dozen trains a day to Boston, often made up of twenty cars, where people, packed like sardines, often had to stand up for five hours at a time, these had deservedly held back New England; which section richly deserved this treatment, not only for its unwillingness to municipalize, but for the cruel popular persecution of the N. Y. & N. E. (Ninety Years and No Earnings!) which was fighting the battles of New England, had its population not oppressed it, in hopes of higher dividends from the New Haven. This local stupidity had for half a century kept up the importance of New York, which richly deserved its later fall, because of its piratical port charges so long as it thought itself able to collect them.

As Manhattan Island was narrow, there was, inside of the circular factory-belt, but little space; just enough for the gas-works, the packing-houses, the electricity centrals, and all prime agencies. The logical place for these, of course, was not, as in my days, the edges of the districts they served, but the centre. Of course,

in my days, they were indecent; but at present they had been compulsorily cleared up. There were two centres for them, one south of Central Park, and one above. In this way there was equality of pressure, and service.

We must now consider the civic and business centre south of Central Park, between 34th and 42nd Streets, and Park and Seventh Avenues. Of course the markets were in their logical places, the railroad terminals, as the Reading railway had once done in Philadelphia. When the Pennsylvania and Central Stations had first been built, it had been with a fine disregard for economy, as the public was to pay not only for them, but for a double amount of watered stock. In an age of sky-scrapers a whole block of a single story was of course an anomaly, as the Philadelphia Broad Street and Reading Terminals showed. These two New York terminals were, soon after nationalization, rebuilt, arranging for a number of floors of administration offices, but especially of markets, where were exposed for sale the goods brought by the railroads.

These markets were not run for profit, but for public convenience, and they contained not millionaire concerns that disguised themselves as market stands to deceive the unwary, but the state distributing agents and the farmer himself, if he cared to bring his own material, which in most cases was not worth while to him, as he knew the state distributors had no interests other than to treat him fairly. If they did come, however, they came in on the trains; and by elevators took their stuff up to the market floors. Thus were solved simply enough the crying evils of my day. First had been the miserable sheds like the Gansevoort. Then indeed were built modern markets, but at rates so high that the food sold was twice as expensive as outside.

Part of the difficulty of my days was due to the anti-septic package insanity. For instance, handkerchiefs

that had to be washed anyway, were sold only in alleged antiseptic packages at double the rates. Again, the coffee, coming in a single bag from the same tree, would sell loose for about twenty cents a pound; in cans, at forty cents; but in highly lithographed packages, at seventy. This state of affairs was of course due to the crass ignorance of rich housewives, whose only standard of goodness was the height of the price charged, and who had rich husbands to victimize.

Nowadays there was a government inspector who explained the intrinsic value of things to such as preferred to do their cooking. As a matter of fact, very few housewives could cook in competition with the public kitchens. Even in my days busy city dwellers had supported the delicatessen stores, which, however, were enormities, of which you could have convinced yourself by asking to see the sooty spoons used in the oil of which potato salad was made.

But it was the people themselves who were to blame, for they actually insisted on adulterations. For instance, genuine chocolate is brown; but people generally held the idea that the darker the appearance of the chocolate, the better it was, and the more money they would pay for it. Therefore, next to the printing ink houses, candy kitchens were the best customers of the lamp-black manufacturers. Had it not been that people refused genuine nutmegs, would Connecticut ever have become the stamping ground of millionaires whose fortunes came from saw-mill sweepings? Consequently, the adulterations flourished, and through them the delicatessen stores. These now having been municipalized supplied this class of housekeepers with genuine articles at low prices.

Modern people were educated to a new axiom, that on the average, the cheaper an article is, the better it is. In my days existed the opposite rule, namely, that a thing was better for being more expensive. Grocers

frequently found it impossible to dispose of tea at 25 cents a pound, when it sold like hot cakes at eighty. In my days sordidness had risen to such a pass that if you offered a man a free gift, he would refuse it, suspecting some trick; and if you wished to persuade a man to do something for his own benefit you had to advance as reason the chance of overreaching somebody else. Under such conditions, was it any wonder that Germany sought to win the friendship of nations by offering to them as gifts slices of other lands? All this flowed from the mistake that the higher the price, the better the thing; when on the contrary all the things of supreme value, like the beauties of nature, virtue and heaven are free to "whosoever will!"

So true was all this that the United States church which was the most successful was the one that had a fixed scale of prices for church seats, for the administration of sacraments, for absolution and indulgences. The fault lay not with that church, but the people who refused to recognize any scale of values except that of the almighty dollar.

In my days, millionaires still indulged themselves in private gardens and picture galleries. These of course had disappeared. Parks and galleries gradually absorbed all picturesque estates and pictures worth seeing, and these were then so arranged that even the least successful had the same opportunities of enjoyment and culture as the most fortunate. As to museums, Manhattan had completed the two Central Park structures, and even so they were too small. The old arsenal site had been utilized for a new one. As to parks, there was not only the belt around the wharves, but an interior park system, from the Battery, up Broadway to City Hall Park, up the old Bowery to Gramercy Park, all around the packeries and electric centrals to the civic centre.

Theatres also had been municipalized at a time when their type was changing. When around Fourteenth

Street, most theatres were chiefly narrow double houses remodeled. When they moved up to 42nd Street, they became foolish low square structures; but these could not last in the sky-scraper age. Hammerstein's Opera House and the Century began to add a roof garden. Then later was added a basement theatre, so that ultimately there were three, and later four auditoriums over each other in the same building. These mostly congregated between the 42nd Street civic centre, and Central Park; while the manufacturing block-band around Central Park dropping out, its place was taken, on both its sides, by a row of theatres and museums, some for the different European nationalities which had contributed to the Lincolnian melting-pot. These, however, did not face the Park, as that space was too valuable for a circular block-band of apartment houses, such as had begun to spring up during my days.

While some of these latter had not needed many alterations to modernize them, they were different in many ways. During a few years of my own early life apartment rents had increased from $300 to $1400 a room a year, counting halls, bath-rooms and pantries. On municipalization such insanities of course disappeared. When through traffic left New York, the wholesale and printing trades had been spread evenly through the land. This had induced a temporary ebb in population, leaving block after block of houses deserted. This brought down the rentals, and this in turn induced a return wave. As the abandoned New England farms were restored by an immigration of Italians and Slavs, so the New York apartments grew in popularity in view of their cheapness and remarkable values for low rentals, — for instance, that Park apartment on Fifth Avenue, where ten rooms had rented for $14,000 a year, could be lived in for from ten to twenty dollars a month.

Each block consisted of one organized apartment. There was one gateway to the court-yard, which was

filled with a cultivable garden, or at least with potted plants. This inner court was raised, and its floor consisted of thick glass; for underneath it was the assembly hall of the block, or political ward. It was used as the common dining room by the use of folding tables which, when not in use, stood in closets around the walls. Here were held the weekly ward-dances and the daily moving picture exhibitions, whenever the weather forbade the use of the courtyard above. Around and above the gateway were the ward-offices: the local post office, for telegrams and telephones, the bank, the news agency, the catalogue store, the candy shop, and the barber and manicure. This arrangement was a standardized affair, so that everybody knew exactly what he could, or could not secure there; and if the selection of goods was not satisfactory, suggestions at the weekly ward-meeting would at once make it so.

The bridges, of which my day and generation was so proud, were finally torn down as too dangerous and expensive to keep in repair. Besides, many of them had ceased to be necessary, with the declining importance of New York. Bridge jams, which in my days were so violent that patrolmen observing them frequently went insane, were regarded as degrading vestiges of barbarism, public incompetence, and monopolistic greed.

Because of the proximity of river, beaches, mountains and sports, New York was considered one of the most convenient and delightful summer resorts. Its foreign populations had by the world-war been fused into a more homogeneous American nationality; but foreign descendants still predominated. This meant that here the international language was more used than elsewhere in Lincolnia, and more social missionaries were needed. Though education remained exceptionally important, there still remained a notable artistic deficiency.

That sumptuous barbarism of my day, the general Public Library, had been thoroughly renovated. The

ceiling of the reading room, which, however, was a faithful representation of the nebulous mental condition of those who erected it, had been changed into an immense map of the world, each hemisphere on one of the sides. These maps were in relief, and were diagrammatic of the chief products, fauna, flora, architecture, and history; so that idle readers who looked up had an opportunity of self-improvement; and many did enjoy the maps, so beautiful and useful were they. The magnificent barrenness of the marble walls, emblematic of the cultural vacuity of the city authorities of that philistinic era, had been coated with a preparation which admitted of being covered with instructive scientific data and tables; comparative schedules of various languages, historical outlines, biologic classifications, geologic crosscuts, and representations of the solar system. There were chemical tables, panoramas of the history of costume, of mythology, of great authors in procession, surrounded by their created characters; musicians, like Beethoven among his nine symphonies, Wagner among his operas, and various ethnological remains. In short the building was a popular university, whose instruction was as pleasant as it was easy and thorough.

The systematization of public institutions avoided useless duplication, so that the splendid new Aquarium, the Bronx Parks, and the Museums were so carefully reclassified that there was found double the needed room. Thus visitors, in making a systematic tour of the sights, practically reviewed their education yearly.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE CONQUEST OF TIME

For a long while Orchid and I might have continued exploring the city's new living conditions, but that one day we thought we would go on a "slumming" tour in the formerly distressful districts of the east side; and we passed near St. Shark's-in-the-Orchard, a church built with the money left by a certain doughty Dutch worthy who hated the Episcopal church so much that he once imprisoned an Anglican clergyman for wearing a surplice, and yet was fated to lie under the altar of such a church. Imagine the feelings that must have been chasing themselves through his manly breast, by night flitting through that "ecclesiastical junk-shop" where had been hatched all kinds of stunts, such as the reading of the funeral service over Rockefeller on the pavement in front of the Standard Oil building at 29 Broadway; and where, in a witches' cauldron of Nietzschean farrago, had been concocted the most puerile hodge-podge of cribbed comparative religion.

Among the graves we lingered, for I wished to find those of my relatives, which might conceivably be found here, among other relics of my day and generation. As I experienced some difficulty in finding them, I asked the aid of the keeper of the interesting pile, to which in my day had been added a bust of that same tortured Dutch worthy, at the dedication of which the professor through

whom the gift had been made had not even been allowed to speak, and had thereafter been summarily dismissed as an orange sucked dry.

Monuments I did not expect to find, for I knew that the one who long ago here had received an income of over ten thousand dollars a year had tried to get his own family memorial paid for him by a poor relative from whom he had in devious ways derived the fruits of his unremitting study, on which he had built his own fame and fortune. He had left this same poor relative to hunt up and pay for the inscription on his grandfather's grave in Paris, and never answered a letter asking whether he would bear his share of the expense. Such an individual was not likely to have done much for anybody.

Still, after he had passed away, his family, for the sake of his standing in the community, had erected a sizeable slab in the very front of the yard, behind the bust of the Dutch patron saint.

As the caretaker led me there, I noticed, seated near, a lady in mourning, holding the hand of a little two-year-old darling, gently playing on the grass. At first I did not scrutinize the lady; but Orchid recoiled like a rattle-snake, flushed, and shivered. Anxious, I examined the white-robed apparition — for in these days the mourning color was white, black having been discarded as wasteful, depressing, and flauntingly unchristian, — and in it I recognized one whom I had been given to understand was dead, the chastened features of my darling Lilac. And the child? She was the image of the little two-year-old "Bunny," whom more than a century ago I had left in Brooklyn.

Then Lilac examined me; her eyes opened wide, she grew pale, she fainted, and would have fallen, but that I rushed to her support. There was no need, no room for words. We wept, we tried to console each other; and had there been any doubt in the identification, it

would have been set at rest by a scream of passion so hoarse and shrill that at first I did not recognize it as the voice of Orchid, whose features were scarlet and purple in alternating accesses of fury and jealousy. Like a mænad she howled, "I see I am no longer needed! I hope the vampire has found another victim! You think you are happy, but you have only ruined each other! But I am saved!" Then she disappeared, and I never saw her again.

We had no time for her. We were too busy. I had a radiant help-meet to restore to equanimity, and a shy darling to lure to my arms. Of that day I could not give any account; they were mysteries, not lawful to utter; and after an orgy of reminiscences, sparkling in all the rainbow colors of uncontrollable tears, we found merciful respite from our emotions in blissful dreams.

With the morning came saner thoughts. First I insisted on learning all the details of the serious illness which had in her induced a trance that not only had given rise to seemingly justified reports of her demise, but, if it had happened in my own days, would have caused her to be buried alive. Nowadays, however, the authorities had reverted to the oriental method of preventing coffin-murders by waiting until putrefaction had unfitted the body for use by the soul, when the remains were sanitarily disposed of in a crematory. Under loving nursing she had recovered, fortunately for her tender bud, who had grown into a charming cherub, slender, blue-eyed, golden-haired, plain of feature, but divine of smile. In a sanitarium she had finally recovered; but on the death of her disgraced parents she had vanished to return to the original family seat. Here she had spent over a year, not knowing for what she was waiting. Through Dr. Policiver's agency she had been told that I had succumbed to my natural senescence in southern California; and as I had left immediately, there was no way for her to find out the contrary, had she even

suspected. So she waited, as her heart, not her head dictated, for me!

I would have preferred to travel, except that the care of the baby, who was now learning to use the word "daddy," advised a quiet continuance of the conditions in which she had only recently recovered her ruddy health. So I had plenty leisure to tell her all my adventures; and when I spoke of Rose, her hand stole into mine, and she softly exclaimed her gratitude to this South American comrade and friend, wishing that she could meet her, to thank her in person.

I took good care not to divulge the operation that had renewed my existence; it seemed too gruesome to inflict on this idyllic circle.

Then I told about Australia, and Acacia's friendship. Her eyes glowed, her breath came fast and slow, as I recalled my vagabondage about all the by-paths of Asia. When I told her of Concordia, her eyes shone like stars, for she too had made her world-tour, and had seen the pinnacles of the world-sanctuary, and had been initiated there. Then came Acacia's death, though I here also in silence passed over the actual means of my regeneration. But I gave her to understand that it was to him that I owed my recovery; and tears quivered in her lashes as I told of the last farewell to the luminous statue in the Pantheon.

The European trip, in detail, was not so interesting to her, as all these geographizations, so fascinating to me, to her were elementary geography; and the historical greatness of the people involved did not exist for her.

Then came the meeting with Orchid; and a distressed puzzledness crept into her gleaming eyes; she was trying to fathom the significance of her having called me a *vampire*. I glossed it over as well as I could; I blamed it on jealousy, on her nursing me, on the natural kindliness that must have arisen in a nurse's heart; but I fear that of these evasions I made only a poor job. I may

have erred in thus keeping the truth from the only being on earth who perhaps had a right to it; yet I felt myself incapable of imparting its hideousness to this gentle comrade, my sweetheart, the frail, winsome mother of my darling child. Maybe it was old-world chivalrousness, which in these days would have been considered unworthy; but there the ancient training in the feelings of honor carried the day. However progressive one may be, those childhood impressions reawaken in old age, and that antiquated *categorical imperative* swayed me now.

As a matter of fact, I have come to believe *honor*, as it is usually understood, is a pretty poor thing, when contrasted with honesty, unselfishness, truth, and fairness. I once had a relative who belonged to that human tribe that keeps alive the sentiments of honor and chivalry. At twenty-three years of age, he would still blush as a maiden at an opera ballet, and insist on an intolerable code of restrictions in dealing with men. But he had no qualms about letting his poor solitary mother die abandoned a couple of hundred miles from where he held a respected church position, and never saw her except when the half blind and bent over old lady managed to get him a well-paying engagement to lecture; he never flinched when on comfortable sleeping cars he repeatedly passed through the city where, confined in a hospital, his incurably afflicted sister during half a dozen years gradually died abandoned by all except a fellow nurse, who acted the good Samaritan; while he was using every legal means to absorb her inheritance, and later kept that sister's trunk and keepsakes from a brother who loved her. After all, honor was the code of the robber barons, and its cruel duelling code was the inspiration of the ruling Germans before the world-war. How many dramas, without "honor," could never have been written! From such *honor*, good Lord, deliver us!

So this grisly delusion of honor hypnotized me, though

I clearly realized that Orchid's departure was my death-warrant. She alone knew how to save me; she alone had twice done so, she alone might do so again. Although when leaving Concordia I had decided to pass away quietly, rather than expose anybody else to any risk on my behoof, yet the meeting with Orchid had, in spite of myself, filled me with the quivering hope which my conscience resolutely put aside every time that the tempter whispered between my ears. Still never so much as now had I wished to live, though no longer for myself, not even for dear Lilac, who had already once passed through the valley of the shadow of death for me, but for little Lilac junior, born on the same day as her mother, who trustfully held out her arms to me, every time I came near, and who would coax for a story, for a bouncing in the air, or for a ride in the low carriage. Survival was demanded even by conscience; and yet this had now become impossible; for even if Lilac had offered to save me, she was frail, and it would have been her death-warrant, as it had been Acacia's; and to a child a mother is more important than a father. Sealed was now my doom; and yet, now, for the first time, I was determined to survive.

In my desperation I even dared to think of Orchid. She had returned to California. I caused inquiries to be made, I called her up on the telephone, and I threw myself on her mercy. But what is bitterer than a woman scorned? Besides, was it fair to her that she, especially now that her bond to her husband was severed, should continue to be the victim, that happiness might go to her rival, who had never done anything for me but accept my love, and enjoy the happiness that comes but once in a life-time, and present me with a pledge of immortality? With Orchid I agreed that to her I had been no more than a vampire, and I could not help seeing the justice of her referring me to Lilac for a renewed lease of life. No, there was no way out, and I must lay

down my life when now only it had acquired any value. Is fate not the supreme ironist?

I resolutely faced the valley of despair, entered on to it bravely enough, and made what arrangements were possible. Entirely I could not hide it from my sweetheart Lilac, who saw that I was mortally wounded, and in so poisoned a way that to her I could not make a clean breast of it. In my eyes she deciphered my despair, and began to suffer from the presence of the unseen angel of death that again hovered about me. She spoke timorously, anxiously, as if afraid of being overheard.

Then one day she insisted that I record my adventures; and this for her own pleasure, said she, although I understood that she meant them for Lilac junior, after I should have passed away. Every day, therefore, I wrote a little; and I would go to the green cemetery, beside that circular bench, beneath the Dutch bust, and read it to her, then rewrite it to suit her. The reason of this editing was that while I was interested in modern times, she, to whom these were common-place, would insist on details of the ancient world, and of my own personality, my experiences and family history which otherwise I would have omitted.

Then one day she wanted to find out all about my own earlier wife, and little girl. In spite of every effort, I could get no information from city sources. These records must have been lost during the introduction of municipalization, when a great deal of confusion arose through the resentment of private interests. But what is all that to a woman when she wants something? Or to a man whose sweetheart is pining for it? This was especially the case because I, too, feeling the time of transition drawing nigh, without any unfaithfulness to Lilac senior and junior, would have treasured even the least word of greeting, let alone news of what had become of them, or where their remains were buried.

Of all my longings, nothing would have eventuated,

had it not been for a strange dream which was repeated thrice in the same night; the last time causing me to jump up, trembling, and weeping. It was my sweetheart of the olden days who, holding little Bunny in her arms, was calling to me. She seemed to be saying, "In God all souls can meet; there are neither bounds of space nor metes of time. To the Lord a thousand years are but as one day, and one day as a thousand years. Time and space are the same vibrations presented to different senses, space to the body, time to the soul. Who has conquered one, has already implicitly mastered the other. Love, which is creative desire, is master of both. As offspring of the divinity you are immortal and eternal; it remains for you only to throw off the shackles of ignorance, the scales of prejudice. Immortal love is eternal, for he can speak both languages. The supreme question is, Lovest thou me? If so, come, and in God we shall unite. Come to me, sweetheart of the olden days; come, I call, we call; you yourself are calling to us. Love is master, and will find the way; only come!"

This assurance of my Mary's survival roused in me memories and emotions that I had long since believed dead. Then came the strange feeling that somehow I was a bigamist; and yet, God knows, I was innocent enough. At any rate, there was no choice for me, since Lilac insisted on some news from the past . . . was it because she wanted to treasure every possible memory of my life? Was she jealous, and did she want to be assured of Mary's death? Why not let sleeping dogs lie? If it were not for unreasonable women, there would be neither dramas nor tragedies. But in spite of all reluctance on my part, love urged me in every direction; and with tearful pleadings of Lilac on one side and the insistent mystic calls on the other, small wonder that I lost my head and while basking in the devoted love of one family, I made every human effort to revive associations with another. I saw clearly that I was heading

for a tragedy of some kind; but I was no more than a bark driven hither and yon by destiny. Feeling myself dying, I was mastered by an ungovernable impulse to say farewell to the dear ones who were calling me. So I yielded to the maelstrom; my longing hardened into determination, and this resulted in resolve. This occurred finally on the 22nd of July, 2029, in the very same places whence, on July 22, 1914, I had set out from home on an adventure greater than I dreamed.

As a sage, wearing that distinguished mantle, I was permitted entrance to professional circles; and without betraying my purposes I advised with many specialists. I felt that time and space were functions of each other, and that as space had been conquered by the wireless, so this must also involve time. Why indeed should it be possible to descend along the stream of time, and not to reascend it? Difference in time was caused by the revolution of the earth. Now this was going on perpetually, causing the continual descent of time. To reascend the stream of time, all that would be necessary would be to find means that would reverse this revolution.

Now this was no new matter. Jules Verne, in his Tour Around the World in Eighty Days, had made the plot hinge on the fact that by circling the entire globe Mr. Fogg had gained one day. I also called to mind how, when European newspaper correspondents telegraphed to America, the message reached there five hours before it was sent. A childishly simple calculation showed that if a telegraph message was made to circle the whole globe, it would arrive twenty-four hours, or one calendar day, before it was sent. If then it were possible to telegraph twice around the globe, it would arrive two days before it was sent, and so on in proportion. If a message circled the globe 365 tmes, it would arrive one full year before it was despatched. 3650 times would anticipate 10 years, and 36,500 times would gain 100 years; and as to reach my wife of long ago I needed

to go back 110 years, the problem would be solved if I could send a message around the globe 40,150 times without stopping. Of course, there would be a rectification to be made for the 27 leap years, so that the needed circlings would amount to 40,177. This then was the problem before me, and it was one of mere wireless telegraphy. Had it advanced enough in modern times to make my effort possible?

I knew that wireless telegraphy depended on the height of a mast; and I knew that in my days they had used the Paris Eiffel tower for such a purpose, and that from its apex messages had been sent already one-third around the globe. Surely in a hundred years wireless telegraphy must have advanced sufficiently to make my plan feasible.

To begin with, I was helped by the presence, in Central Park, of a replica of the Paris Eiffel tower, from which the whole city was lighted by one single arc light. Further, they were already used for wireless to Concordia, the world-capital, from where any messages for more distant places were relayed. In other words, I found ready to hand a suitable tower, on which was already unlimited power and wireless apparatus; all that I needed, therefore, was to introduce suitable alterations and improvements, which indeed would be done with very little comment, because of the isolation of the tower, and the influence of my sage's robe.

The mechanical problem was twofold. First to establish an impulse that would go all around the globe; then to relay it the requisite number of times. The actual time of transmission, which was at the same rate of velocity as the speed of light, one-seventh of a second for one circumemission was negligible, about 110 minutes.

The first problem I solved on the principle discovered by the Dutch scientist Onnes. He found that by reducing the temperature of the sending apparatus to absolute

zero, or 273 degrees below usual zero, resistance was almost annihilated, so that the impulses continued indefinitely. Without therefore changing anything in the sending apparatus itself, I had it enclosed in an asbestos-lined ice-box so arranged that the levers and keys extended out of it, while the cold could be graduated to the degree. By repeated experiments I found that the temperature needed for one complete revolution of the spark-vibration around our globe was 177 degrees below zero. Then I had this temperature made permanent and invariable, so that the journey around the world by the vibrations was exactly limited to our own tower's receiving apparatus.

Then came the problem of the relay. While many scientists declared this impossible, by a swing, I remembered the sympathetic principle according to which, if the force can be caught at exactly the right point from which it was sent, this is not diminished, but another stronger impulse can be added. This I found could be effected by a narrow thin plate of titanium, a metal whose electric properties had till modern times been ignored. On my success with this, it was only a question of installing 40,177 of these sheets in a convenient and efficient manner. I found that they had to be placed in a spiral form, so as that the returning impulse would be naturally led to the next one; but the whole spiral returned to the point of origin, so that the whole coil resembled a large life-saving belt.

I was now ready to think of the complementary problem: how my signals might be received. I bethought me of the Sayville and Tuckerton radio towers, which in my youth I had visited; which would be nearer than the Washington naval radio outfit which I understood operated from the top of the Washington monument. I would have to do as a ship does: send out my call repeatedly until it was caught or understood, using a tuning finder in the ranges most likely to be understood

in those days. As soon as I had any reason to believe that my calls had been picked up, I should have to send an explanation of my sending apparatus. Then they could establish a similar one, to send their answers in the opposite direction 40,177 times, whereby I might be able to receive their response.

As may be imagined, all this consumed quite a little time and effort, especially to avoid comment, and suspicion. So simple were the means, and so wonderful their possibilities, that I was afraid of being interrupted. So little of my time was left, and so big the task before me! Nor could I allow any of this to interfere with our pleasant family days together in the green cemetery, near which we had found rooms. Then in the evening I could return to my task in the observation-tower.

My experiments with the tuning-finder were slow. I had arranged a delicate ammeter which would reveal to me the slightest change in the current I sent out, in case any of it was absorbed by a receiving station. Finally one night in early August I had the joy of detecting the first deflection of its needle. Then I changed my calls to an instruction how to build a receiving station; and this I had to do regularly for a week before my own receiver indicated that they had understood me, and had erected one.

Then the way was clear for the first message. So I asked to be put into communication with my little wife at 182 Monroe Street, sending a message to assure her of my identity, and asking after her welfare. On receiving the answer that she was well, and still waiting to see me, asking where I was, and when I would be back, the emotion was excessive.

I knew that no answer I could make would be believed, although, from the success with the remarkable electrical discovery I had communicated to them, and on which they had acted, they had evidently realized they were dealing with no trifler. So unusual was the story I had

to relate, that I knew I was safe in telling the plain, unvarnished truth, and I offered to relate my unique adventures. In return, I received an assurance of her desire to hear everything. So they assigned me three hours every night during which they would keep their receiver working. After a few nights, as my story's importance for the development of humanity began to be realized, they put on an operator for the whole night; and so I, who in the modern world was perhaps the one single man best fitted to understand and use the ancient language and methods, had an opportunity to send over these notes which involuntarily have grown quite voluminous. . . .

I feel the same old mortal weakness coming over me! This is the end . . . God have mercy on my soul! . . .

APPENDIX

INTERNATIONAL CALENDAR OF HEROES

I. APRIL, the Month of WRITERS and DRAMATISTS.

Represented by CICERO and SHAKESPEARE.

1, Cicero, Seneca;	8, Cervantes;	15, Kalidasa;	22, Flaubert;
2, Demosthenes;	9, Manzoni;	16, Aeschylus, Corneille;	23, Madach;
3, Lessing;	10, Balzac;	17, Sophocles, Racine;	24, Ibsen;
4, Montaigne;	11, Dickens;	18, Euripides, Hugo;	25, Goldoni;
5, Maeterlinck;	12, Heyse;	19, Aristophanes, Moliere;	26, de Vega, Calderon;
6, Ruskin;	13, Tolstoi;	20, Ollanta;	27, Wilbrandt;
7, *Emerson.*	14, *Har't B. Stowe.*	21, *Dante.*	28, *Goethe.*

II. MAY, the Month of SOLDIERS.

Represented by CAESAR and JOAN of ARC.

1, Cherdolaomer;	8, Miltiades;	15, Theodoric;	22, Richard Coeur de Lion;
2, Hyksos;	9, Leonidas;	16, Genghis Khan;	23, Frederick Barbarossa;
3, Rameses;	10, Hannibal;	17, Boadicea;	24, Louis IX;
4, Sennacherib;	11, Scipio;	18, CharlesMartel;	25, Cortez;
5, Nebuchadnezzar;	12, Belisarius;	19, Gustavus Adolphus;	26, Peter the Great;
6, Cyrus;	13, Attila;	20, Cromwell;	27, R. E. Lee;
7, *Alexander.*	14, *Charlemagne.*	21, *Napoleon.*	28, *Grant.*

III. JUNE, the Month of the WEALTHY.

Represented by CROESUS and MORGAN.

1, Aurungzebe;	8, J.A.A.Roehss;	15, Robert Morris;	22, Russell Sage;
2, Aristobulos;	9, Inigo Jones;	16, Alex.Hamilton;	23, C. W. Field;
3, Divitiacus;	10, Cecil Rhodes;	17, J. J. Astor;	24, J. W. Mackay;
4, Harpalos;	11, Fouqué;	18, Vanderbilt;	25, Jay Gould;
5, Alcibiades;	12, Madero;	19, P. T. Barnum;	26, J. J. Hill;
6, Atticus;	13, Fugger;	20, A. T. Stewart;	27, E.H.Harriman;
7, *Maecenas.*	14, *Rothschild.*	21, *Wanamaker.*	28, *Rockefeller.*

IV. JULY, the Month of PIONEERS.

Represented by COLUMBUS and FRANCES WRIGHT d'ARUSMONT.

1, Xenophon;	8, Sir Walter Raleigh;	15, Pizarro;	22, Adm. Perry;
2, Nearchus;	9, Sir Francis Drake;	16, Ponce de Leon;	23, Lewis and Clark;
3, Marco Polo;	10, Du Chaillu;	17, Hernando de Soto;	24, Peary;
4, Vasco de Gama;	11, Champollion;	18, Seigneur d'Iberville;	25, Shackleton;
5, Peter the Hermit;	12, Livingston;	19, HenryHudson;	26, Booker Washington;
6, FrancisXavier;	13, Magellan;	20, Samuel de Champlain;	27, Miss Willard;
7, *Abraham.*	14, *Cook, Tasman.*	21, *Cortez.*	28, *Neal Dow.*

V. AUGUST, the Month of PHILOSOPHERS.

Represented by PLATO and HYPATIA.

1, Pythagoras;	8, Thos. Aquinas;	15, Hegel, Green;	22, Condillac;
2, Epicurus;	9, Grotius;	16, Schopenhauer;	23, Comte;
3, Zeno;	10, Spinoza;	17, Nietzsche;	24, Bergson;
4, Plutarch;	11, Descartes;	18, Christ. Krause;	25, Darwin;
5, M. Aurelius;	12, Leibnitz;	19, Bostroem;	26, Spencer;
6, Lucretius;	13, Hume, Mill;	20, Berkeley;	27, Karl Pearson;
7, *Plotinos.*	14, *Bacon.*	21, *Kant.*	28, *William James.*

VI. SEPTEMBER, the Month of ART.

Represented by RAPHAEL and BEETHOVEN.

1, Praxiteles;	8, Rubens;	15, Bach;	22, Verdi;
2, Apelles;	9, Velasquez;	16, Mozart;	23, Gounod;
3, Guido Reni;	10, Corot;	17, Mendelssohn;	24, Liszt;
4, Correggio;	11, Turner;	18, Schubert;	25, Rubinstein;
5, Titian;	12, Muncaksy;	19, Chopin;	26, Grieg;
6, Fra Angelico;	13, Hoffman;	20, Brahms;	27, Tchaikowsky;
7, *Leonardo da Vinci.*	14, *Hunt, Watts.*	21, *Wagner.*	28, *Macdowell.*

INTERNATIONAL CALENDAR OF HEROES

VII. OCTOBER, the Month of INVENTORS.

Represented by ROGER BACON and Mme. CURIE.

1, Archimedes; 2, Daedalus; 3, Daguerre; 4, Jacquard; 5, Vaucanson; 6, Montgolfier; 7, *Fahrenheit.*
8, Gutenberg; 9, Hatch, Fulton; 10, Watt; 11, Palissy; 12, Whitney; 13, Goodyear; 14, *Elias Howe.*
15, Morse; 16, Reis, Bell; 17, McCormick; 18, Eads; 19, Metchnikoff; 20, Burbank; 21, *Horace Wells.*
22, Edison; 23, The Lumieres; 24, Mergenthaler; 25, Holland; 26, Zeppelin; 27, The Wrights; 28, *Marconi.*

VIII. NOVEMBER, the Month of PHILANTHROPISTS. and TEACHERS.

Represented by GEORGE MUELLER and SOCRATES.

1, W.L.Garrison; 2, Geo. Peabody; 3, J. Oglethorpe; 4, Montefiore; 5, F. Crittenton; 6, Mrs. Fry; 7, *St. Elizabeth.*
8, F. Nightingale; 9, Dorothea Dix; 10, Jane Addams; 11, Harvard; 12, Henry Bergh; 13, Peter Cooper; 14, *Carnegie.*
15, Diogenes; 16, Origen; 17, Jerome; 18, Abélard; 19, Petrarch; 20, Comenius; 21, *Thomas Arnold.*
22, Cotton Mather; 23, Tim. Dwight; 24, James McCosh; 25, Noah Porter; 26, Horace Mann; 27, Mark Hopkins; 28. *Chas. W. Eliot.*

IX. DECEMBER, the Month of EPICS and POETS.

Represented by HOMER and JELULADIN.

1, Ramayana; 2, Shah Nameh; 3, Bidasari; 4, TheDionysiaca; 5, The Eddas; 6, The Kalevala; 7, *Virgil's Aeneid.*
8, Lusiad; 9, Roland; 10, Jerusalem Delivered; 11, Stagnelius's Blenda; 12, Arany's Toldi; 13, Mistral's Mirèio; 14, *Milton, Vondel.*
15, Vedic Hymns; 16, Pentaur; 17, Pindar; 18, Horace; 19, Japanese Poems; 20, Nahuatl Hymns; 21, *The Psalms.*
22, Compoamor; 23, Heine; 24, Hugo; 25, Tegner; 26, Carducci; 27, Tennyson; 28, *Longfellow.*

X. JANUARY, the Month of STATESMEN.

Represented by MOSES and QUEEN ELIZABETH.

1, Confucius; 2, Manu; 3, Sargon; 4, Menes; 5, Solon; 6, Lycurgus; 7, *Pericles.*
8, Haroun al Raschid; 9, Justinian; 10, Charles V; 11, Philip II; 12, Louis XIV; 13, Henry VIII; 14, *Innocent III.*
15, Richelieu; 16, Kossuth; 17, Kosciusco; 18, Savanarola; 19, Francia; 20, Simon Bolivar; 21, *Garibaldi.*
22, Diaz; 23, Washington; 24, Franklin; 25, Jefferson; 26, Jefferson Davis; 27, Pres. Wilson; 28, *Lincoln.*

XI. FEBRUARY, the Month of RELIGIOUS LEADERS.

Represented by JESUS and PAUL.

1, Mencius; 2, Gautama; 3, Zoroaster; 4, Mahomet; 5, Isaiah; 6, Tamehameha; 7, *Numa.*
8, St. Teresa; 9, Mme. Guyon; 10, Fénélon; 11, Boehme; 12, Theologia Germanica; 13, Tauler; 14, *Thos. A'Kempis.*
15, St. Augustine; 16, St. Francis; 17, St. Bernard; 18, Loyola; 19, Héloise; 20, Calvin; 21, *Luther.*
22, Swedenborg; 23, Fox, Penn; 24, Ann Lee; 25, Ballington Booth; 26, Mrs. Eddy; 27, Felix Adler; 28, *Wesley.*

XII. MARCH, the Month of SCIENTISTS.

Represented by COPERNICUS and HUMBOLDT.

1, Euclid; 2, Tycho Brake; 3, Newton; 4, Herschel; 5, Laplace; 6, Kepler; 7, *Galileo.*
8, Volta, Ampere; 9, Cuvier; 10, Lavoisier; 11, Harvey; 12, Boerhave; 13, Leeuwenhoeck; 14, *Linneus.*
15, Helmholtz; 16, Asa Gray; 17, Audubon; 18, Lyell; 19, Agassiz; 20, Darwin; 21, *Oliver Lodge.*
22, Huxley; 23, Averroes; 24, Hippocrates; 25, Jenner; 26, Koch; 27, Coke; 28, *Blackstone.*

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